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*An Anthology
of Youth
in Verse and Prose*

By the same Author.

DUNCH (BLACKWELL)

ANNOTATIONS (MILFORD)

LITTLE MIRRORS (BLACKWELL)

THE HARES (ELKIN MATHEWS)

CHILDHOOD: An Anthology in
Prose and Verse (MILFORD)

AN
ANTHOLOGY
OF YOUTH

in Verse and Prose

Chosen by
SUSAN MILES

LONDON
John Lane The Bodley Head Ltd.

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With affection to my old friend

MRS. W. M. GREEN

*now in her eightieth year
yet among those who are in spirit
ever young.*

Preface

YOUTH, for those of us who look, seems always round the corner: the corner we have just this minute turned, or the corner we shall turn in just a minute—if only we can get our breath again and make a spurt. So it is in life: and so in letters, for nearly all that is most characteristic of youth is baffling and elusive. There is the speechlessness of dumbly wretched youth; and there is the often exasperating taciturnity of youth too busy living to spare time for unproductive utterance. Absorbed in life the boy leaves babes and grandams to their babble, and eyes the middle-aged with indifference, or morosely, if badgered for words. Even young love is most often dumb, and for protestations of devotion we must turn to the sophisticated and mature.

Not, of course, that youth is never voluble. Often, on the contrary, he'll "engrose up all the table-chat". But at his most glib he is usually at his least expressive, pouring forth fluently the second-hand opinions of his elders, and giving tongue not to his own thoughts and feelings but to the thoughts and feelings that he would like to think and feel. His utterance reminds us of the outpourings of certain blind, or deaf, writers, who,

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pathetically eager to achieve the impossible, lard their pages with descriptions of sights they never saw, and sounds they never heard. We would willingly sacrifice all their faked purple patches for a phrase that might show us what it is to be blind—or young.

This anthology admittedly leaves youth round the corner, and has, in its final form, little to say about much that in life matters most. For instance, although the adolescent is notoriously fervid in devotion to a heavenly Master, the varieties of his religious experience are represented here by John Stuart Mill's distressed agnosticism, by the crumbling of the "artificial edifice" built up for his son by Philip Gosse, and by a page from the life of George Tyrrell, whose response to requests for the story of his conversion was that of Canning's needy knife-grinder. It is true that Traherne found divine felicity in earthly studies, and so, if we use the term "earthly" with a difference, did Mark Rutherford. But neither discovery was religious in the orthodox sense; the descriptions of both are concerned with what Traherne called "Aliena." These passages have been chosen because, being well written, they make good reading; whereas English writers seem generally far from their most successful, or their most quotable, when faced with the pious ecstasies of the young. In turning from the biographies of the religious, one reflects regretfully that although the psychology of conversion is doubtless of interest—to psychologists, the literary anthologist is well justified in observing the old warning: Beware of a praying youth.

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·Again, in anticipation, a group of passages concerned with friendship had seemed inevitable; but those which proved of substance have been drawn into other groups, and most—like so many of youth's friendships themselves—have fallen away to nothing when tested, or retested. The same discrepancy between anticipation and realization is found when we turn to sonhood. When serene the relation between children and their parents is taken for granted; the fathers and the mothers of the contented young are accepted with as little conscious gratitude—the analogy is Ruskin's—as are the sun and moon; and when not serene (and how often, inevitably, it is far otherwise, so terribly true is it that "those have most power to hurt us that we love") for all but the most base, or the most noble, "the rest is silence." To display enduringly bonds as cruel as those which bound Ernest and Theobald Pontifex needs the combined honesty, courage, and humility of a Harriet Martineau. Such a combination is rare; we find it now and again, but too often the delicate human linkages are bitten into by the acid of a fierce resentment or clogged with the impure oil of sentimentality. It is, then, just those aspects of youth which are the most vital—religion, friendship, love of father and of mother—that are least easily caught and pinned down by the pen; youth's innermost sorrows—and joys—are for the most part too piercing for recollection in tranquillity; they stab, till death perhaps, but the stab is secret, and often the shaft is lost, beyond grasping, in the hidden wound.

Why, then, it may be asked, attempt to put

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together such a book as this? Why—if we may borrow a phrase from William James—try to turn on the light quickly enough to see what the darkness looks like?

The only answer to such a question lies in the book itself. To the compiler, if to no one else, it has proved worth while. Just as in our relations with youth in flesh and blood we can find no satisfaction till we have given up expecting the expected, so is it when we turn to books. To seekers patient of the inevitable, unanticipated solace often presents itself; and if this anthology has many disappointing gaps it has possibly some pages too which may surprise with joy. Had its aim been primarily that of furnishing illustrations useful in the scientific study of adolescence it would certainly be a failure; the selection and grouping, however, is intentionally that not of the botanist but of the housewife who decks her shelf with blooms from very diverse beds and hedges, put together in fantastic pitchers, because she likes them so. It may be that of the flowers she has culled only a few are beautiful, but others, while lacking the rare quality of beauty, yet have something of the fragrance and the freshness of the English country-side; and there are among the dewy blossoms a few bitter herbs—a sprig or two of tansy—lest the posy should cloy with over-sweetness.

Since youth is usually too busy, or too reticent, for articulate self-analysis, an anthology of youth tends to become an anthology of the old or middle-aged reacting to the young. And here the range is wide, for if youth, on the rare occasions when

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self-revelation is achieved, usually repents him and tears to fragments the journals that have brought the blood to his cheeks, the old and the middle-aged appear to revel in publicly anatomizing the young. They rate, they bless, they sentimentalize, seeing in the youth of to-day the renewal or the mockery of their own past selves, or, if not of their own, of their lovers, or of their sons and daughters, dead, exiled, or unborn. There exist on paper immense and weary tracts of blether about youth; so weary indeed that the anthologist cannot but leap delighted on such a passage as that in which Lamb tells us how by the mere presence of two young girls Hazlitt was reduced to morose and weary silence, wilting and drooping until led for solace to an aged nurse in whose company he instantly revived. Even the virulence of that poor madman who wrote, in gall and wormwood, "Youth, know thy selfe," comes momentarily as a relief. Turning from the contemplation of old age and infancy, he cries, writhing :

Ah! 'tis not you that for my rage are fuell,
Your fmiles, and bablings, make me not fo cruell,
'Tis hee or she that *Venus*' fhrine adores,
That's in the teenes, and not come to the scores.
'Tis those that new forth from the eg-shell came,
And are become stout cockes and henns o' the game.
This is the Age that makes my spleene to swell
With laughter, and my gall to leaue her cell.

But such vituperation is, after all, only inverted sentimentality. His elders want from youth now this, now that, and when they do not get what

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they want either they pretend, sticking a tinsel halo on the unkempt head, or they rail, growing sour, green of eye, very repellent. What they desire is usually perhaps, in some guise or another, flattery or applause. Often it is the credit that comes of instruction duly acted upon: a garment of holiness, or of scholarship, neatly cut to pattern.

"I incline to believe," writes Dr. Jowett, "that the greatest power that older persons have over the young is sympathy with them, especially as they grow up towards manhood. If we don't allow enough for the strange varieties of character, and often for their extreme, almost unintelligible unlikeness to ourselves, we lose influence over them, and they become alienated from fancying that they are not understood." The sentiment is admirable. Unfortunately, in the same letter we find the Doctor complaining that his pupil Swinburne "composes (as I am told)"—the parenthesis is significant—"Latin mediæval hymns, French vaudevilles, as well as endless English poems with the greatest facility" and that no good can come of him scholastically "unless he can be hindered from writing poetry." "An extreme, an almost unintelligible unlikeness," one echoes thoughtfully.

But although it may be flattery, either crude or subtle, that age or middle-age most often craves of youth, at times it is, more humbly, merely pity; the virginal pity of unscathed youth, solacing and ennobling, that comes, though rarely, yet ungrudgingly, if only because its giver does not know that he is giving. But it drains him though he does not know it, and the exploitation of such pity—

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the sudden need of which may come to a man as the first bitter indication that his own youth has indubitably rounded the corner—is possibly the cruellest of his elders' cruel sins against his vulnerability.

But perhaps in no respect does the desire of middle-age to eat youth's cake and have it too reveal itself more obnoxiously than when youth's elders squint at youth's virginity. The Elizabethans were not peculiar in their love of painting the cheek of maidenhood with a tainted blush and thrusting upon her lips false protestations of her chaste bosom's chastity. Young girls may be very lovely either in their fresh unawareness or in their fresh awareness of their own nubility; they may be moving too in their first virginal dread—

There is a fear in young Love's look,
She shrinks and changes blood,
Because her eyes have not yet learnt
To envisage Being, nude;

but they are never lovely when they juggle with the three balls together, looking down their noses and simpering at their adroitness in the tiresome feat. Even in Skelton's day this trick of literary girlhood seems to have been in fashion, marring as it does the otherwise engaging lament of the schoolgirl, Jane Scroupe, for her Phillip Sparrowe, slain by Gyb, the Convent cat. The unseemly display of "innocence" in which the Jane Scroupes indulge is surely far more distressing than the frankest challenge of those country lasses who protest in the coarse old broadsides that they can

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nor will no longer lie alone, echoing bluntly the boast of the bushe-haired boy: Whi shuld I not prayse my body an it be goodli?

But youth's elders are not always railing, sentimentalizing, or exploiting. Now and again they envisage youth with a pure tenderness, a wise sympathy, and a humorous understanding; and it is worth while ploughing stolidly through weary tracts for the sake of the swift and bright-eyed creatures that start from behind some crumbling clod. They were there all the time, of course; nothing new has been created; yet the anthologist's task of pointing a silent finger, or murmuring: "Look—that way!" is a fascinating if a lowly one.

But the more silent pointing and the less murmuring the better. It remains to add only a very few words in apology and extenuation. There are doubtless many omissions which are the result of mere ignorance or of bad judgment; but in addition to these there are others for which the compiler is not responsible. It would have been a better book had not Mr. A. E. Housman proved obdurate in his refusal of permission to reprint, and had the representatives of two or three young poets not been exorbitant in their demands for fees. And, again, it would have been a better book had it not proved very difficult, and in some cases impossible, to make excisions from certain long and well-knit works. That the balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet* was too long to use as a whole, and could not be cut up, has mattered comparatively little, for it is so familiar that it must be present to the

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reader's mind in turning to the group of young lovers, even though the words are not actually in print before him. But the task of cutting up Rossetti's *Jenny* has cost sore pains. It seemed at the outset so loosely put together that to find the joints would take no time; but that first impression was a foolish one, and now that the task is accomplished it is not improbable that the discriminating reader will echo Dr. Johnson at the concert and exclaim: "Difficult, Madam? Would it had proved impossible!"

And how inadequately Katherine Mansfield is represented by the love-letter from *Something Childish!* To omit Laura of *The Garden Party* seems iniquitous; she is an embodiment of all that is most gracious and attractive in modern girlhood. But the story is too long to use as it stands; and one shrinks from cutting the closely woven prose now that its weaver is no longer here to sanction the scissors.

A little remains to be said of the method and arrangement of the anthology. No translation has been used except the Authorized Version of the Bible, which is not a translation in any relevant sense. The passages are grouped within the sections in chronological order. For extracts from prose works or from long poems it has been necessary to find titles, and this has usually been done by taking a phrase from the extract itself or from some passage neighbouring it in its original context.

In choosing texts of old works use has been made either of modern editions which have been reproduced faithfully in details of spelling and

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punctuation, or of early copies which have been treated with greater freedom. The latter have been preferred whenever possible, since it seems desirable in a book of this kind (it is different in a reprint of a single complete work intended primarily for scholars) to combine with a rendering of the old spelling considerable license in revising punctuation. Long f's and other obsolete forms have been retained because they give something characteristic of their period; but inverted commas, queries, or exclamation marks have been inserted without scruple where the modern eye demands them; commas have been deleted when their presence would have obscured the sense; and in two or three places where the old typography seemed likely to cause delay in grasping the meaning it has been replaced by a more familiar form. There seems, for instance, no point in irritating, and possibly even baffling a would-be reader by setting him the problem of explaining to himself why Campion's Prince Hally should have had a "Iury" skin, or why honour should have been paid to no "bonier" swain than Lodge's Montanus since the wanton wag of Troy kept sheep in Ida. Printers' errors have been corrected, and have been noted only when there seemed any possibility of doubt concerning them.

In the alphabetical index of authors and sources, notes have been added on some of the extracts. It has seemed unnecessary to indicate in the body of the book their presence in its tail. If curiosity is aroused in the reader, it is simple for him to look under the author's name, where, it is hoped,

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he may in some cases find satisfaction. Doubtless here, as in the body of the book, he could find many gaps, and, were he compelled to read, much that he would find tedious. But one of the most obvious charms of an anthology is that we may skip at will.

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S. M.

April, 1925.

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The Spring-Time of Life

I love the acquaintance of young people ; . . . young men have more virtue than old men ; they have more generous sentiments in every respect.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

One can't pass one's youth too amusingly ; for one must grow old, and that in England ; two most serious circumstances, either of which makes people grey in the twinkling of a bedstaff ; for know you, there is not a country upon earth where there are so many old fools and so few young ones.

HORACE WALPOLE

Those were the days when mere life, apart from anything which it brings, was exquisite.

MARK RUTHERFORD

Youth would be an ideal state if it came a little later in life.

THE EARL OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH

In Youth is pleasure

In a herber grene, aslepe where as I laye,
The byrdes fang swete in the myddes of the daye.
I dreamed fast of myrth and play.
In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

Me thought I walked stil to and fro
And from her company I could not go,
But when I waked it was not so,
In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

Therefore my harte is surely pyght
Of her alone to haue a fight,
Whiche is my ioy and harte's delyght,
In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

ROBERT WEVER

herber : herb-, or flower-garden.

pyght : set, or determined.

A Maid's Choice, 'twixt Age and Youth

Crabbed Age and Youth
cannot live together ;
Youth is full of pleasure,
Age is full of care :

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

Youth's like Summer's morn,
Age like Winter's weather,
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short ;
Youth is wild and Age is lame.
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold,
Youth is wild and Age is tame ;
Age I do abhor thee,
Youth I do adore thee,
O my Love, my Lord is young :
Age I do defie thee,
O Sweet Shepherd hie thee,
for me thinks thou stay'ft too long !
THOMAS DELONEY

Youth and Age

Sing wee and chaunt it,
While loue doth graunt it.
Not long youth lasteth,
And old age hasteth :
Now is best leysure
To take our plesure.
Fa, la, la, la.

All things inuite vs,
Now to delight vs.
Hence care be packing ;
No mirth be lacking.
Let spare no treasure
To lyve in pleasure.
Fa, la, la, la.

MICHAEL DRAYTON (?)

THE SPRING-TIME OF LIFE

O Miftris mine

O Miftris mine where are you roming ?
O stay and heare, your true loue's coming,
That can fing both high and low.
Trip no further, prettie sweeting.
Iourneys end in louers meeting, —
Euery wise man's sonne doth know.

What is loue ? 'tis not heereafter,
Present mirth, hath present laughter :
What's to come, is still vnfore.
In delay there lies no plentie,
Then come kisse me, sweet and twentie :
Youth's a stufte will not endure.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Youth, know thy Selfe

This is the blood-warmer age, there springs from
hence
The Salamander of concupiscence.
This is the Age that makes my spleene to swell
With laughter, and my gall to leaue her cell. . . .
Oh who hath such a foggie-cloudy braine,
That of all ages thinkes not this most vaine ?
Or who is such an A-b-c-darian asse,
That finds not this all former times to passe ? . . .
What's youth but vanity, vanitie in such kind,
As vanitie 'tis in body, and in mind ?
Her essence lust, her character prodigalitie,
Her vertue is her vice's liberalitie.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

Her counsellors are Pride, vaine-glory, rage,
Her piety she makes sin's glittering page.
And her religion is, she nothing feares,
She ne're remembers God but when she sweares. . . .
A Louer is her altar, and her blisse,
To him she sayes her prayers to get a kisse. . . .
And shee'l engrose vp all the Table chat,
And laugh, till euery body laugh thereat.
She scornes inferiours, if an heyre she be,
By phauning fycophants deifi'd is she. . . .
She hath sugar'd-hony-dropping complements,
Of venomous thoughts, the poysoned implements,
Shee'l kisse your hand, your picture, shoe-strings,
cheekes,
She for bumbasting stufte in Play-bookes seekes :
As that the red-rose, and the Lillie grow,
In your Angelicall face, that's white as snow :
And that your teeth are like two rowes of pearle ;
You may be Concubine to any Earle :
Shee'l crouch with cap in hand, and pardon craue,
Shee'l be your seruant, varlet, vassall, slaue :
You may command her like your 3. pound lacke,
And yet shee'l cut your throat behind your
backe. . . .
Shee comes to Church to spie out the best faces,
Sermons aboue an houre, her wit disgraces. . . .
Shee makes her mony flye in needlesse charge,
And for Tobacco her expence is large. . . .
She is the money-monger's prey, and food,
Who like the horf-leech sucks the streaming
blod. . . .
Her Sattin makes the Fustian-dublet mute,
When she turns tayle, and bids him there salute.

THE SPRING-TIME OF LIFE

(This Peacocke soone abandon would this pride,
If that her inward parts were her out-side)
She neither heat, nor coldnes can endure,
But in the house shee doth her selfe immure :
She striues not yet to keepe her selfe from Hell,
Where fire must frost, and frost must fire expell.
She vilifies Vniuersities, and Schooles,
And wifdome gets by tearming others fooles.

UNKNOWN

' It is but earth thou lovest '

Let her be such a one throughout, as *Lucian* deciphers in his *Imagines*, as *Euphanor* of old painted *Venus*, *Aristænetus* describes *Lais*, another *Helena*, *Chariclia*, *Leucippe*, *Lucretia*, *Pandora* ; let her have a box of beauty to repair her self still, such a one as *Venus* gave *Phaon*, when he carried her over the Ford ; let her use all helps art and nature can yeeld ; be like her, and her, and whom thou wilt, or all these in one ; A little sickness, a Feaver, small pox, wound, scarre, loss of an eye, or limb, a violent passion, a distemperature of heat or cold, marres all in an instant, disfigures all ; child-bearing, old age, that tyrant time will turn *Venus* to *Erynnis* ; raging time, care, rivels her upon a sudden : after she hath been married a small while, and the black ox hath trodden on her toe, she will be so much altered, and wax out of favour, thou wilt not know her. One growes too fat, another too lean, &c. modest *Matilda*, pretty pleasing *Peg*, sweet singing *Susan*, mincing merry *Moll*, dainty dancing *Doll*, neat *Nancy*, jolly *Ione*,

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

nimble *Nel*, kissing *Kate*, bouncing *Beffe* with black eyes, fair *Phillis* with fine white hands, fiddling *Franck*, tall *Tib*, slender *Sib*, &c. will quickly loose their grace, grow fulsome, stale, sad, heavy, dull, four, and all at last out of fashion.

ROBERT BURTON

rivels : shrivels.

To the Virgins, to make much of Time

Gather ye Rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a flying :
And this same flower that smiles to day,
To morrow will be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
The higher he's a getting ;
The sooner will his Race be run,
And neerer he's to Setting.

That Age is best, which is the first,
When Youth and Blood are warmer ;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times, still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time ;
And while ye may, goe marry :
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

ROBERT HERRICK

THE SPRING-TIME OF LIFE

Go, lovely Rose

Go, lovely Rose,
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her Graces spy'd,
That hadst thou sprung
In Desarts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth
Of Beauty from the light retir'd ;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer her self to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die, that she,
The common fate of all things rare,
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

EDMOND WALLER

How soon hath Time

How soon hath Time the subtle thief of youth,
Stoln on his wing my three and twentieth year !
My hasting dayes flie on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,
And inward ripenes doth much less appear,
That som more timely-happy spirits indu'th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure eev'n,
To that same lot, however mean, or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of
Heav'n;
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great task Masters eye.
JOHN MILTON

Youth's the feason made for joys
Youth's the feason made for joys,
Love is then our duty;
She alone who that employs,
Well deserves her beauty.
Let's be gay
While we may,
Beauty's a flower despis'd in decay.

Let us drink and sport to-day,
Ours is not to-morrow.
Love with youth flies swift away,
Age is nought but sorrow.
Dance and fmg,
Time's on the wing,
Life never knows the return of spring.
JOHN GAY

THE SPRING-TIME OF LIFE

When I was young

Verse, a breeze mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—
Both were mine ! Life went a-maying
 With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
 When I was young !

When I was young ? Ah, woful When !
Ah ! for the change 'twixt Now and Then !
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands,
How lightly then it flashed along :—
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide !
Nought cared this body for wind or weather
When Youth and I lived in't together.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Your own Fair Youth

Your own fair youth, you care so little for it—
 Smiling towards Heaven, you would not stay the
 advances
 Of time and change upon your happiest fancies.
I keep your golden hour, and will restore it.
If ever, in time to come, you would explore it—
 Your old self, whose thoughts went like last year's
 pansies,
 Look unto me ; no mirror keeps its glances ;
In my unfailing praises now I store it.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

To guard all joys of yours from Time's estranging,
I shall be then a treasury where your gay,
Happy, and pensive past unaltered is.

I shall be then a garden charmed from changing,
In which your June has never passed away.
Walk there awhile among my memories.

ALICE MEYNELL

The Two Lives

Youth thinks green apples sweet,
Age thinks red cherries sour ;
Age calls a flower a weed,
Youth calls a weed a flower.

Youth thinks the world is large,
But Age doth think it small ;
Youth walks on stilts, but Age
Fears, on his feet, to fall.

Youth claims eternal life,
With hours, too long to sum ;
Age counts his few hours gone,
And fewer hours to come.

Age sits and feebly chirps,
But Youth does dance and sing ;
Age is Time's pensioner,
Youth is Time's king—his king !

W. H. DAVIES

THE SPRING-TIME OF LIFE

Susan to Diana

Your youth is like a water-wetted stone,
A pebble by the living sea made rare,
Bright with a beauty that is not its own.

Behold it flushed like flowers newly-blown,
Miraculously fresh beyond compare—
Your youth is like a water-wetted stone.

For when the triumphing tide recedes, alone
The stone will stay, and shine no longer there
Bright with a beauty that is not its own.

But lie and dry as joyless as a bone,
Because the sorceress sea has gone elsewhere.
Your youth is like a water-wetted stone.

Then all your lovers will be children, shown
Their treasure only transitory-fair,
Bright with a beauty that is not its own.

Remember this before your hour is flown ;
O you, who are so glorious, beware !
Your youth is like a water-wetted stone,
Bright with a beauty that is not its own.

FRANCES CORNFORD

Young Men and Maidens

*Wherewithall shall a yong man cleanse his way? Even by
ruling himselfe after thy word.*

PSALM CXIX

Reioyce, O young man, in thy youth.

ECCLESIASTES, OR THE PREACHER

*. . . many vnrruffe youths, that euen now
Protest their first of Manhood.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Home-keeping youth haue euer homely wits.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

*A young Lad,
A thousand bleffings danc'd upon his eie,
A fsmooth fac'd glorious Thing.*

PHILIP MASSINGER AND THOMAS DEKKER

The Squyer

WITH him ther was his sone, a yong Squyer,
A lovyere, and a lusty bachelor,
With lokkes crulle, as they were leyd in presse.
Of twenty yeer of age he was, I gesse.
Of his stature he was of evene lengthe,
And wonderly deliver, and greet of strengthe.
And he had been somtyme in chivachye,
In Flaundres, in Artoys, and Picardye,
And born him wel, as of so litel space,
In hope to stonden in his lady grace.
Embrouded was he, as it were a mede
Al ful of fresshe floures, whyte and rede.
Singing he was, or floytinge, al the day;
He was as fresh as is the month of May.
Short was his goune, with sleeves longe and
wyde.
Wel coude he sitte on hors, and faire ryde.
He coude songes make and wel endyte,
Iuste and eek daunce, and wel purtreie and
wryte.
So hote he lovede, that by nightertale
He sleep namore than dooth a nightingale.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

Curteys he was, lowly, and servisable,
And carf biforn his fader at the table.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

bachelor : aspirant to knighthood.

crulle : curly.

evene lengthe : medium height.

deliver : active.

chivachye : raid.

floytinge : playing the flute.

nightertale : night-time.

'A goodly frefhe yonge man'

Manhod I am, therefore I me delyght
To hunt and hawke, to nourishe up and fede
The grayhounde to the cource, the hawke to the
flyght,

And to bestryde a good and lusty ftede.

These thynges become a very man in dede.

Yet thynketh this boy his peuishe game fwetter,

But what no force ! His reason is no better.

SIR THOMAS MORE

but what no force : but no matter.

'Whi shuld I not praise my body an it be goodli ?'

I am goodlye of perfone,

I am pereles where euer I come,

My name is youth I tell the.

I florysh as the vinetre,

Who may be likened unto me

In my youthe and jolitye ?

My hearre is royall and bufhed thicke,

My body plyaunt as a hasel styck,

YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS

Myne armes be bothe fayre and strong,
My fingers be both faire and longe,
My cheft bigge as a tunne,
My legges be full lighte for to runne,
To hoppe and daunce and make mery.
By the maffe, I recke not a chery
What so euer I do !
I am the heyre of my father's lande,
And it is come into my hande.
I care for no more !

UNKNOWN

Loue's Swaine

As they were thus drinking, and ready to goe to Church, came in *Montanus*, apparelled all in tawny, to signifie that he was forsaken : on his head he wore a garland of willow, his bottle hangd by his side, whereon was painted despaire, and on his sheepehooke hung two Sonnets, as labels of his loues and fortunes.

Thus attired came *Montanus* in, with his face as full of grieve as his hart was of sorrows, shewing in his countenance the mappe of extreamities. The Shepheards seeing him, did him all the honor they could, as beeing the flower of all the Swaines in *Arden* : for a bonnier boy was there not seene since the wanton wag of Troy, that kept Sheepe in *Ida*. He seeing the King, and geffing it to be *Gerismond*, did him all the reuerence his Country curtesie could afford, infomuch that the king wondring at his attire, demanded what he was. *Montanus* ouerhearing him, made this reply. I am, quoth he,

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

Loue's Swaine, as full of inward discontentments
as I seeme fraught with outward follies. My eyes
like Bees delight in sweet flowers, but sucking their
fill on the faire of beauty, they cary home to the
hiue of my hart far more gall then honny, and for
one drop of pure dew, a tun full of deadly *Aconiton* :
I hunt with the flie to pursue the Eagle, that
flying too nie the sun, I perish by the sun, my
thoughts are aboue my reach, and my desires more
than my fortunes, yet neither greater then my
loue. But daring with *Phaeton*, I fall with *Icarus*,
and seeking to passe the meane, I die for being so
meane, my night sleeps are waking flumbers, as
full of sorrowes as they be from rest, and my daies
labors are fruitles amors, staring at a star, and
stumbling at a strawe, leauing reason to follow
after repentance : yet euery passion is a plesure,
though it pinch, because loue hides his wormeseed
in figges, his poysons in sweet potions, and shadowes
preiudice with the maske of pleasure. The wisest
counsellors are my deep discontents, and I hate
that which should salve my harme, like the patient,
which stung with the *Tarantula*, loaths musicke,
and yet the disease incurable but by melody. Thus,
Sir, restless, I hould my selfe remedileffe.

THOMAS LODGE

Leander

Amorous *Leander*, beautifull and young,
(Whose tragedy diuine *Musæus* sung)
Dwelt at *Abydus* : since him dwelt there none
For whom succeeding times make greater mone.

YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS

His dangling tresses that were neuer shorne,
Had they beene cut, and vnto *Colchos* borne,
Would haue allur'd the vent'rous youth of *Greece*
To hazard more then for the golden fleece.
Faيرة *Cynthia* wisht his armes might be her
sphere,
Griefe makes her pale, because she moues not there.
His body was as straight as *Circe's* wand,
Ioue might haue sipt out *Nectar* from his hand;
Euen as delicious meat is to the taste,
So was his necke in touching, and surpast
The white of *Pelop's* shoulder. I could tell yee,
How smooth his breast was, & how white his belly,
And whose immortall fingers did imprint
That heauenly path, with many a curious dint,
That runs along his backe, but my rude pen
Can hardly blazon forth the loues of men,
Much lesse of powerfull gods: let it suffice,
That my slacke Muse sings of *Leander's* eyes,
Those orient cheeks and lips, exceeding his
That leapt into the water for a kisse
Of his owne shadow, and despising many,
Died ere he could enioy the loue of any.
Had wilde *Hippolitus* *Leander* seen,
Enamored of his beauty had hee beene,
His presence made the rudest paissant melt,
That in the vast vplandish country dwelt,
The barbarous *Thracian* souldier mou'd with nought
Was mou'd with him, and for his fauour fought.
Some swore hee was a maid in man's attire,
For in his lookes were all that men desire,
A pleasant smiling cheeke, a speaking eye,
A brow for Loue to banquet royally,

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

And such as knew hee was a man would say,
“*Leander*, thou art made for amorous play :
Why art thou not in Loue, and lou'd of all ?
Though thou be faire, yet be not thine owne thrall.”

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

Ioseph and his brethren

Ioseph, being feunteene yeeres old, was feeding the flocke with his brethren, and the lad was with the sonnes of Bilhah, and with the sonnes of Zilpah, his father's wiues : and Ioseph brought unto his father their euill report. Now Israel loued Ioseph more then all his children, because he was the sonne of his old age : and he made him a coat of many colours. And when his brethren saw that their father loued him more then all his brethren, they hated him, and could not speake peaceably unto him.

And Ioseph dreamed a dreame, and he told it his brethren, and they hated him yet the more. And he said unto them, “ Heare, I pray you, this dreame which I haue dreamed. For beholde, wee were binding sheaves in the field, and loe, my sheafe arose, and also stood upright ; and, behold, your sheaves stood round about, and made obeisance to my sheafe.” And his brethren saide to him, “ Shalt thou indeed reigne ouer us ? or shalt thou indeed haue dominion ouer us ? ” And they hated him yet the more, for his dreames, and for his words.

And hee dreamed yet another dreame, and told

YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS

it his brethren, and said, "Behold, I haue dreamed a dreame more: and behold, the sunne and the moone, and the eleuen starres made obeifance to me." And he told it to his father, and to his brethren: and his father rebuked him, and said unto him, "What is this dreame that thou hast dreamed? shal I, and thy mother, and thy brethren indeed come to bow downe our selues to thee, to the earth?" And his brethren enuied him: but his father obserued the saying.

And his brethren went to feed their father's flocke in Shechem. And Israell saide unto Ioseph, "Doe not thy brethren feed the flocke in Shechem? Come, and I will send thee unto them," & he said to him, "Here am I." And he said to him, "Goe, I pray thee, see whether it bee well with thy brethren, and well with the flockes, and bring mee word againe:" so hee sent him out of the vale of Hebron, and he came to Shechem. And a certaine man found him, and behold, hee was wandering in the field, and the man asked him, saying, "What seekest thou?" And he said, "I seeke my brethren: tell mee, I pray thee, where they feede their flockes." And the man said, "They are departed hence: for I heard them say, Let us goe to Dothan." And Ioseph went after his brethren, and found them in Dothan.

And when they saw him afarre off, euen before hee came neere unto them, they conspired against him, to slay him. And they said one to another, "Behold, this dreamer commeth. Come now therefore, and let us slay him, and cast him into some pit, and we will say, Some euill beast hath

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

deuoured him : and we shall see what will become of his dreames." And Reuben heard it, and he deliuered him out of their hands, and said, " Let us not kill him." And Reuben saide unto them, " Shed no blood, but cast him into this pit that is in the wilderneffe, and lay no hand upon him ; " that he might rid him out of their hands, to deliuer him to his father againe.

And it came to passe, when Ioseph was come unto his brethren, that they stript Ioseph out of his coate, his coat of many colours that was on him, and they tooke him and cast him into a pit : and the pit was emptie, there was no water in it. And they fate downe to eat bread : and they lift up their eyes and looked, and behold, a company of Ishmeelites came from Gilead with their camels, bearing spicery, and baulme, and myrrhe, going to cary it downe to Egypt. And Iudah saide unto his brethren, " What profit is it if we slay our brother, and conceale his blood ? Come, and let us sell him to the Ishmeelites, and let not our hand bee upon him ; for he is our brother, and our flesh ; " and his brethren were content. Then there passed by Midianites, merchant men, and they drew and lift up Ioseph out of the pit, and sold Ioseph to the Ishmeelites for twentie pieces of siluer : and they brought Ioseph into Egypt.

And Reuben returned unto the pit, and behold, Ioseph was not in the pit : and he rent his clothes. And hee returned unto his brethren, and said, " The childe is not, and I, whither shall I goe ? " And they tooke Ioseph's coat, and killed a kid of the goats, and dipped the coat in the blood. And

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they sent the coat of many colours, and they brought it to their father, and said, "This haue we found; know now whether it bee thy sonne's coat or no." And he knew it, and said, "It is my sonne's coat: an euil beast hath deuoured him; Ioseph is without doubt rent in pieces." And Iacob rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his loines, & mourned for his sonne many dayes. And all his sonnes, and all his daughters rose up to comfort him: but he refused to be comforted: and he said, "For I will goe downe into the graue unto my sonne mourning;" thus his father wept for him.

The Book of Genesis

David and Goliath

Now Dauid was the sonne of that Ephrathite of Bethlehem Iudah, whose name was Iesse, and hee had eight sonnes: and the man went among men for an old man in the dayes of Saul. And the three eldest sonnes of Iesse went, and followed Saul to the battell: and the names of his three sonnes that went to the battell, were, Eliab the first borne, and next unto him, Abinadab, and the third, Shammah. And Dauid was the yongest: and the three eldest followed Saul. But Dauid went, and returned from Saul, to feed his father's sheepe at Bethlehem. And the Philistine drewe neere, morning and euening, and presented himselfe forty dayes. And Iesse said unto Dauid his sonne, "Take now for thy brethren an ephah of this parched corne, and these ten loaues, and run to the campe to thy

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brethren. And carie these ten cheefes of milke unto the Captaine of their thousand, and looke how thy brethren fare, and take their pledge." Now Saul, and they, and all the men of Israel, were in the valley of Elah, fighting with the Philistines.

And David rose up earely in the morning, and left the sheepe with a keeper, and tooke, and went, as Iesse had commanded him; and he came to the trench, as the host was going forth to the fight, and shouted for the battell. For Israel and the Philistines had put the battel in aray, army against armie. And David left the vessels from upon him in the hand of the keeper of the cariage, and ranne into the armie, and came and saluted his brethren. And as he talked with them, behold, there came up the champion (the Philistine of Gath, Goliath by name) out of the armies of the Philistines, and spake according to the same words: and David heard them. And all the men of Israel, when they saw the man, fled from him, and were fore afraid. And the men of Israel said, "Haue yee seene this man that is come up? Surely to defie Israel is he come up: and it shall be that the man who killeth him, the king wil enrich him with great riches, and will giue him his daughter, and make his father's house free in Israel." And David spake to the men that stood by him, saying: "What shall bee done to the man that killeth this Philistine, and taketh away the reproch from Israel: for who is this uncircumcised Philistine, that he should defie the armies of the liuing God?" And the people answered him after this maner, saying, "So shall it be done to the man that killeth him."

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And Eliab his eldest brother heard when he spake unto the men, and Eliab's anger was kindled against Dauid, and he said, "Why camest thou down hither? and with whom hast thou left those few sheepe in the wildernesse? I know thy pride, and the naughtinesse of thine heart, for thou art come downe, that thou mightest see the battell." And Dauid sayd, "What haue I now done? Is there not a cause?" And hee turned from him towards another, and spake after the same maner: and the people answered him againe after the former maner.

And when the words were heard which Dauid spake, they rehearsed them before Saul: and he sent for him. And Dauid said to Saul, "Let no man's heart faile, because of him: thy seruant will goe and fight with this Philistine." And Saul said to Dauid, "Thou art not able to goe against this Philistine, to fight with him: for thou art but a youth, and he a man of warre from his youth." And Dauid said unto Saul, "Thy seruant kept his father's sheepe, and there came a Lyon and a Beare, and tooke a lambe out of the flocke. And I went out after him, and smote him, and deliuered it out of his mouth, and when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard, and smote him, and slew him. Thy seruant slew both the Lyon and the Beare: and this uncircumcised Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he hath defied the armies of the liuing God." Dauid saide moreouer, "The LORD that deliuered me out of the paw of the Lyon, and out of the pawe of the Beare, he will deliuer mee out of the hand of this Philistine."

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And Saul said unto David, "Goe, and the LORD be with thee."

And Saul armed David with his armour, and hee put an helmet of brasse upon his head, also he armed him with a coat of mail. And David girded his sword upon his armour, and he assayed to goe, for he had not proued it: and David said unto Saul, "I cannot goe with these; for I haue not proued them." And David put them off him. And hee tooke his staffe in his hand, and chose him five smoothe stones out of the brooke, and put them in a shepheard's bag which he had, euen in a scrip, and his sling was in his hand: and he drew neere to the Philistine. And the Philistine came on and drew neere unto David, and the man that bare the shield, went before him. And when the Philistine looked about, and saw David, hee disdained him: for he was but a youth, and ruddy, and of a faire countenance. And the Philistine said unto David, "Am I a dog, that thou comcest to me with staues?" and the Philistine cursed David by his gods. And the Philistine said to David, "Come to me, and I will giue thy flesh unto the fowles of the aire and to the beasts of the field." Then said David to the Philistine, "Thou comcest to mee with a sword, and with a speare, and with a shield: but I come to thee in the Name of the LORD of hostes, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day will the LORD deliuer thee into mine hand, and I will smite thee, and take thine head from thee; and I will give the carkeises of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowles of the aire, and to the wild beasts of the

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earth, that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel. And all this assembly shal know that the LORD faueth not with sword & speare (for the battell is the LORD's) and he will giue you into our hands." And it came to passe, when the Philistine arofe, and came, and drewe nigh to meet Dauid, that Dauid hasted, and ran toward the armie to meet the Philistine. And Dauid put his hande in his bag, and tooke thence a stone, and slang it, & smote the Philistine in his forehead, that the stone funke into his forehead; and he fell upon his face to the earth. So Dauid preuailed ouer the Philistine with a sling, and with a stone, and smote the Philistine, and slew him, but there was no sword in the hande of Dauid. Therefore Dauid ran and stood upon the Philistine, and tooke his sword, and drew it out of the sheath thereof, and slew him, and cut off his head therewith. And when the Philistines sawe their champion was dead, they fled. And the men of Israel, and of Iudah arofe, and shouted, and pursued the Philistines; untill thou come to the valley, and to the gates of Ekron: and the wounded of the Philistines fell downe by the way to Shaaraim, euen unto Gath, and unto Ekron. And the children of Israel returned from chafing after the Philistines, and they spoiled their tents. And Dauid tooke the head of the Philistine, and brought it to Ierusalem: but he put his armour in his tent.

And when Saul sawe Dauid goe forth against the Philistine, he sayd unto Abner the captaine of the hofte, "Abner, whose sonne is this youth?" And Abner said, "As thy soule liueth, O king, I

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cannot tell." And the king said, "Enquire thou whose sonne the stripling is." And as David returned from the slaughter of the Philistine, Abner tooke him, & brought him before Saul, with the head of the Philistine in his hand. And Saul saide to him, "Whose sonne art thou, thou yong man?" And David answered, "I am the sonne of thy servant Iesse, the Bethlehemite."

And it came to passe when hee made an ende of speaking unto Saul, that the soule of Ionathan was knit with the soule of Dauid, and Ionathan loued him as his owne soule. And Saul tooke him that day, and would let him go no more home to his father's house. Then Ionathan and Dauid made a couenant, because he loued him as his owne soule. And Ionathan stript himselfe of the robe that was upon him, and gaue it to Dauid, and his garments, euen to his sword, and to his bow, and to his girdle. And Dauid went out whithersoever Saul sent him, and behaued himselfe wisely: and Saul set him ouer the men of warre, and he was accepted in the sight of all the people, and also in the sight of Saul's servants.

The First Book of Samuel

'They ate no pleasant bread'

And the king spake unto Ashpenaz the master of his Eunuches, that he should bring certaine of the children of Israel, and of the kings seed, and of the Princes; children in whom was no blemish, but well fauoured, and skilfull in all wisedome, and cunning in knowledge, and understanding science,

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and such as had abilitie in them to stand in the King's palace, and whom they might teach the learning, and the tongue of the Caldeans. And the king appointed them a daily prouision of the king's meat, and of the wine which he dranke: so nourishing them three yeeres, that at the ende thereof they might stand before the king. Now among these were of the children of Iudah, Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah: unto whom the Prince of the Eunuches gaue names: for he gaue unto Daniel the name of Belteshazzar; and to Hananiah, of Shadrach; and to Mishael, of Mefhach; and to Azariah, of Abednego.

But Daniel purposed in his heart, that he would not defile himselfe with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he dranke: therefore hee requested of the Prince of the Eunuches, that hee might not defile himselfe. Now God had brought Daniel into fauour and tender loue with the Prince of the Eunuches. And the Prince of the Eunuches said unto Daniel, "I feare my lord the king, who hath appointed your meat, and your drinke: for why should he see your faces sadder liking then the children which are of your terme? then shall yee make mee indanger my head to the King." Then said Daniel to Melzar, whom the Prince of the Eunuches had set ouer Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah, "Proue thy seruants, I beseech thee, ten dayes, and let them giue pulse to eat, and water to drinke. Then let our countenances be looked upon before thee, and the countenance of the children that eat of the portion of the King's meate: and as thou seest, deale with

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thy servants." So hee consented to them in this matter, and proued them ten dayes. And at the end of ten dayes their countenances appeared fairer, and fatter in flesh, then all the children, which did eate the portion of the king's meate. Thus Melzar tooke away the portion of their meat, and the wine that they should drink; and gave them pulse.

As for these foure children, God gaue them knowledge, and skil in all learning and wisedome, and Daniel had understanding in all visions and dreames. Now at the end of the dayes that the King had said he should bring them in, then the Prince of the Eunuches brought them in before Nebuchadnezzar. And the King communed with them; and among them all was found none like Daniel, Haniah, Misael, and Azariah: therefore stood they before the king. And in all matters of wisedome and understanding, that the king enquired of them, hee found them tenne times better then al the Magicians and Astrologers that were in all his Realme.

And Daniel continued euen unto the first yeere of king Cyrus.

The Book of Daniel

The good Schoolmaster's grammar of boys' natures

1. Those that are ingenious and industrious. The conjunction of two such Planets in a youth presage much good unto him. To such a lad a frown may be a whipping, and a whipping a death; yea where their Master whips them once, shame whips them all the week after. Such natures he useth with all gentlenesse.

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2. Those that are ingenious and idle. These think with the hare in the fable, that running with snails (so they count the rest of their school-fellows) they shall come soon enough to the Post, though sleeping a good while before their starting. Oh, a good rod would finely take them napping.

3. Those that are dull and diligent. Wines the stronger they be the more lees they have when they are new. Many boyes are muddy-headed till they be clarified with age, and such afterwards prove the best. Bristoll diamonds are both bright, and squared and pointed by Nature, and yet are soft and worthlesse; whereas orient ones in India are rough and rugged naturally. Hard rugged and dull natures of youth acquit themselves afterwards the Jewells of the countrey, and therefore their dulnesse at first is to be born with, if they be diligent. That Schoolmaster deserves to be beaten himself, who beats Nature in a boy for a fault. And I question whether all the whipping in the world can make their parts which are naturally fluggish, rise one minute before the houre Nature hath appointed.

4. Those that are invincibly dull and negligent also. Correction may reform the latter, not amend the former. All the whetting in the world can never set a rasour's edge on that which hath no steel in it. Such boyes he consigneth over to other professions. Shipwrights and boatmakers will choose those crooked pieces of timber, which other carpenters refuse. Those may make excellent merchants and mechanicks which will not serve for Scholars.

THOMAS FULLER

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The Shepherd Boy in the Valley of Humiliation

Now as they were going along and talking, they espied a Boy feeding his Father's Sheep. The Boy was in very mean Cloaths, but of a very fresh and well-favoured Countenance, and as he sat by himself he Sung. Hark, said Mr. *Great-heart*, to what the Shepherd's Boy saith. So they hearkned, and he said,

He that is down, needs fear no fall,
He that is low, no Pride :
He that is humble, ever shall
Have God to be his Guide.

I am content with what I have,
Little be it, or much :
And, Lord, Contentment still I crave,
Because thou savest such.

Fulness to such a burden is
That go on Pilgrimage :
Here little, and hereafter Bliss,
Is best from Age to Age.

Then said their *Guide*, Do you hear him? I will dare to say that this Boy lives a merrier Life, and wears more of that Herb called *Hearts-ease* in his Bosom, than he that is clad in Silk and Velvet.

JOHN BUNYAN

Mr. Bickerstaff's Nephews

On Tuesday last, with a design to sound their inclinations, I took three lads, who are under my guardianship, a-rambling, in a hackney-coach, to

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show them the town; as the lions, the tombs, Bedlam, and the other places which are entertainments to raw minds because they strike forcibly on the fancy. The boys are brothers, one of sixteen, the other of fourteen, the other of twelve. The first was his father's darling, the second his mother's, and the third is mine, who am their uncle. Mr. William is a lad of true genius; but, being at the upper end of a great school, and having all the boys below him, his arrogance is insupportable. If I begin to show a little of my Latin, he immediately interrupts: "Uncle, under favour, that which you say is not understood in that manner." "Brother," says my boy Jack, "you do not show your manners much in contradicting my uncle Isaac!" "You queer cur," says Mr. William, "do you think my uncle takes any notice of such a dull rogue as you are?" Mr. William goes on, "He is the most stupid of all my mother's children: he knows nothing of his book: when he should mind that, he is hiding or hoarding his taws and marbles, or laying up farthings. His way of thinking is, four and twenty farthings make six-pence, and two six-pences a shilling: two shillings and six-pence half a crown, and two half-crowns five shillings. So within these two months the close hunks has scraped up twenty shillings, and we will make him spend it all before he comes home." Jack immediately claps his hands into both pockets, and turns as pale as ashes. There is nothing touches a parent, and such I am to Jack, so nearly as a provident conduct. This lad has in him the true temper for a good husband, a kind father, and an honest executor.

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. . . I once heard a man of excellent sense observe, that more affairs in the world failed by being in the hands of men of too large capacities for their business, than by being in the conduct of such as wanted abilities to execute them. Jack, therefore, being of a plodding make, shall be a citizen : and I design him to be the refuge of the family in their distress, as well as their jest in prosperity. His brother Will shall go to Oxford with all speed, where, if he does not arrive at being a man of sense, he will soon be informed wherein he is a coxcomb. There is in that place such a true spirit of raillery and humour, that if they cannot make you a wise man, they will certainly let you know you are a fool ; which is all my cousin wants, to cease to be so. Thus having taken these two out of the way, I have leisure to look at my third lad. I observe in the young rogue a natural subtlety of mind, which discovers itself rather in forbearing to declare his thoughts on any occasion, than in any visible way of exerting himself in discourse. For which reason I will place him where, if he commits no faults, he may go farther than those in other stations, though they excel in virtues. The boy is well-fashioned, and will easily fall into a graceful manner ; wherefore I have a design to make him a page to a great lady of my acquaintance ; by which means he will be well skilled in the common modes of life, and make a greater progress in the world by that knowledge, than with the greatest qualities without it. A good mien in a court will carry a man greater lengths than a good understanding in any other place. We see a world of

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pains taken, and the best years of life spent in collecting a set of thoughts in a college for the conduct of life, and, after all, the man so qualified shall hesitate in his speech to a good suit of clothes, and want common sense before an agreeable woman. Hence it is, that wisdom, valour, justice, and learning, cannot keep a man in countenance that is possessed of these excellences, if he wants that inferior art of life and behaviour, called good-breeding. A man endowed with great perfections, without this, is like one who has his pockets full of gold, but always wants change for his ordinary occasions.

RICHARD STEELE

Johnson at Pembroke

His tutor, Mr. Jorden, fellow of Pembroke, was not, it seems, a man of such abilities as we should conceive requisite for the instructor of Samuel Johnson, who gave me the following account of him. "He was a very worthy man, but a heavy man, and I did not profit much by his instructions. Indeed, I did not attend him much. The first day after I came to college, I waited upon him, and then staid away four. On the sixth, Mr. Jorden asked me why I had not attended. I answered, I had been sliding in Christ-Church meadow. And this I said with as much *nonchalance* as I am now talking to you. I had no notion that I was wrong or irreverent to my tutor." *Boswell* : "That, Sir, was great fortitude of mind." *Johnson* : "No, Sir, stark insensibility."

JAMES BOSWELL

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A Stock of Erudition

The curiosity which had been implanted in my infant mind was still alive and active; but my reason was not sufficiently informed to understand the value, or to lament the loss, of three precious years from my entrance at Westminster to my admission at Oxford. Instead of repining at my long and frequent confinement to the chamber or the couch, I secretly rejoiced in those infirmities which delivered me from the exercises of the school and the society of my equals. As often as I was tolerably exempt from danger and pain, reading, free desultory reading, was the employment and comfort of my solitary hours: at Westminster my aunt sought only to amuse and indulge me; in my stations at Bath and Winchester, at Buriton and Putney, a false compassion respected my sufferings, and I was allowed, without controul or advice, to gratify the wanderings of an unripe taste. My indiscriminate appetite subsided by degrees in the *Historic* line; and, since Philosophy has exploded all innate ideas and natural propensitiés, I must ascribe this choice to the assiduous perusal of the Universal history as the octavo Volumes successively appeared. This unequal work, and a treatise of Hearne, the *Ductor Historicus*, referred and introduced me to the Greek and Roman historians, to as many at least as were accessible to an English reader. All that I could find were greedily devoured, from Littlebury's lame Herodotus, and Spelman's valuable Xenophon, to the pompous folios of Gordon's Tacitus, and a ragged Procopius of the

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beginning of the last Century. The cheap acquisition of so much knowledge confirmed my dislike to the study of languages, and I argued with Mrs. Porten that, were I master of Greek and Latin, I must interpret to myself in English the thoughts of the Original, and that such extemporary versions must be inferior to the elaborate translations of professed scholars : a silly sophism which could not easily be confuted by a person ignorant of any other language than her own. From the ancient I leaped to the modern World ; many crude lumps of Speed, Rapin, Mezeray, Davila, Machiavel, Father Paul, Bower, etc., passed through me like so many novels, and I swallowed with the same voracious appetite the descriptions of India and China, of Mexico and Peru. Our family collection was decently furnished ; the circulating libraries of London and Bath afforded rich treasures ; I borrowed many books, and some I contrived to purchase from my scanty allowance. My father's friends who visited the boy were astonished at finding him surrounded with a heap of folios, of whose titles *they* were ignorant, and on whose contents *he* could pertinently discuss.

My first introduction to the Historic scenes, which have since engaged so many years of my life, must be ascribed to an accident. In the summer of 1751 I accompanied my father on a visit to Mr. Hoare's, in Wiltshire ; but I was less delighted with the beauties of Stourhead than with discovering in the library a common book, the continuation of Echard's Roman history, which is indeed executed with more skill and taste than the

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prævious work : to me the reigns of the successors of Constantine were absolutely new, and I was immersed in the passage of the Goths over the Danube when the summons of the dinner-bell reluctantly dragged me from my intellectual feast. This transient glance served rather to irritate than to appease my curiosity, and no sooner was I returned to Bath than I procured the second and third Volumes of Howell's history of the World, which exhibit the Byzantine period on a larger scale. Mahomet and his Saracens soon fixed my attention, and some instinct of criticism directed me to the genuine sources. Simon Ockley, an original in every sense, first opened my eyes, and I was led from one book to another till I had ranged round the circle of Oriental history. Before I was sixteen I had exhausted all that could be learned in English of the Arabs and Persians, the Tartars and Turks ; and the same ardour urged me to guess at the French of d'Herbelot, and to construe the barbarous Latin of Pocock's Abulpharagius. Such vague and multifarious reading could not teach me to think, to write, or to act ; and the only principle that darted a ray of light into the indigested Chaos was an early and rational application to the order of time and place. The maps of Cellarius and Wells imprinted in my mind the picture of ancient Geography ; from Strauchius I imbibed the elements of Chronology ; the tables of Helvicus and Anderson, the annals of Usher and Prideaux, distinguished the connection of events, and I engraved the multitude of names and dates in a clear and indelible series. But in the discussion

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of the first ages I overleaped the bounds of modesty and use. In my childish balance I presumed to weigh the systems of Scaliger and Petavius, of Marsham and Newton, which I could seldom study in the originals; the Dynasties of Assyria and Egypt were my top and cricket-ball; and my sleep has been disturbed by the difficulty of reconciling the Septuagint with the Hebrew computation. I arrived at Oxford with a stock of erudition that might have puzzled a Doctor, and a degree of ignorance of which a school boy would have been ashamed.

EDWARD GIBBON

Shelley at Oxford

At the commencement of Michaelmas term, that is, at the end of October, in the year 1810, I happened one day to sit next to a freshman at dinner: it was his first appearance in hall. His figure was slight, and his aspect remarkably youthful, even at our table, where all were very young. He seemed thoughtful and absent. He ate little, and had no acquaintance with anyone. I know not how it was that we fell into conversation, for such familiarity was unusual, and, strange to say, much reserve prevailed in a society where there could not possibly be occasion for any. We have often endeavoured in vain to recollect in what manner our discourse began, and especially by what transition it passed to a subject sufficiently remote from all the associations we were able to trace. The stranger had expressed an enthusiastic admiration for poetical

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and imaginative works of the German school. I dissented from his criticisms. He upheld the originality of the German writings. I asserted their want of nature.

“What modern literature,” said he, “will you compare to theirs?”

I named the Italian. This roused all his impetuosity; and few, as I soon discovered, were more impetuous in argumentative conversation. So eager was our dispute, that when the servants came to clear the tables, we were not aware that we had been left alone. I remarked, that it was time to quit the hall, and I invited the stranger to finish the discussion at my rooms. He eagerly assented. He lost the thread of his discourse in the transit, and the whole of his enthusiasm in the cause of Germany; for as soon as he arrived at my rooms, and whilst I was lighting the candles, he said calmly, and to my great surprise, that he was not qualified to maintain such a discussion, for he was alike ignorant of Italian and German, and had only read the works of the Germans in translations, and but little of Italian poetry, even at second hand. For my part, I confessed, with an equal ingenuousness, that I knew nothing of German, and but little of Italian; that I had spoken only through others, and, like him, had hitherto seen by the glimmering light of translations.

It is upon such scanty data that young men reason; upon such slender materials do they build up their opinions. It may be urged, however, that if they did not discourse freely with each other

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be acquired in the pleasant morning of life, and until they educate themselves,—they would be constrained to observe a perpetual silence, and to forego the numerous advantages that flow from frequent and liberal discussion.

THOMAS JEFFERSON HOGG

The Disgrace of my School-days

When I left Harrow I was all but nineteen, and I had at first gone there at seven. During the whole of those twelve years no attempt had been made to teach me anything but Latin and Greek, and very little attempt to teach me those languages. I do not remember any lessons either in writing or arithmetic. French and German I certainly was not taught. The assertion will scarcely be credited, but I do assert that I have no recollection of other tuition except that in the dead languages. At the school at Sunbury there was certainly a writing master and a French master. The latter was an extra, and I never had extras. I suppose I must have been in the writing master's class, but though I can call to mind the man, I cannot call to mind his ferule. It was by their ferules that I always knew them, and they me. I feel convinced in my mind that I have been flogged oftener than any human being alive. It was just possible to obtain five scourgings in one day at Winchester, and I have often boasted that I obtained them all. Looking back over half a century, I am not quite sure whether the boast is true; but if I did not, nobody ever did.

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And yet when I think how little I knew of Latin or Greek on leaving Harrow at nineteen, I am astonished at the possibility of such waste of time. I am now a fair Latin scholar,—that is to say, I read and enjoy the Latin classics, and could probably make myself understood in Latin prose. But the knowledge which I have, I have acquired since I left school,—no doubt aided much by that groundwork of the language which will in the process of years make its way slowly, even through the skin. There were twelve years of tuition in which I do not remember that I ever knew a lesson! When I left Harrow I was nearly at the top of the school, being a monitor, and, I think, the seventh boy. This position I achieved by gravitation upwards. I bear in mind well with how prodigal a hand prizes used to be showered about; but I never got a prize. From the first to the last there was nothing satisfactory in my school career,—except the way in which I licked the boy who had to be taken home to be cured.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE

Personal Reform

I was now pretty well all undone; I had reached bottom. I was untruthful, violent, irreligious, idle, and good for nothing except ineffectual tinkering. Lately I had added occasional truancy to my accomplishments; but I found the long listless mornings of aimless wandering so tedious that I preferred the mild severities of school, save when I was more

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shamelessly unprepared than usual. And about this time a friend introduced me to a new vice in the form of theft—not to any serious extent nor with any lasting effect. But, like the youthful Augustine, I was ashamed of my scruples, and wished to be no better than my neighbour or no worse. I felt the “caddishness” of it more than anything else; but after a few essays even this feeling wore off.

* * * * *

After the history of my decadence and depravity it would be pleasant to tell of some blinding light, some clear call from death unto life; but miracles are not common, and I seemed to wander back to the better way as casually and as crookedly as I had wandered away from it. Indeed the spoiling and tangling of one's soul is easy and rapid compared with the tedious labour of disentanglement.

When asked, as one often is, for the “story” of one's conversion, I always decline for the knife-grinder's reason—“Story, God bless you! I have none to tell, sir.” I drifted into the Church for a thousand paltry motives and reasons; some good, some bad; some true, some false or fallacious—much as an ignorant and drunken navigator gets his vessel into the right port by a mere fluke. I am more satisfied to think, as I fondly perhaps do, that my lots were in other hands—at least I still hope so.

GEORGE TYRRELL

Young Men and Maidens

II

*If the quicke fire of youth light not your minde,
You are no Maiden but a monument.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

*The chariest Maid is Prodigall enough,
If she vnmaske her beauty to the Moone :
Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious stroakes,
The Canker Galls the Infants of the Spring
Too oft before the buttons be disclos'd,
And in the Morne and liquid dew of Youth,
Contagious blastments are most imminent.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Emilia. *Of all Flowres,
 Me thinkes a Rose is best.*

Woman. *Why, gentle Madam ?*

Emilia. *It is the very Embleme of a Maide.
For when the west wind courts her gently
How modestly she blowes, and paints the Sun
With her chaste blushes ! When the North comes
 neere her,
Rude and impatient, then, like Chastity,
Shee lockes her beauties in her bud againe,
And leaves him to base briers.*

JOHN FLETCHER AND WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

To Maistres Isabell Pennell

By faynt Mary, my lady,
Your mammy and your dady
Brought forthe a goodly baby !

My mayden Isabell,
Reflarynge rofabell,
The flagraunt cammamell,
The ruddy rofary,
The fouerayne rosemary,
The praty strawbery,
The columbyne, the nepte,
The ieloffer well sette,
The propre violet.

Ennewed your colowre
Is lyke the dasy flowre,
After the Aprile showre.

Sterre of the morowe graye,
The bloffome on the spraye,
The fressheste flowre of Maye.

Maydenly demure,
Of woman hede the lure,
Wherfore I make you sure,
It were an heuenly helthe,
It were an endeleffe welthe,
A lyfe for god hym selfe,

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

To here this nyghtyngale
Amonge the byrdes fmale :
Warbelynge in the vale :
Dug, dug, iug, iug,
Good yere and good lucke,
With chucked, chucked, chucked, chucked.

JOHN SKELTON

reflarynge : redolent.
nepte : catmint.
ieloffer : gillyflower.
propre : perfect.
ennewed : tinted.

To Maistres Margaret Hufsey

Mirry Margaret,
As midfomer flowre,
Gentyll as faucoun,
Or hauke of the towre ;
With folace and gladnes,
Moch mirth and no madnes,
All good and no badnes,
So ioyously,
So maydenly,
So womanly,
Her demenyng
In euery thyng
Far, far passyng
That I can endite,
Or suffice to write
Of mirry Margarete,

YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS

As mydsomer flowre,
Gentill as faucoun,
Or hauke of the towre,
 As pacient and as styll,
And as ful of good wil,
As fayre Ifiphill,
Coliander,
Swete pomaunder,
Good Caffander,
Stedfast of thought,
Wel made, wel wrought,
Far may be fought
Erst that ye can fynde
So curteise so kynde
As mirry Margarete,
This midfomer flowre,
Gentyll as faucoun,
Or hauke of ye towre.

JOHN SKELTON

To my lady Myrriall Hawarde

My lytell lady I may nat leaue behynde
But to do you seruice nedes now I must
Benigne curteyse of gentill harte and mynde
Whom fortune and fate playnly haue discuft
Longe to enioye pleasure, delyte, and lust,
The enbudded bloffoms of roses redde of hewe
With lilies white your beauty doth renewe.

Compare you I may to Cidippes the mayde
That of Aconcius whan she founde the byll

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

In her bosome, lorde, howe she was afrayde !
The ruddy shamesfastnes in her vyfage fyll ;
Which maner of abasshement became her not yll.
Right so, madame, the roses redde of hewe
With lillyes whyte your beautie doth renewe.

JOHN SKELTON

byll : letter.

To Maistres Margary Wentworthe

With Margerain gentill,
The flowre of goodly-hede,
Enbrowdered the mantyll
Is of your maydenhede.

Playnely I can nat glofe,
Ye be as I deuyne
The praty primrose,
The goodly columbyne.

With margerain gentill,
The flowre of goodly-hede,
Enbrowdered the mantill
Is of your maydenhede.

Benygne, courteise, and meke,
With wordes well deuysed
In you who lyst to seke
Be vertues well comprysed.

With margerain gentill,
The flowre of goodly-hede,
Enbrowdered the mantill
Is of your maydenhede.

JOHN SKELTON

YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS

Dowſabel

Farre in the Countrey of *Arden*,
There won'd a Knight, hight *Caffamen*,
As bold as *Ifenbras* :
Fell was he and eager bent
In Battaile and in Tournament,
As was the good Sir *Topas*.
He had, as antike Stories tell,
A Daughter cleaped *Dowſabel*,
A Mayden faire and free.
And for ſhe was her Father's Heire,
Full well ſhe was ycond the leire
Of mickle courteſie.
The Silke well couth ſhe twiſt and twine,
And make the fine March-pine,
And with the Needle worke :
And ſhe couth helpe the Priest to fay
His Mattens on a Holy-day,
And ſing a Pfalme in Kirke.
She ware a Frock of frolick Greene,
Might well become a Mayden Queene,
Which ſeemly was to ſee ;
A Hood to that ſo neat and fine,
In colour like the Columbine,
Iwrought full featuouſly.
Her features all as freſh aboue
As is the Graſſe that growes by *Doue*.
And lythe as Laſſe of *Kent*.
Her ſkin as ſoft as *Lemſter* Wooll,
As white as Snow, on *Peakifh* Hull,
Or Swan that fwims in *Trent*.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

This Mayden in a Morne betime
Went forth when *May* was in the prime
 To get sweet Setywall,
The Honey-suckle, the Harlocke,
The Lilly and the Lady-smocke,
 To decke her Summer Hall.
Thus as she wandred here and there,
And picked of the bloomie Bryer,
 She chanced to espy
A Shepheard fitting on a Banke,
Like Chanti-cleere he crowed cranke,
 And pip'd full merrily.
He learn'd his Sheep, as he him list,
When he would whistle in his fist,
 To feed about him round ;
Whilft he full many a Carroll sang,
Vntill the Fields and Medowes rang,
 And that the Woods did found.
In fauour this same Shepheard Swaine
Was like the Bedlam *Tamberlaine*,
 Which held proud Kings in awe.
But meeke as any Lambe mought bee ;
And innocent of ill as he
 Whom his lewd Brother flaw.
This Shepheard ware a Sheepe-gray Cloke,
Which was of the finest loke,
 That could be cut with sheere.
His Mittens were of Bauzons skin,
His Cockers were of Cordiwin,
 His Hood of Miniueere.
His Aule and Lingell in a Thong,
His Tar-box on his broad Belt hung,
 His Breech of *Cointree* Blue.

YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS

Full crispe and curled were his Lockes,
His Browes as white as *Albion* Rockes,
 So like a Louer true,
And piping still he spent the day,
So merry as the Popiniay,
 Which liked Dowfabel,
That would she ought, or would she nought,
This Lad would neuer from her thought,
 She in loue-longing fell.
At length she tucked up her Frocke,
White as the Lilly was her Smocke,
 She drew the Shepheard nie :
But then the Shepheard pip'd agood,
That all his Sheepe forfooke their food
 To heare his Melodie.
Thy Sheepe, quoth shee, cannot be leane
That haue a iolly Shepheard's Swaine
 The which can pipe so well :
Yea but (saith he) their Shepheard may,
If piping thus he pine away,
 In love of *Dowfabel*.
Of loue, fond Boy, take thou no keepe,
Quoth she, looke well unto thy sheepe,
 Lest they should hap to stray.
Quoth he, So had I done full well,
Had I not seene faire *Dowfabel*
 Come forth to gather May.
With that she 'gan to vaile her head,
Her Cheekes were like the Roses red,
 But not a word she said ;
With that the Shepheard 'gan to frowne ;
He threw his prettie Pipes adowne,
 And on the ground him laid.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

Saith she, I may not stay till Night,
And leave my Summer Hall undight,
And all for love of thee.

My Coat, faith he, not yet my Fold,
Shall neither Sheepe nor Shepherd hold,
Except thou favour mee.

Saith she, Yet leuer I were dead
Then I should lose my Maiden-head,
And all for love of men.

Saith he, Yet are you too unkind,
If in your heart you cannot find
To love us now and then.

And I to thee will be as kind
As *Colin* was to *Rosalind*,
Of courtesie the flowre.

Then will I be as true, quoth she,
As ever Maiden yet might be
Vnto her Paramour.

With that she bent her Snow-white knee,
Downe by the Shepherd kneeled shee,
And him she sweetly kist.

With that the Shepherd whoop'd for ioy,
Quoth he, there's neuer Shepherd's Boy
That euer was so blist.

MICHAEL DRAYTON

won'd : dwelt.
was ycond : had been taught.
March-pine : marzipan.
Hull : hill.
cranke : lustily.
Bauzons : badgers'.
Aule : awl.
cointree blue : a kind of thread.
undight : unrul'd (without any one to manage it).

fell : fierce.
leire : lesson, or doctrine.
Setywall : Valerian.
loke : linen.
cockers : leggings.
Lingell : strap, or thong.
vaile : bow.

YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS

- I'm all the daughters of my father's house'

Viola. My Father had a daughter lou'd a man
As it might be perhaps, were I a woman
I should your Lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Viola. A blanke, my Lord : she neuer told her loue,
But let concealment like a worme i' th budde
Feede on her damafke cheeke : she pin'd in
thought,
And with a greene and yellow melancholly,
She fate like Patience on a Monument,
Smiling at greefe.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Perdita

What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speake
(Sweet)

I'd haue you do it euer : When you sing,
I'd haue you buy, and sell so : so give Almes,
Pray so : and for the ord'ring your Affayres,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A waue o' th' Sea, that you might euer do
Nothing but that : moue still, still so :
And owne no other Function. Each your doing,
(So singular, in each particular)
Crownes what you are doing, in the present deeds,
That all your Actes, are Queenes.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

Helena and Hermia

O, is all forgot ?
All schoole daies' friendship, child-hood innocence ?
We, Hermia, like two Artificiall gods,
Haue with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key ;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and mindes
Had beene incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet a vnion in partition,
Two louely berries molded on one stem,
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the first, like coats in Heraldry,
Due but to one and crowned with one creft.
And wifh you rent our ancient loue afunder,
To ioyne with men in fcorning your poore friend ?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly.
Our fexe, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone doe feele the iniurie.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Charis

See the Chariot at Hand here of Love
Wherein my Lady rideth !
Each that draws is a Swan, or a Dove,
And well the Car Love guideth.
As fhe goes, all Hearts do duty
Unto her Beauty,
And enamour'd, do wifh, fo they might
But enjoy fuch a fight,

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That they still were to run by her side,
Through Swords, through Seas, whither she would
ride.

Do but look on her Eyes, they do light
All that Love's World comprifeth !
Do but look on her Hair, it is bright
As Love's Star when it rifeth !
Do but mark, her Forehead's smother
Than words that footh her !
And from her arched Brows, such a Grace
Sheds it self through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the Gain, all the Good of the Elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright Lily grow
Before rude hands have touch'd it ?
Ha' you mark'd but the fall o' the Snow
Before the Soyl hath smutch'd it ?
Ha' you felt the Wooll of Bever ?
Or Swan's Down ever ?
Or have smelt o' the Bud o' the Briar ?
Or the Nard in the fire ?
Or have tasted the Bag of the Bee ?
O so white ! O so soft ! O so sweet is she !
BEN JONSON

Divers yong and goodly schollars

Anna, the daughter of *Alexis* the Grecian Emperour, was by her father so instructed, that while shee was yet a yong and goodly Ladie, shee wrote of her selfe a very learned and authentique Historie

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of the Church. *Æmilius Paulus* the sonne (who so brauely ended his daies at *Cannas* when his Colleague forsooke him) seeing the fauour of the State not inclineable towards him, left the Citie, and onely spent his time in the Countrey, in teaching his owne children their Latine and Greeke; notwithstanding he daily maintained Grammarians, Logicians, Rhetoricians, Painters, Caruers, Riders of great horses, and the skilfullest Huntsmen he could get, to instruct and teach them in their feuerall professions and qualities.

The three daughters of euer-famous Sr. *Thomas Moore*, were by their father so diligently held to their booke (notwithstanding he was so daily employed being L. Chauncelor of England) that *Erasmus* saith, he found them so readie and perfect in *Liue*, that the worst Scholler of them was able to expound him quite through without any stop, except some extraordinarie and difficult place. *Quod me* (saith he) *aut mei similem effe remoraturum*. I shall not neede to remember, within memorie, those four sisters, the learned daughters of Sr. *Anthonie Cooke*, and rare Poetesses, so skilfull in Latine and Greeke, beside many other their excellent qualities, eternized alreadie by the golden pen of the Prince of Poets of our time; with many other incomparable Ladies and Gentlewomen in our land, some yet liuing, from before whose faire faces Time I trust will draw the curtaine.

HENRY PEACHAM

YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS

A fayre and happy Milke-mayd

A fayre and happy Milke-mayd is a Countrey Wench that is so farre from making her selfe beautifull by Art, that one looke of hers is able to put *all face Physicke* out of countenance. She knowes a fayre looke is but a *dumbe Orator* to commend vertue, therefore mindes it not. All her excellencies stand in her so silently, as if they had stolne vpon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparell (which is her selfe) is farre better than outsidcs of *Tiffew* : for though shee bee not arrayed in the spoyle of the *Silke-worme*, shee is deckt in *innocence*, a farre better wearing. She doth not, with lying long a bed, spoyle both her *Complexion & Conditions* ; nature hath taught her too *Immoderate sleepe is rust to the soule* : she rises therefore with *Chaunticleare*, her Dame's Cocke ; & at night makes the *Lambe* her *Courfew*. In milking a Cow, and straying the Teates through her fingers, it seemes that so sweet a Milke-pressc makes the Milke the whiter, or sweeter ; for neuer came *Almond Gloue* or *Aromaticque Oyntment* on her Palme to taynt it. The golden eares of Corne fall and kisse her feete when shee reapes them, as if they wisht to bee bound and led prisoners by the same hand fell'd them. Her breath is her owne, which sents all the yeere long of *Iune*, like a new made Hay-cocke. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pittie : and when winter euenings fall early (fitting at her merry wheele) she sings a defiance to the giddy *Wheele of Fortune*. Shee doth all things with so sweet a

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grace, it seemes *ignorance* will not suffer her to doe ill, being her minde is to do well. She bestowes her yeere's wages at next Faire; and in choosing her Garments counts no brauery i' th' worlde like decency. The *Garden* and *Bee-hiue* are all her *Physicke* & *Chyrurgery*, & she liues the longer for 't. She dare goe alone, and vnfold sheepe i' th' night, and feares no manner of ill, because she means none: yet to say truth, she is neuer alone, for she is still accompanied with *old songs*, *honest thoughts*, and *prayers*, but short ones; yet they haue their efficacy, in that they are not pauled with infuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreames are so chaste, that she dare tell them: only a Frydaye's dreame is all her *superstition*: that shee conceales for feare of anger. Thus liues she, and all her care is, She may dye in the *Spring time*, to haue store of flowers stuck vpon her winding sheete.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY

pauled: brought to a standstill.

Like a Ring without a Finger

Like a Ring without a Finger,
Or a Bell without a Ringer;
Like a horse was never ridden,
Or a Feast and no Gueft bidden;
Like a well without a Bucket,
Or a Rose if no man pluck it:
Just such as these may she be said
That lives, ne're loves, but dies a Maid.

YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS

The Ring, if worne, the Finger decks,
The Bell pull'd by the Ringer speakes :
The horſe doth eaſe if he be ridden,
The feaſt doth pleaſe if Gueſt be bidden ;
The Bucket draws the water forth,
The Roſe when pluck'd is ſtill moſt worth.

Such is the Virgin, in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, e're ſhe dies.

Like to a Stock not grafted on,
Or like a Lute not play'd upon ;
Like a Jack without a weight,
Or a Barque without a freight ;
Like a Lock without a key,
Or a Candle in the day ;

Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhe be ſaid
That lives, ne're loves, but dies a Maid.

The graſſed Stock doth beare beſt fruit,
There's muſick in the fingered Lute :
The weight doth make the Jack go ready,
The fraught doth make the Barque go ſteady ;
The Key the Lock doth open right,
The Candle's uſefull in the night.

Such is the Virgin, in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, e're ſhe dies.

Like a Call without " Anon fir,"
Or a Queſtion and no anſwer :
Like a Ship was never rigg'd,
Or a Mine was never digg'd ;
Like a wound without a Tent,
Or Sivet boxe without a ſcent :

Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhe be ſaid
That lives, ne're loves, but dies a maid.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

Th' "Anon fir" doth obey the Call,
The Question answered pleaseth all;
Who riggs a Ship failes with the Wind,
Who digs a Mine doth treasure find;
The wound by wholesome Tent hath ease,
The boxe perfum'd the Senses please:

Such is the Virgin, in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, e're she dies.

Like Marrow bone was never broken,
Or Commendations and no Token;
Like a Fort and none to win it,
Or like the Moone and no man in it;
Like a Schoole without a Teacher,
Or like a Pulpit and no Preacher:
Just such as these may she be said
That lives, ne're loves, but dies a Maid.

The broken Marrow bone is sweet,
The token doth adorne the greet;
There's triumph in the Fort, being woon,
The man rides glorious in the Moon;
The Schoole is by the Teacher still'd,
The Pulpit by the Preacher fill'd:

Such is the Virgin, in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, e're she dies.

Like a Cage without a Bird,
Or a thing too long deferr'd;
Like the Gold was never tryed,
Or the ground unoccupied;
Like a House that's not possessed
Or the Book was never pressed:
Just such as these may she be said
That lives, ne're loves, but dies a maid.

YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS

The Bird in Cage doth sweetly sing,
Due Season prefers everything ;
The Gold that's try'd from droffe is pur'd,
There's profit in the ground mannur'd ;
The House is by possession graced,
The Book when pres'd is then embraced :
Such is the Virgin, in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, e're she dies.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT

Tent : roll of absorbent material used to keep a wound open.

To a Very Young Lady

Sweetest Bud of Beauty, may
No untimely Frost decay
Th' early glories which we trace,
Blooming in thy matchless Face ;
But kindly opening, like the Rose,
Fresh Beauties every day disclose,
Such as by *Nature* are not shown
In all the Blossoms she has blown !
And then what conquest shall you make,
Who hearts already daily take ;
Scorcht in the Morning with thy beams,
How shall we bear those sad extremes
Which must attend thy threatening Eyes,
When thou shalt to thy Noon arise ?

SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

Verses to a Young Lady

Polly, from me, tho' now a love-sick youth,
Nay, tho' a poet, hear the voice of truth !
Polly, you're not a beauty, yet you're pretty ;
So grave, yet gay, so filly, yet so witty ;
A heart of softness, yet a tongue of satire ;
You've cruelty, yet, e'en with that, good-nature :
Now you are free, and now reserv'd awhile ;
Now a forc'd frown betrays a willing smile.
Reproach'd for absence, yet your sight deny'd ;
My tongue you silence, yet my silence chide.
How wou'd you praise me, shou'd your sex defame !
Yet, shou'd they praise, grow jealous, and exclaim.
If I despair, with some kind look you blest ;
But if I hope, at once all hope suppress.
You scorn ; yet shou'd my passion change, or fail,
Too late you'd whimper out a softer tale.
You love ; yet from your lover's wish retire ;
Doubt, yet discern ; deny, and yet desire.
Such, Polly, are your sex—part truth, part fiction,
Some thought, much whim, and all a contradiction.

RICHARD SAVAGE

The Solitary Reaper

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass !
Reaping and singing by herself ;
Stop here, or gently pass !
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain ;

YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS

O listen ! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands :
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago :
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day ?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again ?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending ;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending ;—
I listened, motionless and still ;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

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Isabella in the Pump-room

They met by appointment ; and as Isabella had arrived nearly five minutes before her friend, her first address naturally was—" My dearest creature, what can have made you so late ? I have been waiting for you at least this age ! "

" Have you, indeed !—I am very sorry for it ; but really I thought I was in very good time. It is but just one. I hope you have not been here long ? "

" Oh ! these ten ages at least. I am sure I have been here this half-hour. But now, let us go and sit down at the other end of the room, and enjoy ourselves. I have an hundred things to say to you. In the first place, I was so afraid it would rain this morning, just as I wanted to set off ; it looked very showery, and that would have thrown me into agonies ! Do you know, I saw the prettiest hat you can imagine, in a shop window in Milsom-street just now—very like yours, only with coquelicot ribbons instead of green ; I quite longed for it. But, my dearest Catherine, what have you been doing with yourself all this morning ?—Have you gone on with Udolpho ? "

" Yes, I have been reading it ever since I woke ; and I am got to the black veil."

" Are you, indeed ? How delightful ! Oh ! I would not tell you what is behind the black veil for the world ! Are not you wild to know ? "

" Oh ! yes, quite ; what can it be ?—But do not tell me—I would not be told upon any account.

YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS

I know it must be a skeleton, I am sure it is Laurentina's skeleton. Oh ! I am delighted with the book ! I should like to spend my whole life in reading it. I assure you, if it had not been to meet you, I would not have come away from it for all the world."

"Dear creature ! how much I am obliged to you ; and when you have finished Udolpho, we will read the Italian together ; and I have made out a list of ten or twelve more of the same kind for you."

"Have you, indeed ! How glad I am !—What are they all ?"

"I will read you their names directly ; here they are, in my pocket-book. Castle of Wolfenbach, Clermont, Mysterious Warnings, Necromancer of the Black Forest, Midnight Bell, Orphan of the Rhine, and Horrid Mysteries. Those will last us some time."

"Yes, pretty well ; but are they all horrid, are you sure they are all horrid ?"

"Yes, quite sure ; for a particular friend of mine, a Miss Andrews, a sweet girl, one of the sweetest creatures in the world, has read every one of them. I wish you knew Miss Andrews, you would be delighted with her. She is netting herself the sweetest cloak you can conceive. I think her as beautiful as an angel, and I am so vexed with the men for not admiring her !—I scold them all amazingly about it."

"Scold them ! Do you scold them for not admiring her ?"

"Yes, that I do. There is nothing I would not

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do for those who are really my friends. I have no notion of loving people by halves, it is not my nature. My attachments are always excessively strong. I told Capt. Hunt at one of our assemblies this winter, that if he was to tease me all night, I would not dance with him, unless he would allow Miss Andrews to be as beautiful as an angel. The men think us incapable of real friendship you know, and I am determined to shew them the difference. Now, if I were to hear any body speak slightly of you, I should fire up in a moment :—but that is not at all likely, for *you* are just the kind of girl to be a great favourite with the men.”

“ Oh ! dear,” cried Catherine, colouring, “ how can you say so ? ”

“ I know you very well ; you have so much animation, which is exactly what Miss Andrews wants, for I must confess there is something amazingly insipid about her. Oh ! I must tell you, that just after we parted yesterday, I saw a young man looking at you so earnestly—I am sure he is in love with you.” Catherine coloured, and disclaimed again. Isabella laughed. “ It is very true, upon my honour, but I see how it is ; you are indifferent to every body’s admiration, except that of one gentleman, who shall be nameless. Nay, I cannot blame you—(speaking more seriously)—your feelings are easily understood. When the heart is really attached, I know very well how little one can be pleased with the attention of any body else. Every thing is so insipid, so uninteresting, that does not relate to the beloved object ! I can perfectly comprehend your feelings.”

YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS

"But you should not persuade me that I think so very much about Mr. Tilney, for perhaps I may never see him again."

"Not see him again! My dearest creature, do not talk of it. I am sure you would be miserable if you thought so."

"No, indeed, I should not. I do not pretend to say that I was not very much pleased with him; but while I have Udolpho to read, I feel as if nobody could make me miserable. Oh! the dreadful black veil! My dear Isabella, I am sure there must be Laurentina's skeleton behind it."

"It is so odd to me, that you should never have read Udolpho before; but I suppose Mrs. Morland objects to novels."

"No, she does not. She very often reads Sir Charles Grandison herself; but new books do not fall in our way."

"Sir Charles Grandison! That is an amazing horrid book, is it not?—I remember Miss Andrews could not get through the first volume."

"It is not like Udolpho at all; but yet I think it is very entertaining."

"Do you indeed!—you surprize me; I thought it had not been readable. But, my dearest Catherine, have you settled what to wear on your head to-night? I am determined at all events to be dressed exactly like you. The men take notice of *that* sometimes you know."

"But it does not signify if they do," said Catherine, very innocently.

"Signify! Oh, heavens! I make it a rule never to mind what they say. They are very often

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amazingly impertinent if you do not treat them with spirit, and make them keep their distance."

"Are they?—Well, I never observed *that*. They always behave very well to me."

"Oh! they give themselves such airs. They are the most conceited creatures in the world, and think themselves of so much importance!—By the bye, though I have thought of it a hundred times, I have always forgot to ask you what is your favourite complexion in a man. Do you like them best dark or fair?"

"I hardly know. I never much thought about it. Something between both, I think. Brown—not fair, and not very dark."

"Very well, Catherine. That is exactly he. I have not forgot your description of Mr. Tilney;—'a brown skin, with dark eyes, and rather dark hair.'—Well, my taste is different. I prefer light eyes, and as to complexion—do you know—I like a sallow better than any other. You must not betray me, if you should ever meet with one of your acquaintance answering that description."

"Betray you!—What do you mean?"

"Nay, do not distress me. I believe I have said too much. Let us drop the subject."

Catherine, in some amazement, complied; and after remaining a few moments silent, was on the point of reverting to what interested her at that time rather more than any thing else in the world, Laurentina's skeleton; when her friend prevented her, by saying,—“For Heaven's sake! let us move away from this end of the room. Do you know, there are two odious young men who have been

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staring at me this half hour. They really put me quite out of countenance. Let us go and look at the arrivals. They will hardly follow us there."

Away they walked to the book; and while Isabella examined the names, it was Catherine's employment to watch the proceedings of these alarming young men.

"They are not coming this way, are they? I hope they are not so impertinent as to follow us. Pray let me know if they are coming. I am determined I will not look up."

In a few moments Catherine, with unaffected pleasure, assured her that she need not be longer uneasy, as the gentlemen had just left the Pump-room.

"And which way are they gone?" said Isabella, turning hastily round. "One was a very good-looking young man."

"They went towards the churchyard."

"Well, I am amazingly glad I have got rid of them! And now, what say you to going to Edgar's Buildings with me, and looking at my new hat? You said you should like to see it."

Catherine readily agreed. "Only," she added, "perhaps we may overtake the two young men."

"Oh! never mind that. If we make haste, we shall pass by them presently, and I am dying to shew you my hat."

"But if we only wait a few minutes, there will be no danger of our seeing them at all."

"I shall not pay them any such compliment, I assure you. I have no notion of treating men with such respect. *That* is the way to spoil them."

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Catherine had nothing to oppose against such reasoning; and therefore, to shew the independence of Miss Thorpe, and her resolution of humbling the sex, they set off immediately as fast as they could walk, in pursuit of the two young men.

JANE AUSTEN

'William Hazlitt is in town'

I took him to see a very pretty girl, professedly, where there were two young girls (the very head and sum of the girlery was two young girls); they neither laughed, nor sneered, nor giggled, nor whispered—but they were young girls—and he sat and frowned blacker and blacker, indignant that there should be such a thing as youth and beauty, till he tore me away before supper, in perfect misery, and owned he could not bear young girls; they drove him mad. So I took him home to my old nurse, where he recovered perfect tranquillity.

CHARLES LAMB

'A lazy, blockheadly supine'

I am teaching Emma Latin to qualify her for a superior governess-ship; which we see no prospect of her getting. 'Tis like feeding a child with chopped hay from a spoon. Sisyphus his labours were as nothing to it.

CHARLES LAMB

YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS

Kate

I think you said you did not know Kate
* * * * *. I express her by nine stars,
though she is but one. You must have seen her
at her father's. Try and remember her. . . .
Except Kate, I have had no vision of excellence
this year, and she passed by like the Queen on her
coronation day; you don't know whether you saw
her or not. Kate is fifteen: I go about moping,
and sing the old pathetic ballad I used to like in
my youth—

“She's sweet fifteen,
I'm *one year more*.”

Mrs. Bland sang it in boy's clothes the first time
I heard it. I sometimes think the lower notes in
my voice are like Mrs. Bland's. . . . Kate is
vanished, but Miss B—— is always to be met
with!

“Queens drop away, while blue-legg'd Maukin thrives;
And courtly Mildred dies while country Madge sur-
vives.”

CHARLES LAMB

‘Crabbed Age and Youth’

The blackest of grapes, with a footpath hard-by,
Should scarcely be watcht with so watchful an eye
As that kid of a girl whom old Egon has made
His partner for life, nor ashamed, nor afraid.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

She is not fair to outward view

She is not fair to outward view
As many maidens be,
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smil'd on me ;
Oh ! then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold,
To mine they ne'er reply,
And yet I cease not to behold
The love-light in her eye :
Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE

Maud

Birds in the high Hall-garden
When twilight was falling,
Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
They were crying and calling.

Where was Maud ? in our wood ;
And I, who else, was with her,
Gathering woodland lilies,
Myriads blow together.

Birds in our wood sang
Ringing thro' the valleys,
Maud is here, here, here
In among the lilies.

YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS

I kiss'd her slender hand,
She took the kiss sedately ;
Maud is not seventeen
But she is tall and stately.

* * * *

I know the way she went
Home with her maiden posy,
For her feet have touch'd the meadows
And left the daisies rosy.

Birds in the high Hall-garden
Were crying and calling to her,
Where is Maud, Maud, Maud ?
One is come to woo her.

Look, a horse at the door,
And little King Charley snarling,
Go back, my lord, across the moor,
You are not her darling.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Fayaway

The first day after Fayaway's emancipation I had a delightful little party on the lake—the damsel, Kory-Kory, and myself. My zealous body-servant brought from the house a calabash of poe-poe, half a dozen young cocoa-nuts—stripped of their husks—three pipes, as many yams, and me on his back a part of the way. Something of a load ; but Kory-Kory was a very strong man for his size, and by no means brittle in the spine. We had a very pleasant day ; my trusty valet plied the paddle and swept

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us gently along the margin of the water, beneath the shades of the overhanging thickets. Fayaway and I reclined in the stern of the canoe, on the very best terms possible with one another; the gentle nymph occasionally placing her pipe to her lip, and exhaling the mild fumes of the tobacco, to which her rosy breath added a fresh perfume. Strange as it may seem, there is nothing in which a young and beautiful female appears to more advantage than in the act of smoking. How captivating is a Peruvian lady, swinging in her gaily-woven hammock of grass, extended between two orange trees, and inhaling the fragrance of a choice cigarro! But Fayaway, holding in her delicately formed olive hand the long yellow reed of her pipe, with its quaintly carved bowl, and every few moments languishingly giving forth light wreaths of vapour from her mouth and nostrils, looked still more engaging.

We floated about thus for several hours, when I looked up to the warm, glowing, tropical sky, and then down into the transparent depths below; and when my eye, wandering from the bewitching scenery around, fell upon the grotesquely-tattooed form of Kory-Kory, and finally encountered the pensive gaze of Fayaway, I thought I had been transported to some fairy region, so unreal did everything appear.

This lovely piece of water was the coolest spot in all the valley, and I now made it a place of continual resort during the hottest period of the day. One side of it lay near the termination of a long gradually expanding gorge, which mounted

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to the heights that environed the vale. The strong trade wind, met in its course by these elevations, circled and eddied about their summits, and was sometimes driven down the steep ravine and swept across the valley, ruffling in its passage the otherwise tranquil surface of the lake.

One day, after we had been paddling about for some time, I disembarked Kory-Kory, and paddled the canoe to the windward side of the lake. As I turned the canoe, Fayaway, who was with me, seemed all at once to be struck with some happy idea. With a wild exclamation of delight, she disengaged from her person the ample robe of tappa which was knotted over her shoulder (for the purpose of shielding her from the sun), and spreading it out like a sail, stood erect with upraised arms in the head of the canoe. We American sailors pride ourselves upon our straight clean spars, but a prettier little mast than Fayaway made was never shipped a-board of any craft.

HERMAN MELVILLE

Charlotte Withers

Charlotte Withers was a fragile, fair, freckled, sensitive slip of a girl about sixteen; graceful, in an unfinished and small wild-flower sort of a way, extremely intelligent, affectionate, wholly right-minded, and mild in piety. An altogether sweet and delicate creature of ordinary sort, not pretty, but quite pleasant to see, especially if her eyes were looking your way, and her mind with them.

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We got to like each other in a mildly confidential way in the course of a week. We disputed on the relative dignities of music and painting; and I wrote an essay nine foolscap pages long, proposing the entire establishment of my own opinions, and the total discomfiture and overthrow of hers, according to my usual manner of paying court to my mistresses. Charlotte Withers, however, thought I did her great honour, and carried away the essay as if it had been a school prize.

And, as I said, if my father and mother had chosen to keep her a month longer, we should have fallen quite melodiously and quietly in love; and they might have given me an excellently pleasant little wife, and set me up, geology and all, in the coal business, without any resistance or farther trouble on my part. I don't suppose the idea ever occurred to them; Charlotte was not the kind of person they proposed for me. So Charlotte went away at the week's end, when her father was ready for her. I walked with her to Camberwell Green, and we said good-bye, rather sorrowfully, at the corner of the New Road; and that possibility of meek happiness vanished for ever. A little while afterwards, her father 'negotiated' a marriage for her with a well-to-do Newcastle trader, whom she took because she was bid. He treated her pretty much as one of his coal sacks, and in a year or two she died.

JOHN RUSKIN

YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS.

Marian

She can be as wise as we,
And wiser when she wishes ;
She can knit with cunning wit,
And dress the homely dishes.
She can flourish staff or pen,
And deal a wound that lingers ;
She can talk the talk of men,
And touch with thrilling fingers.

Match her ye across the sea,
Natures fond and fiery ;
Ye who zest the turtle's nest
With the eagle's eyrie.
Soft and loving is her soul,
Swift and lofty soaring ;
Mixing with its dove-like dole
Passionate adoring.

Such a she who'll match with me ?
In flying or pursuing,
Subtle wiles are in her smiles
To set the world a-wooing.
She is steadfast as a star,
And yet the maddest maiden :
She can wage a gallant war,
And give the peace of Eden.

GEORGE MEREDITH

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A Delia in the Country

She was of medium height, but looked tall on account of her slimness—an elegant figure of a young lady of about seventeen or eighteen, all in blackest black, with a black feather boa and a wisp of black crape on a transparent or translucent hat of large dimensions which she was wearing—one of those wide yet almost invisible hats made of some unsubstantial material like thistledown or gossamer. With her left hand she anxiously held on to the rim or brim of the wonderful hat fluttering on her loose pale golden or honey-coloured hair. It was in an incessant flutter, trying to escape from her head and hand to fly over the hills and frolic with the wind. In her right hand, held out before her, she carried a tall slim vessel of some sort which sparkled like silver-white fire in the sunshine. And as she came down the rough rocky path towards me, stepping carefully, her eyes fixed on the goblet, she walked between two hedge-like rows of furze bushes covered with masses of shining yellow and orange-coloured blossoms. An unforgettable picture! As she came nearer I perceived that she was in great trouble owing to the wind, also that the sparkling object in her hand was a tall crystal goblet, brimful of Cornish cream, which she no doubt had purchased at the little farm near the cliff, and was conveying to the place she was lodging in. The rude, uncivilised wind was worrying her all it could, agitating her volatile hat, whirling the fine wavy loose ends of her boa about her head, and causing her skirts to wind themselves like black

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serpents about her pretty legs. And whenever they got tightly wound about them, she would stop and slowly and carefully turn round and round to get them free again, still keeping a hold on her hat, and her eyes fixed on the goblet for fear of spilling the Cornish cream. She was really a beautiful girl, so I had my reward; small delicate features and a complexion like the briar rose, and eyes of a blue that was like the sky above her.

Just as she crossed the road where I stood, the wind again struck her and compelled her to stand still and slowly make three turns round before proceeding once more. "A rather difficult task," I remarked sympathetically, with a glance at the goblet. "Yes, it *is* rather difficult," she returned, but the even tone in which she spoke was a *distant* one, and very dignified in so young a person. Nor did she lift her eyes; they were still fixed fast on the goblet of cream. Then slowly, slowly and carefully, she went on her way, leaving me congratulating myself on having witnessed a really beautiful thing—a better Delia in the country than any a Morland's coarse brush could paint.

W. H. HUDSON

Timing Her

(Written to an old folk-tune)

Lalage's coming :
Where is she now, O ?
Turning to bow, O,
And smile, is she,

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Just at parting,
Parting, parting,
As she is starting
To come to me ?

Where is she now, O,
Now, O, now, O,
Shadowing a bough, O,
Of hedge or tree
As she is rushing,
Rushing, rushing,
Gossamers brushing
To come to me ?

Lalage's coming ;
Where is she now, O ;
Climbing the brow, O,
Of hills I see ?
Yes, she is nearing,
Nearing, nearing,
Weather unfearing
To come to me.

Near is she now, O,
Now, O, now, O ;
Milk the rich cow, O,
Forward the tea ;
Shake the down bed for her,
Linen sheets spread for her,
Drape round the head for her
Coming to me.

Lalage's coming,
Nearer is she now, O,

YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS

End anyhow, O,
To-day's husbandry !
Would a gilt chair were mine,
Slippers of vair were mine,
Brushes for hair were mine
Of ivory !

What will she think, O,
She who's so comely,
Viewing how homely
A sort are we !
Nothing resplendent,
No prompt attendant,
Not one dependent
Pertaining to me !

Lalage's coming ;
Where is she now, O ?
Fain I'd avow, O,
Full honestly
Nought here's enough for her,
All is too rough for her,
Even my love for her
Poor in degree.

Nearer is she now, O,
Now, O, now, O,
She it is, I vow, O,
Passing the lea.
Rush down to meet her there,
Call out and greet her there,
Never a sweeter there
Crossed to me !

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Lalage's come ; aye,
Come is she now, O ! . . .
Does Heaven allow, O,
A meeting to be ?
Yes, she is here now,
Here now, here now,
Nothing to fear now,
Here's Lalage !

THOMAS HARDY

vair : squirrel-fur.

Marty South, a lonely maid

As this solitary and silent girl stood there in the moonlight, a straight slim figure, clothed in a plaitless gown, the contours of womanhood so undeveloped as to be scarcely perceptible, the marks of poverty and toil effaced by the misty hour, she touched sublimity at points, and looked almost like a being who had rejected with indifference the attribute of sex for the loftier quality of abstract humanism. She stooped down and cleared away the withered flowers that Grace and herself had laid there the previous week, and put her fresh ones in their place.

"Now, my own own love," she whispered, "you are mine, and on'y mine ; for she has forgot 'ee at last, although for her you died. But I—whenever I get up I'll think of 'ee, and whenever I lie down I'll think of 'ee. Whenever I plant the young larches I'll think that none can plant as you planted ; and whenever I split a gad, and whenever I turn the cider wring, I'll say none could do it like you.

YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS

If ever I forget your name let me forget home and heaven ! . . . But no, no, my love, I never can forget 'ee ; for you was a *good* man, and did good things ! ”

THOMAS HARDY

Impudence

One morning, when the world was gray and cold,
And every face looked dull and full of care,
There passed me, puffing clouds of silver breath,
A lovely maiden, with a jaunty air.

The red carnations flamed in both her cheeks,
Her teeth were white and shown ; while either eye
Shone like a little pool on Christchurch Hill
When it has stolen more than half the sky.

And when I saw such beauty, young and fresh,
So proud, although the day was gray and cold,
“ Who ever saw,” I laughed, and stared amazed,
“ Such impudence before in this old world ! ”

W. H. DAVIES

Red Stockings

Oh, red stockings, branded woman,
Bad and mad degenerate,
Hay in hair, and all too human
Look of kisses, flushed, elate,
Come, put on a staid air,
Burn your stockings, brush your hair,
Walk the straight and narrow way,
Go and pray, girl, go and pray.

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Ho, old man, old fellow talking,
Would you have me still more fair
Under ordered tresses, walking
Narrow ways with legs all bare?

Things like this shall never be
With a modest maid like me,
Though no doubt 'twould please you well.
Go to hell, sir, go to hell.

E. N. da C. ANDRADE

Realms of Gold

*I find I cannot exist without Poetry—without eternal Poetry
—half the day will not do—the whole of it—I began with a
little, but habit has made me a Leviathan.*

JOHN KEATS

Divine Communion in Earthly Studies

HAVING been at the University, and received there the Taste and Tincture of another Education, I saw that there were Things in this World of which I never Dreamed, Glorious Secrets, and Glorious Persons past Imagination. There I saw that Logick, Ethicks, Physicks, Metaphysicks, Geometry, Astronomy, Poesie, Medicine, Gramer, Musick, Rhetorick, all kinds of Arts, Trades, and Mechanicisms that adorned the World pertained to felicity. At least there I saw those Things which afterwards I knew to pertain unto it: and was Delighted in it. There I saw into the Nature of the Sea, the Heavens, the Sun, the Moon and Stars, the Elements, Minerals, and Vegetables. All which appeared like the King's Daughter, All glorious within, and those Things which my Nurses, and Parents, should hav talkt of, there were taught unto me.

Nevertheless som things were Defectiv too. There was never a Tutor that did professedly Teach felicitie: tho that be the Mistress of all other Sciences. Nor did any of us Study these things but as *Aliena*, which we ought to have Studied as our own Enjoyments. We Studied to inform our Knowledg, but knew not for what end we so Studied. And for lack of aiming at a Certain End we Erred in the Maner. Howbeit there we

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received all those Seeds of Knowledg that were afterwards improved ; and our Souls were Awakened to a Discerning of their faculties, and Exercise of their Powers.

THOMAS TRAHERNE

The Stores of a Library

Spenser I could have read for ever. Too young to trouble myself about the allegory, I considered all the knights and ladies and dragons and giants in their outward and exoteric sense, and God only knows how delighted I was to find myself in such society. As I had always a wonderful facility in retaining in my memory whatever verses pleased me, the quantity of Spenser's stanzas which I could repeat was really marvellous. But this memory of mine was a very fickle ally, and has through my whole life acted merely upon its own capricious motion, and might have enabled me to adopt old Beattie of Meikledale's answer, when complimented by a certain reverend divine on the strength of the same faculty :—"No, sir," answered the old Borderer, "I have no command of my memory. It only retains what hits my fancy, and probably, sir, if you were to preach to me for two hours, I would not be able when you finished to remember a word you had been saying." My memory was precisely of the same kind : it seldom failed to preserve most tenaciously a favourite passage of poetry, a play-house ditty, or, above all, a Border-raid ballad ; but names, dates, and the other technicalities of history, escaped me in a most melancholy degree.

REALMS OF GOLD

The philosophy of history, a much more important subject, was also a sealed book at this period of my life ; but I gradually assembled much of what was striking and picturesque in historical narrative ; and when, in riper years, I attended more to the deduction of general principles, I was furnished with a powerful host of examples in illustration of them. I was, in short, like an ignorant gamester, who kept up a good hand until he knew how to play it.

I left the High School, therefore, with a great quantity of general information, ill arranged, indeed, and collected without system ; yet deeply impressed upon my mind ; readily assorted by my power of connexion and memory, and gilded, if I may be permitted to say so, by a vivid and active imagination. If my studies were not under any direction at Edinburgh, in the country, it may be imagined, they were less so. A respectable subscription library, a circulating library of ancient standing, and some private book-shelves, were open to my random perusal, and I waded into the stream like a blind man into a ford, without the power of searching my way, unless by groping for it. My appetite for books was as ample and as indiscriminating as it was indefatigable, and I since have had too frequently reason to repent that few ever read so much, and to so little purpose.

Among the valuable acquisitions I made about this time, was an acquaintance with Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, through the flat medium of Mr. Hoole's translation. But above all, I then first became acquainted with Bishop Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. As I had been from infancy devoted to

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legendary lore of this nature, and only reluctantly withdrew my attention, from the scarcity of materials and the rudeness of those which I possessed, it may be imagined, but cannot be described, with what delight I saw pieces of the same kind which had amused my childhood, and still continued in secret the Delilahs of my imagination, considered as the subject of sober research, grave commentary, and apt illustration, by an editor who shewed his poetical genius was capable of emulating the best qualities of what his pious labour preserved. I remember well the spot where I read these volumes for the first time. It was beneath a huge platanus-tree, in the ruins of what had been intended for an old-fashioned arbour in the *garden* I have mentioned. The summer-day sped onward so fast, that notwithstanding the sharp appetite of thirteen, I forgot the hour of dinner, was sought for with anxiety, and was still found entranced in my intellectual banquet. To read and to remember was in this instance the same thing, and henceforth I overwhelmed my school-fellows, and all who would hearken to me, with tragical recitations from the ballads of Bishop Percy. The first time, too, I could scrape a few shillings together, which were not common occurrences with me, I bought unto myself a copy of these beloved volumes; nor do I believe I ever read a book half so frequently, or with half the enthusiasm.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

REALMS OF GOLD

On first looking into Chapman's Homer

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne ;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold :
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken ;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He star'd at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

JOHN KEATS

The Eve of Saint Mark

Upon a Sabbath-day it fell ;
Twice holy was the Sabbath-bell,
That call'd the folk to evening prayer ;
The city streets were clean and fair
From wholesome drench of April rains ;
And, on the western window panes,
The chilly sunset faintly told
Of unmatur'd green vallies cold,
Of the green thorny bloomless hedge,
Of rivers new with spring-tide sedge,
Of primroses by shelter'd rills,
And daisies on the aguish hills.

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Twice holy was the Sabbath-bell :
The silent streets were crowded well
With staid and pious companies,
Warm from their fire-side orat'ries ;
And moving, with demurest air,
To even-song, and vesper prayer.
Each arched porch, and entry low,
Was fill'd with patient folk and slow,
With whispers hush, and shuffling feet,
While play'd the organ loud and sweet.

The bells had ceas'd, the prayers begun,
And Bertha had not yet half done
A curious volume, patch'd and torn,
That all day long, from earliest morn,
Had taken captive her two eyes,
Among its golden broideries ;
Perplex'd her with a thousand things,—
The stars of Heaven, and angels' wings,
Martyrs in a fiery blaze,
Azure saints in silver rays,
Moses' breastplate, and the seven
Candlesticks John saw in Heaven,
The winged Lion of Saint Mark,
And the Covenantal Ark,
With its many mysteries,
Cherubim and golden mice.

Bertha was a maiden fair,
Dwelling in the old Minster-square ;
From her fire-side she could see,
Sidelong, its rich antiquity,
Far as the Bishop's garden-wall ;
Where sycamores and elm-trees tall,

REALMS OF GOLD

Full-leav'd, the forest had outstript,
By no sharp north-wind ever nipt,
So shelter'd by the mighty pile.
Bertha arose, and read awhile,
With forehead 'gainst the window-pane.
Again she try'd, and then again,
Until the dusk eve left her dark
Upon the legend of St. Mark.
From plaited lawn-frill, fine and thin,
She lifted up her soft warm chin,
With aching neck and swimming eyes,
And daz'd with saintly imageries.

All was gloom, and silent all,
Save now and then the still foot-fall
Of one returning homewards late,
Past the echoing minster-gate.

The clamorous daws, that all the day
Above tree-tops and towers play,
Pair by pair had gone to rest,
Each in its ancient belfry-nest,
Where asleep they fall betimes,
To music of the drowsy chimes.

All was silent, all was gloom,
Abroad and in the homely room :
Down she sat, poor cheated soul !
And struck a lamp from the dismal coal ;
Lean'd forward, with bright drooping hair
And slant book, full against the glare.
Her shadow, in uneasy guise,
Hover'd about, a giant size,

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

On ceiling-beam and old oak chair,
The parrot's cage, and panel square ;
And the warm angled winter screen,
On which were many monsters seen,
Call'd doves of Siam, Lima mice,
And legless birds of Paradise,
Macaw, and tender Avadavat,
And silken-furr'd Angora cat.
Untir'd she read, her shadow still
Glower'd about, as it would fill
The room with wildest forms and shades,
As though some ghostly queen of spades
Had come to mock behind her back,
And dance, and ruffle her garments black.
Untir'd she read the legend page,
Of holy Mark, from youth to age,
On land, on sea, in pagan chains,
Rejoicing for his many pains.
Sometimes the learned eremite,
With golden star, or dagger bright,
Referr'd to pious poesies
Written in smallest crow-quill size
Beneath the text ; and thus the rhyme
Was parcell'd out from time to time :
—" Als writith he of swevenis
Men han beforne they wake in bliss,
Whanne that hir friendes thinke hem bound
In crimped shroude farre under grounde ;
And how a litling child mote be
A saint er its nativitie,
Gif that the modre (God her blesse !)
Kepen in solitarinesse,
And kissen devoute the holy croce.

REALMS OF GOLD

Of Goddes love, and Sathan's force,—
He writith ; and thinges many mo :
Of swiche things I may not show.
Bot I must tellen verilie
Somdel of Saintè Cicilie,
And chieflie what he auctorethe
Of Saintè Markis life and dethe : ”

At length her constant eyelids come
Upon the fervent martyrdom ;
Then lastly to his holy shrine,
Exalt amid the tapers' shine
At Venice,—

JOHN KEATS

sevenis : dreams.

Swinburne at Eton

It was at Eton that he began to feel his wings. His bringing up at home had been scrupulously strict. His literary diet the veriest pap. His precocious brain had been nourished upon food for babes. Not a novel had he been allowed to open, not even Walter Scott's. Shakespeare he only knew through the medium of his precious brown Bowdler. —'s picture of Swinburne sitting by the fire reading poetry is rank nonsense : he had not the books : his school work was prepared, as in the case of other boys, in his room : his reading for pleasure was done in the boys' library in Weston's yard. I can see him now sitting perched up Turk- or tailor-wise in one of the windows looking out on the yard, with some huge old-world tome, almost

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

as big as himself, upon his lap, the afternoon sun setting on fire the great mop of red hair. There it was that he emancipated himself, making acquaintance with Shakespeare (minus Bowdler), Marlowe, Spenser, Ben Jonson, Ford, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, and the other poets and playwrights of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. His tendency was greatly towards the Drama, especially the Tragic Drama. He had a great sense of humour in others. He would quote Dickens, especially Mrs. Gamp, unwearyingly; but his own genius leaned to tragedy. No less absurd is it to say that as a boy "he had an extraordinarily wide knowledge of the Greek poets, which he read with ease in the original." His study of the Greek tragedians, upon whose work he so largely modelled his own, came much later in life. At Eton these were lessons, and lessons are odious; besides, you cannot take in *Æschylus* in homœopathic doses of thirty lines, and he knew no more Greek than any intelligent boy of his age would do, nor did he take any prominent place in the regular school work, though he was a Prince Consort's prizeman for modern languages.

His first love in literature was given to the English poets, and after or together with these he devoured the great classics of France and Italy. His memory was wonderful, his power of quotation almost unlimited. We used to take long walks together in Windsor Forest and in the Home Park, where the famous oak of Herne the Hunter was still standing, a white, lightning-blasted skeleton of a tree, a fitting haunt for "fairies, black, grey,

REALMS OF GOLD

green and white," and a very favourite goal of our expeditions. As he walked along with that peculiar dancing step of his, his eyes gleaming with enthusiasm, and his hair, like the zazzera of the old Florentines, tossed about by the wind, he would pour out in his unforgettable voice the treasures which he had gathered at his last sitting. Other boys would watch him with amazement, looking upon him as a sort of inspired elfin—something belonging to another sphere. None dreamt of interfering with him—as for bullying there was none of it. He carried with him one magic charm—he was absolutely courageous. He did not know what fear meant. It is generally the coward, the weakling in character, far more than the weakling in thews and sinews, that is bullied. Swinburne's pluck as a boy always reminds me of Kinglake's description in *Eothen* of Dr. Keate, the famous head master of Eton: "He was little more (if more at all) than five feet in height, and was not very great in girth, but within this space was concentrated the pluck of ten battalions." That was Swinburne all over, and puny as he was, I verily believe, that had any boy, however big, attempted to bully him, that boy would have caught a Tartar. Of games he took no heed; I do not think that he ever possessed a cricket bat, but of walking and swimming he never tired. And so he led a sort of charmed life—a fairy child in the midst of a commonplace, workaday world. As Horace said of himself, "Non sine Dis animosus infans."

ALGERNON, LORD REDESDALE

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

The Golden Book of Apuleius

The famous story composed itself in the memory of Marius, with an expression changed in some ways from the original and on the whole graver. The petulant, boyish Cupid of Apuleius was become more like that "Lord, of terrible aspect," who stood at Dante's bedside and wept, or had at least grown to the manly earnestness of the *Erôs* of Praxiteles. Set in relief amid the coarser matter of the book, this episode of Cupid and Psyche served to combine many lines of meditation, already familiar to Marius, into the ideal of a perfect imaginative love, centered upon a type of beauty entirely flawless and clean—an ideal which never wholly faded from his thoughts, though he valued it at various times in different degrees. The human body in its beauty, as the highest potency of all the beauty of material objects, seemed to him just then to be matter no longer, but, having taken celestial fire, to assert itself as indeed the true though visible soul or spirit in things. In contrast with that ideal, in all the pure brilliancy, and as it were in the happy light, of youth and morning and the springtide, men's actual loves, with which at many points the book brings one into close contact, might appear to him, like the general tenor of their lives, to be somewhat mean and sordid. The *hiddenness* of perfect things: a shrinking mysticism, a sentiment of diffidence like that expressed in Psyche's so tremulous hope concerning the child to be born of the husband she has never yet seen—"in the face of this little child, at the least, shall

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I apprehend thine"—*in hoc saltem parvulo cognoscam faciem tuam*: the fatality which seems to haunt any signal beauty, whether moral or physical, as if it were in itself something illicit and isolating: the suspicion and hatred it so often excites in the vulgar:—these were some of the impressions, forming as they do a constant tradition of somewhat cynical pagan experience, from Medusa and Helen downwards, which the old story enforced on him. A book, like a person, has its fortunes with one; is lucky or unlucky in the precise moment of its falling in our way, and often by some happy accident counts with us for something more than its independent value. The *Metamorphoses* of Apuleius, coming to Marius just then, figured for him as indeed *The Golden Book*: he felt a sort of personal gratitude to its writer, and saw in it doubtless far more than was really there for any other reader. It occupied always a peculiar place in his remembrance, never quite losing its power in frequent return to it for the revival of that first glowing impression.

WALTER PATER

A New Birth

During the first two years at college my life was entirely external. My heart was altogether untouched by anything I heard, read, or did, although I myself supposed that I took an interest in them. But one day in my third year, a day I remember as well as Paul must have remembered afterwards

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the day on which he went to Damascus, I happened to find amongst a parcel of books a volume of poems in paper boards. It was called "Lyrical Ballads," and I read first one and then the whole book. It conveyed to me no new doctrine, and yet the change it wrought in me could only be compared with that which is said to have been wrought on Paul himself by the Divine apparition. Looking over the "Lyrical Ballads" again, as I have looked over it a dozen times since then, I can hardly see what it was which stirred me so powerfully, nor do I believe that it communicated much to me which could be put in words. But it excited a movement and a growth which went on till, by degrees, all the systems which enveloped me like a body gradually decayed from me and fell away into nothing. Of more importance, too, than the decay of systems was the birth of a habit of inner reference and a dislike to occupy myself with anything which did not in some way or other touch the soul, or was not the illustration or embodiment of some spiritual law. There is, of course, a definite explanation to be given of one effect produced by the "Lyrical Ballads." God is nowhere formally deposed, and Wordsworth would have been the last man to say that he had lost his faith in the God of his fathers. But his real God is not the God of the Church, but the God of the hills, the abstraction Nature, and to this my reverence was transferred. Instead of an object of worship which was altogether artificial, remote, never coming into genuine contact with me, I had now one which I thought to be real,

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one in which literally I could live and move and have my being, an actual fact present before my eyes. God was brought from that heaven of the books, and dwelt on the downs in the far-away distances, and in every cloud-shadow which wandered across the valley. Wordsworth unconsciously did for me what every religious reformer has done,—he re-created my Supreme Divinity; substituting a new and living spirit for the old deity, once alive, but gradually hardened into an idol.

MARK RUTHERFORD

A Stone of Stumbling

When I was nearly sixteen, I made a purchase which brought me into sad trouble, and was the cause of a permanent wound to my self-respect. I had long coveted in the book-shop window a volume in which the poetical works of Ben Jonson and Christopher Marlowe were said to be combined. This I bought at length, and I carried it with me to devour as I trod the desolate road that brought me along the edge of the cliff on Saturday afternoons. Of Ben Jonson I could make nothing, but when I turned to "Hero and Leander," I was lifted to a heaven of passion and music. It was a marvellous revelation of romantic beauty to me, and as I paced along that lonely and exquisite highway, with its immense command of the sea, and its peeps every now and then, through slanting thickets, far down to the snow-white shingle, I lifted up my voice, singing the verses, as I strolled along :

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

Buskins of shells, all silver'd, usèd she,
And branch'd with blushing coral to the knee,
Where sparrows perched, of hollow pearl and gold,
Such as the world would wonder to behold,—

so it went on, and I thought I had never read
anything so lovely,—

Amorous Leander, beautiful and young,
Whose tragedy divine Musæus sung,—

it all seemed to my fancy intoxicating beyond
anything I had ever even dreamed of, since I had
not yet become acquainted with any of the modern
romanticists.

When I reached home, tired out with enthusiasm
and exercise, I must needs, so soon as I had eaten,
search out my stepmother that she might be a
partner in my joys. It is remarkable to me now,
and a disconcerting proof of my still almost infantile
innocence, that, having induced her to settle to
her knitting, I began, without hesitation, to read
Marlowe's voluptuous poem aloud to that blameless
Christian gentlewoman. We got on very well in
the opening, but at the episode of Cupid's pining,
my stepmother's needles began nervously to clash,
and when we launched on the description of
Leander's person, she interrupted me by saying,
rather sharply, "Give me that book, please, I
should like to read the rest to myself." I resigned
the reading in amazement, and was stupefied to
see her take the volume, shut it with a snap and
hide it under her needlework. Nor could I extract
from her another word on the subject.

SIR EDMUND GOSSE

Freakish Youth

*O yowthe alas ! why wilt thou nat enclyne,
And un to reuled refoun bowē thee,
Syn refoun is the verray streightē lyne,
That ledith folk un to felicitee ?*

THOMAS HOCCLEVE

*Do as a Child but when thou art a Child, and ride not on
a Reed at twenty.*

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

‘ Lord, what fools these mortals be ! ’

YET I remember, when I was in France,
Yong Gentlemen would be as sad as night
Onely for wantonneffe.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Bragging Lacks

I’le hold thee any wager
When we are both accoutered like yong men,
I’le proue the prettier fellow of the two,
And weare my dagger with the brauer grace,
And speake betweene the change of man and boy,
With a reede voyce, and turne two minsing steps
Into a manly stride ; and speake of frayes
Like a fine bragging youth : and tell quaint lyes
How honourable Ladies fought my loue,
Which I denying, they fell ficke and died.
I could not doe withall : then I’le repent,
And wifh for all that, that I had not kil’d them ;
And twentie of these punie lies I’le tell,
That men fhall sweare I have discontinued schoole
Aboue a twelue moneth : I haue within my minde
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging lacks,
Which I will practife.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

‘*Stiff, churlish, rocky still*’

And tis most true, many Gentlewomen are so nice, they scorn all suiters, crucifie their poor Paramours, and think no body good enough for them, as dainty to please as *Daphne* her self,

*Multi illam petiere, illa aspernata petentes,
Nec quid Hymen, quid amor, quid sint connubia curat.*
Many did woo her, but she scorned them still,
And said she would not marry by her will.

One while they will not marry, as they say at least, (when as they intend nothing less) another while not yet, when 'tis their only desire, they rave upon it. She will marry at last, but not him : he is a proper man indeed, and well qualified, but he wants means : another of her suiters hath good means, but he wants wit ; one is too old, another too yong, too deformed, she likes not his carriage : a third too loosely given, he is rich, but base born : she will be a Gentlewoman, a Lady, as her sister is, as her mother is : she is all out as fair, as well brought up, hath as good a portion, and she looks for as good a match, as *Matilda* or *Dorinda* : if not, she is resolved as yet to tarry, so apt are yong maids to boggle at every object, so soon wooon or lost with every toy, so quickly diverted, so hard to be pleased. In the mean time, *quot torfit amantes ?* one suiter pines away, languisheth in love, *mori quot denique cogit !* another sighs and grieves, she cares not : and which *Stroza* objected to *Ariadne*.

FREAKISH YOUTH

*Nec magis Euriali gemitu, lacrymisque moveris,
Quam prece turbati flectitur ora sali.
Tu juvenem, quo non formosior alter in urbe,
Spernis, & infano cogis amore mori,*
Is no more mov'd with those sad sighs and tears,
Of her sweet-heart, then raging Sea with prayers :
Thou scorn'st the fairest youth in all our City,
And mak'st him almost mad for love to dye :

They take a pride to prank up themselves, to
make yong men enamored,

—*captare viros & spernere captos,*

to dote on them, and to run mad for their sakes,

—*sed nullis illa movetur
Fletibus, aut voces ullas tractabilis audit,*
Whilest niggardly their favours they discover,
They love to be belov'd, yet scorn the Lover.

All fuit and service is too little for them, presents
too base :

Tormentis gaudet amantis—& spoliis,

As *Atalanta* they must be over-run, or not wonn.
Many yong men are as obstinate, and as curious in
their choice, as tyrannically proud, insulting, deceit-
ful, false-hearted, as irrefragable and peevish on
the other side, *Narcissus* like,

*Multi illum Juvenes, multae petière puellae,
Sed fuit in tenerâ tam dira superbia formâ,
Nulli illum Juvenes, nullae petière puellae.*
Yong men and maids did to him sue,
But in his youth so proud, so coy was he,
Yong men and maids bad him adiew.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

Echo wept and wooed him by all means above the rest, love me for pitty, or pitty me for love, but he was obstinate,

Ante ait emoriar quam sit tibi copia nostri,

he would rather dye than give consent. *Pfysche* ran whining after *Cupid*,

*Formosum tua te Pfysche formosa requirit,
Et poscit te dia deum, puerumque puella,
Fair Cupid, thy fair Pfysche to thee fues,
A lovely las a fine yong gallant wooes ;*

but he rejected her nevertheless. Thus many Lovers do hold out so long, doting on themselves, stand in their own light, till in the end they come to be scorned and rejected, as *Stroza's Gargiliana* was,

*Te juvenes, te odere fenes, desertaque langues,
Quae fueras procerum publica cura prius.
Both yong and old do hate thee scorned now,
That once was all their joy and comfort too,*

as *Narciffus* was himself,

*Who, despising many,
Died ere he could enjoy the love of any.*

They begin to be contemned themselves of others, as he was of his shadow, and take up with a poor curat, or an old serving-man at last, that might have had their choice of right good matches in their youth.

ROBERT BURTON

FREAKISH YOUTH

Song, from "The Two Noble Kinsmen"

For i'le cut my greene coat, a foote above my knee,
And i'le clip my yellow lockes, an inch below mine eie.

hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.

He's buy me a white Cut, forth for to ride,
And i'le goe feeke him, throw the world that is so
wide.

hey nonny, nonny, nonny.

JOHN FLETCHER and WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Cut : a cut-tail horse, or a gelding.

An Excellent Sonnet

You gentle Nymphs that on the Meddowes play,
and oft relate the Loves of Shepheards young,
Come fit you downe, if that you please to stay,
now may you heare an uncouth passion Song :
A Lad there is, and I am that poore groome,
That's fal'n in love, and cannot tell with whom.

Oh, doe not smile at sorrow as a jest,
with others' cares good natures moved be :
And I should weepe if you had my unrest,
then at my grieve how can you merry be ?
Ah, where is tender pittie now become ?
I am in love, and cannot tell with whom.

I that have oft the rarest features view'd,
, and beauty in her best perfection seene,
I that have laugh't at them that love pursu'd,
and ever free from such infections beene,
Loe, now at last so cruell is my doome,
I am in love, and cannot tell with whom.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

My heart is full nigh bursting with desire,
yet cannot tell from whence these longings flow,
My brest doth burne, but she that lights the fire,
I never saw, nor can I come to know :
So great a blisse my fortune keeps me from,
That though I dearely love, I know not whom.

Ere I had twice foure Springs renewed feene,
the force of beauty I began to prove,
And ere I nine yeeres old had fully beene,
it taught me how to frame a sound of love,
And little thought I this day should have come,
Before that I to love had found out whom.

For on my chin the mossy downe you see,
and in my vaines well heated blood doth gloe,
Of Summers I have seene twice three times three,
and fast my youthfull time away doth goe :
That much I feare I aged shall become,
And still complaine, I love I know not whom.

Oh why had I a heart bestow'd on me,
to cherish deare affections so inclin'd,
Since I am so unhappy borne to be,
no object for so true a love to find,
When I am dead it will be mist of some,
Yet now I live, I love I know not whom.

I to a thousand beauteous Nymphs am knowne,
a hundred Ladies' favours doe I sweare,
I with as many halfe in love am growne,
yet none of them I find can be my deare,
Me thinks I have a Mistresse yet to come,
Which makes me sing, I love I know not whom.

UNKNOWN

FREAKISH YOUTH

Phillida flouts me

O What a Plague is Love,
how shall I bear it ?
She will unconstant prove,
I greatly fear it ;
It so torments my mind,
that my strength faileth,
She wavers with the wind,
as the ship faileth,
Please her the best you may,
She looks another way,
Alas ! and well a day !

Phillida Flouts me.

At the Fair, yesterday,
she did pass by me,
She lookt another way,
and would not spy me.
I woo'd her for to dine,
I could not get her,
Dick had her to the wine
he might intreat her.
With *Daniel* she did dance
On me she would not glance
O thrice unhappy chance,

Phillida Flouts me.

Fair maid, be not so coy,
do not disdain me.
I am my Mother's boy ;
sweet, entertain me.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

Shée'l give me when she dies
all things that's fitting,
Her Poultry and her Bees,
and her Geefe fitting.
A pair of Mallerds beds,
A barrel ful of Shreds,
And yet for all these Goods
Phillida Flouts me.

Thou shalt eat curds & cream
all the year lasting,
And drink the Chrystal stream
pleasant in tasting,
Wig & whey till thou burst
and bramble Berries :
Pye-lid and Pafty crust,
Pears, Plums, and Cherries.
Thy Garment shalt be thin,
Made of a Wether's skin,
All is not worth a Pin.
Phillida Flouts me.

Cupid hath shot his Dart
and hath me wounded,
It prick't my tender heart,
and ne'r rebounded :
I was a fool to scorn
his Bow and Quiver,
I am like one forlorn,
sick of a Feaver :
Now I may weep and mourn
Whilst with love's flames I burn,
Nothing will serve my turn,
Phillida Flouts me.

FREAKISH YOUTH

I am a lively Lad
 how e're she take me,
I am not half so bad
 as she would make me.
Whether she smile or frown,
 she may deceive me,
Ne'r a Girl in the Town,
 but fain would have me,
Since she doth from me flye,
Now I may figh and dye,
And never cease to cry
 Phillida Flouts me.

In the last moneth of *May*,
 I made her Pofies,
I heard her often say,
 that she lov'd *Roses*.
Cowflips, and *Lilly-flowers*,
 and the *White Lilly*,
I brought to deck the bowers,
 for my sweet *Philly*.
But she did all disdain,
And threw them back again,
Therefore it's flat and plain,
 Phillida Flouts me.

Fair Maiden, have a care
 and in time take me,
I can have those as fair,
 if you forsake me.
For *Doll* the Dairy Maid
 laught at me lately,
And wanton *Winifred*
 favours me greatly.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

One cast milk on my cloaths,
T'other plaid with my nose,
What wanton toys are those,
Phillida Flouts me.

I cannot work and sleep
all at a season,
Grief wounds my heart so deep
without all reason,
I fade and pine away
with grief and sorrow,
I fall quite to decay
like any shadow,
I shall be dead I fear
within a thousand year,
All is for grief and care,
Phillida Flouts me.

She hath a clout of mine
wrought with good *Coventry*,
Which she keeps for a sign
of my Fidelity.
But in faith if she frown
she shall not wear it,
I'll give it *Doll* my maid,
and she shall tear it.
Since t'will no better be
I'll bear it patiently,
Yet all the world may see
Phillida Flouts me.

UNKNOWN

wig : soured whey or buttermilk.

Coventry : a kind of thread manufactured at Coventry and used for embroidery.

FREAKISH YOUTH

Hobby de Hoy

Tell me, gentle Hobby de hoy,
Art thou Girl or art thou Boy?
For thy Features and thy Drefs
Such Contraries do exprefs,
I ftand amaz'd, and at a Lofs to know
To what new Species thou thy Form doft owe.

By thy Hair tuck'd up behind,
Thou fhouldft be of Woman kind.
Yet no Woman thou canft be,
For no Petticoats we fee.
Then to what Sex alas haft thou a Claim,
Who'rt Either, Neither, yet to both a Shame.

If thou art a Man, forbear
Thus this motly Garb to wear;
Let thy Drefs thy Sex impart,
And appear like what thou art,
Like what thou art, oh no, pray pardon me,
I mean, appear like what you ought to be.

HENRY CAREY

Susan Flood

Among the "Saints" in our village there lived a shoemaker and his wife, who had one daughter, Susan Flood. She was a flighty, excited young creature, and lately, during the passage of some itinerant revivalists, she had been "converted" in the noisiest way, with sobs, gasps and gurglings. When this crisis passed, she came with her parents to our meetings, and was received quietly enough

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

to the breaking of bread. But about the time I speak of, Susan Flood went up to London to pay a visit to an unconverted uncle and aunt. It was first whispered amongst us, and then openly stated, that these relatives had taken her to the Crystal Palace, where, in passing through the Sculpture Gallery, Susan's sense of decency had been so grievously affronted, that she had smashed the naked figures with the handle of her parasol, before her horrified companions could stop her. She had, in fact, run amok among the statuary, and had, to the intense chagrin of her uncle and aunt, very worthy persons, been arrested and brought before a magistrate, who dismissed her with a warning to her relations that she had better be sent home to Devonshire and "looked after." Susan Flood's return to us, however, was a triumph; she had no sense of having acted injudiciously or unbecomingly; she was ready to recount to every one, in vague and veiled language, how she had been able to testify for the Lord "in the very temple of Belial," for so she poetically described the Crystal Palace. She was, of course, in a state of unbridled hysteria, but such physical explanations were not encouraged amongst us, and the case of Susan Flood awakened a great deal of sympathy.

SIR EDMUND GOSSE

'Words of unmeant bitterness'

He is a most delightful creature and I love him more than any one else in the wide world. There is an almost feminine tenderness in my love.

FREAKISH YOUTH

We spent a delightful day, talking and arguing and insulting one another. . . . At these séances we take delight in anæsthetising our hearts for the purposes of argument, and a third person would be bound to suppose we were in the throes of a bitter quarrel. We pile up one vindictive remark on another, ingeniously seeking out—and with malice—weak points in each other's armour, which previous exchange of confidences makes it easy to find. Neither of us hesitates to make use of such private confessions, yet our love is so strong that we can afford to take any liberty. There is, in fact, a fearful joy in testing the strength of our affection by searching for cutting rejoinders—to see the effect. We rig up one another's cherished ideals like Aunt Sallies and then knock them down, we wax sarcastic, satirical, contemptuous in turn, we wave our hands animatedly (hand-waving is a great trick with both of us), get flushed, point with our fingers and thump the table to clinch some bit of repartee. Yet it's all smoke. Our love is unassailable—it's like the law of gravitation, you cannot dispute it, it underlies our existence, it is the air we breathe.

N—— is charming, and thought we were quarrelling, and therefore intervened on his side !

W. N. P. BARBELLION

Among all Lovely Things

*When proud pide Aprill (drest in all his trim)
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Page's Song in the Forest of Arden

It was a Louer, and his laffe,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o're the greene corne feild did passe,
In the spring time, the onely pretty ring time,
When Birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding.
Sweet Louers loue the spring,
And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, & a ho, and a hey nonino,
For loue is crowned with the prime.
In spring time, &c.

Betweene the acres of the Rie,
With a hey, and a ho, & a hey nonino :
These prettie Country folks would lie.
In spring time, &c.

This Carroll they began that houre,
With a hey and a ho, & a hey nonino :
How that a life was but a Flower,
In spring time, &c.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

The Teares of an affectionate Shepheard ficke for Loue

If it be finne to loue a sweet-fac'd Boy,
(Whose amber locks trust vp in golden tramels
Dangle adowne his louely cheekes with ioy,
When pearle and flowers his faire haire enamels)
If it be finne to loue a louely Lad;
Oh then finne I, for whom my foule is fad.

His Iuory-white and Alablafter skin
Is staind throughout with rare Vermillion red,
Whose twinckling starrie lights doe neuer blin
To shine on louely *Venus* (Beautie's bed :)
But as the Lillie and the blushing Rose,
So white and red on him in order growes.

* * * * *

Oh would to God he would but pittie mee,
That loue him more than any mortall wight;
Then he and I with loue would soone agree,
That now cannot abide his Sutor's fight.
O would to God (so I might haue my fee)
My lips were honey, and thy mouth a Bee.

Then shouldst thou sucke my sweete and my faire
flower
That now is ripe, and full of honey-berries;
Then would I leade thee to my pleasant Bower
Filled full of Grapes, of Mulberries, and Cherries;
Then shouldst thou be my Waspe or else my Bee,
I would thy hiue, and thou my honey bee.

I would put amber Bracelets on thy wrests,
Crownets of Pearle about thy naked Armes:

AMONG ALL LOVELY THINGS

And when thou sitst at swilling *Bacchus* feasts
My lips with charmes should saue thee from all
harmes :

And when in sleepe thou tookst thy chiefeſt
Pleaſure,

Mine eyes should gaze vpon thine eye-lids'
Treasure.

And euery Morne by dawning of the day,
When *Phæbus* riſeth with a bluſhing face,
Siluanus Chappel-Clarkes ſhall chaunt a Lay,
And play thee hunts-vp in thy reſting place :
My Coote thy Chamber, my boſome thy Bed ;
Shall be appointed for thy ſleepy head.

And when it pleaſeth thee to walke abroad,
(Abroad into the fields to take freſh ayre :)
The Meades with *Flora's* treasure ſhould be ſtrowde,
(The mantled meadowes, and the fields ſo fayre.)
And by a ſiluer Well (with golden ſands)
I'le fit me downe, and waſh thine yvory hands.

And in the ſweltring heate of ſummer time,
I would make Cabinets for thee (my Loue :)
Sweet-smelling Arbours made of Eglantine
Should be thy ſhrine, and I would be thy Doue.
Coole Cabinets of freſh greene Laurell boughs
Should ſhadow vs, ore-ſet with thicke-ſet Eugheſ.

Or if thou liſt to bathe thy naked limbs,
Within the Chriſtall of a Pearle-bright brooke,
Pauced with dainty pibbles to the brims ;
Or cleare, wherein thy ſelfe thy ſelfe mayſt looke ;
Wee'le goe to *Ladon*, whoſe ſtill trickling noyſe,
Will lull thee faſt aſleepe amids thy ioyes.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

Or if thoult goe vnto the Riuer fide,
To angle for the sweet fresh-water fifh :
Arm'd with thy implements that will abide
(Thy rod, hooke, line) to take a dainty difh ;
Thy rods fhall be of cane, thy lines of filke,
Thy hooks of filuer, and thy bayts of milke.

Or if thou lou'ft to heare sweet Melodie,
Or pipe a Round vpon an Oaten Reede,
Or make thy felfe glad with fome myrthfull glee,
Or play them Muficke whilst thy flocke doth feede ;
To *Pan's* owne Pye I'le helpe my louely Lad,
(*Pan's* golden Pye) which he of *Syrinx* had.

Or if thou dar'ft to climbe the highest Trees
For Apples, Cherries, Medlars, Peares, or Plumbs,
Nuts, Walnuts, Filbeards, Cheft-nuts, Ceruices,
The hoary Peach, when fnowy winter comes ;
I haue fine Orchards full of mellowed frute ;
Which I will giue thee to obtaine my fute.

* * * * *

If thou wilt come and dwell with me at home ;
My fheep-cote fhall be ftrowd with new greene
rufhes :

Wee'le haunt the trembling Prickets as they come
About the fields, along the hauthorne bufhes ;
I haue a pie-bald Curre to hunt the Hare :
So we will liue with daintie forreft fare.

Nay more than this, I haue a Garden-plot,
Wherein there wants nor hearbs, nor roots, nor
flowers ;
(Flowers to fmell, roots to eate, hearbs for the pot,)
And dainty Shelters when the Welkin lowers :

AMONG ALL LOVELY THINGS

Sweet-smelling Beds of Lillies and of Roies,
Which Rosemary banks and Lauender incloses.

There growes the Gilliflowre, the Mynt, the Dayzie
(Both red and white,) the blew-veynd Violet :
The purple Hyacinth, the Spyke to please thee,
The scarlet dyde Carnation bleeding yet ;
The Sage, the Sauery, and sweet Margerum,
Ifop, Tyme, and Eye-bright, good for the blinde
and dumbe.

* * * * *

And manie thousand moe (I cannot name)
Of hearbs and flowers that in gardens grow,
I haue for thee ; and Coneyes that be tame,
Yong Rabbets, white as Swan, and blacke as Crow,
Some speckled here and there with daintie spots :
And more I haue two mylch and milke-white
Goates.

All these, and more, I'le giue thee for thy loue ;
If these, and more, may tyce thy loue away :
I haue a Pidgeon-house, in it a Doue,
Which I loue more than mortall tongue can say :
And, last of all, I'le giue thee a little Lambe
To play withall, new weaned from her Dam.

* * * * *

And when th'art wearie of thy keeping Sheepe
Vpon a louely Downe, (to please thy minde)
I'le giue thee fine ruffe-footed Doues to keepe,
And pretie Pidgeons of another kinde :
A Robbin-red-breft shall thy Minstrell bee,
Chirping thee sweet and pleasant Melodie.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

Or if thou wilt goe shoote at little Birds
With bow and boulte, (the Thrustle-cocke and
Sparrow)

Such as our Countrey hedges can afford's ;
I haue a fine bowe, and an yvorie arrow :
And if thou misse, yet meate thou shalt not
lacke,
I'le hang a bag and bottle at thy backe.

Wilt thou set springes in a frostie Night,
To catch the long-billd Woodcocke and the Snype ?
(By the bright glimmering of the Starrie light)
The Partridge, Phæasant, or the greedie Grype ?
I'le lend thee lyme-twigs, and fine sparrow calls,
Wherewith the Fowler filly Birds intralls.

Or in a mystie morning if thou wilt
Make pit-falls for the Larke and Pheldifare ;
Thy prop and sweake shall be both ouer-guilt ;
With *Cypariffus* selfe thou shalt compare
For gins and wyles, the Oozels to beguile ;
Whilst thou vnder a bush shalt sit and smile.

Or with Hare-pypes (set in a musket hole)
Wilt thou deceaue the deep-earth-deluing Coney ?
Or wilt thou in a yellow Boxen bole
Taste with a wooden splent the sweet lythe honey ?
Clusters of crimson Grapes I'le pull thee downe ;
And with Vine-leaues make thee a louely Crowne.

Or wilt thou drinke a cup of new-made Wine
Froathing at top, mixt with a dish of Creame ;
And Straw-berries, or Bil-berries in their prime,
Bath'd in a melting Sugar-Candie streame :

AMONG ALL LOVELY THINGS

Bunnell and Perry I haue for thee (alone)
When Vynes are dead, and all the Grapes are gone.

I haue a pleasant-noted Nightingale,
(That sings as sweetly as the filuer Swan)
Kept in a Cage of bone; as white as Whale,
Which I with singing of *Philemon* wan :
Her shalt thou haue, and all I haue beside;
If thou wilt be my Boy, or els my Bride.

Then will I lay out all my Lardarie
(Of Cheefe, of Cracknells, Curds and Clowted-
creame)

Before thy male-content ill-pleasing eye :
But why doo I of such great follies dreame ?
Alas, he will not see my fimple Coate ;
For all my speckled Lambe, nor milk-white Goate.

Against my Birth-day thou shalt be my guest :
Wee'le haue Greene-cheeses and fine Silly-bubs ;
And thou shalt be the chiefe of all my feast.
And I will giue thee two fine pretie Cubs,
With two yong Whelps, to make thee sport
withall,
A golden Racket, and a Tennis-ball.

A guilded Nutmeg, and a race of Ginger,
A filken Girdle, and a drawn-worke Band,
Cuffs for thy wrists, a gold Ring for thy finger,
And sweet Rose-water for thy Lilly-white hand,
A Purse of filke, bespangd with spots of gold,
As braue a one as ere thou didst behold.

A paire of Kniues, a greene Hat and a Feather,
New Gloues to put vpon thy milk-white hand

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

I'le giue thee, for to keep thee from the weather;
With Phœnix feathers shall thy Face be fand,
Cooling those Cheekes, that being cool'd wexe red,
Like Lillyes in a bed of Roses fhed.

* * * * *

Fond Loue is blinde, and so art thou (my Deare)
For thou seeft not my Loue, and great defart :
Blinde Loue is fond, and so thou dost appeare;
For fond, and blinde, thou greeuft my greeuing
hart :

Be thou fond-blinde, blinde-fond, or one, or all;
Thou art my Loue, and I must be thy thrall.

RICHARD BARNFIELD

blin : cease.

of milke : milk-white.

ceruices : sorb-apples.

isop : hyssop.

grype : vulture.

pheldifare : fieldfare.

sweake : part of a trap for catching birds.

muset hole : gap in the hedge.

splent : spoon.

bunnell : drink made from fruit-pulp after it has been pressed for
cider or perry.

race : root.

An Excellent Ditty

Awake, my owne deare sweeting,
why dost thou sleepe so long?
The Sun is neare vp rising,
doe not thy selfe such wrong,
Upon this pleasing morning,
swiftly let's take our way
With ioy to welcome in
the merry moneth of May.

AMONG ALL LOVELY THINGS

I see the day starre twinckling,
rising in the East,
Which tels us that Aurora
hath left her sluggish rest,
Then rise vp, my owne Honey,
and let vs take our way,
With ioy to welcome in
the merry moneth of May.

The birds are sweetly finging
vpon the greene-wood trees,
Downe in the Medowes may we
walke vp to the knees
In Primrose and sweet Dazies,
with Cowslips neat and gay,
Then come, my onely sweeting,
let vs goe gather May.

The Nightingale most pleasing
chants forth her merry strain,
Then who would stay at home,
that might such pleasure gaine?
The youthes of this faire City,
trimm'd in their best array,
Are marching forth this morning,
with ioy to gather May.

With Drums, with Fifes, and trumpets,
they are brauely grac'd,
With Muskets in the forefront,
which they haue rarely plac'd,
They all went on in pleasure,
attyled neat and gay,
And euery yong man has his Loue,
that goes to gather May.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

Roger with his *Susan*,
and *Robert* his faire *Iane*,
Richard with his sweet heart,
to be lag doe difdaine,
Sweet *William* and faire *Nancy*,
in their apparell gay,
Is early gone this morning,
abroad to gather May.

Iohn Iinkin with his *Gilian*,
Tom with *Penelope*,
And *Humphrey* with sweet *Prudence*,
why then, sweet, may not we,
As well as all these Louers,
in our apparell gay,
Vpon this merry morning,
walke forth to fetch home May?

There's *Randall* with his *Sara*,
marching hand in hand,
Rowland and sweet *Maudlin*,
that yeelds to his demaund,
There's *Arthur* and sweet *Margaret*,
which does her Loue obey,
Is early gone this morning
abroad to gather May.

Nicholas with his *Betty*,
and *Francis* with faire *Mary*,
Martin with *Rebecca*,
and *Dorothy* with *Harry*,
Elis with his *Katherine*,
were gone ere breake of day,
In their apparell neatly,
to fetch home gentle May.

AMONG ALL LOVELY THINGS

Edward with sweet *Ione*,
and *Lucre* with *Valentine*,
Iames with his sweetheart *Alce*,
they muſt haue *Creame* and *Wine* !
Theſe Louers march in order,
whilſt Muſicke ſweet doth play,
With ſongs and pleaſant Ditties,
about to gather May.

This is the moneth of pleaſure,
and April's watry ſhowers,
Hath falne in comely meaſure,
to encreaſe the pleaſing flowers
That Louers gather early,
to make them Poſies gay,
Compoſ'd of ſundry colours
within the moneth of May.

Margery my ſweeting,
thy *Silueſter* doth call,
I faine would be this morning
the formoſt of them all.
I ſee *Apollo's* ſplendor
darts from the Eaſt moſt gay,
To grace theſe comely Louers
to fetch home lovely May.

The Blackbird ſings moſt ſweetly,
ſo doth the Nightingale,
The Fawnes play in the high woods,
the Hare runs ore the Dale,
The bleating Lambes moſt ſweetly,
delight to ſport and play,
The ſmall birds ſweetly warble,
to welcome pleaſant May.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

Sweet Sillibubs wee'l haue, Loue,
with Cakes and Pudding-pyes,
With Creame bestrew'd with Sugar
if that my *Madge* will rise
To heare the Cuckoo sing, sweet,
and see her feathers gray,
Who with her notes most kindly
doth welcome in sweet May.

Strike up thy Pipe, good *Piper*,
I see my Loue doth come,
Much like the Queene of beauty,
her splendor lights the roome,
Come, come, my gentle sweeting,
with all the speed we may,
Let's walke to the greene Meddowes
to gather pleasant May.

LLEWELLYN MORGAN [?]

The Countrey Lasse

Although I am a Countrey Lasse,
a loftie minde I beare a,
I thinke my selfe as good as those
that gay apparrell weare a :
My coate is made of homely Gray,
yet is my skin as soft a,
As those that with the chiefeft Wines,
do bathe their bodies oft a.
Downe, downe dery, dery downe,
heigh downe a downe a downe a,
a dery dery dery dery downe,
heigh downe a downe a dery.

AMONG ALL LOVELY THINGS

What though I keepe my Father's sheep,
a thing that must be done a,
A garland of the fairest flowers
shall fhrowd me from the Sunne a :
And when I see them feeding be,
where grasse and flowers spring a
Close by a Crystall fountaine side
I fit me downe, and sing a,
Downe etc.

Dame nature crownes us with delight,
surpassing Court or Citie,
We pleasures take from morne to night
in Sports and pastimes pretty :
Your City Dames in Coaches ride
abroad for recreation,
We Countrey Lasses hate their pride,
and keepe the Countrey fashion.
Downe etc.

Your City Wiues lead wanton liues,
and if they come i' th' Countrey,
They are so proud, that each one striues
for to outbraue our Gentry.
We countrey lasses homely be
for feat nor wall we strive not,
We are content with our degree,
our debtors we depriue not,
Downe etc.

I care not for the fanne or Maske,
when *Titan's* heat reflecteth,
A homely Hat is all I aske,
which well my face protecteth :

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

Yet am I in my Countrey guise,
esteem'd a Lasse as pretty
As those that euey day deuise
new shapes in Court or City.
Downe etc.

In euey season of the yeare
I under-goe my labour
No Showre nor Winde at all I feare,
my Limbes I do not fauour :
If Summer's heat my beauty staine,
it makes me nere the ficker,
Sith I can wash it off againe
with a Cup of Christmas Liquor.
*Downe, downe dery, dery downe,
heigh downe a downe a downe a,
a dery dery dery dery downe,
heigh downe a downe a dery.*

MARTIN PARKER [?]

The Spring's Glory

Now pretty maidens delight for to walk
abroad in the meadows so pleasant and green
Whilst with their lovers they prattle and talk,
and pick up the flowers so gay to be seen :
Of which they make Posies
In the green closes,
Decked with Roses home for to bring :
Then let us bear a part
And with a joyful heart
Deck flowry garlands to welcom the spring.

AMONG ALL LOVELY THINGS

Pretty sweet *Betty* walks out with her love,
rejoycing that Summer is drawing so near,
Whilest *Dicky* doth call her his Turtle Dove
and vows that no other but she is his dear :
Thus with their courting
And lovely sporting
They are conforting whilst the birds sing :
Then let us, &c.

Nanny doth rise in the morning betimes
to meet her beloved all in a fair grove,
Where he is composing of sonnets and rimes,
to set forth her praise and to welcome his love :
Her body is slender
And her heart tender,
He doth commend her for every thing :
Then let us, &c.

Dolly the Dairy maid smugs up her face
and takes up her milk-pale to trace in the dew
In hopes to meet *Roger* who scorns to be base ;
she often hath tryd him and still he prov'd true.
But oh what a jumbling
And what a tumbling,
All without grumbling love hath his swing.
Then let us, &c.

Now is the time that all creatures rejoyce,
by nature they know when ye spring doth
appear
They lovingly couple and freely make choice
before the hot Summer approacheth too near.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

Let us take pleasure
Whilst we have leasure,
Left such a pleasure chance to take wing.
Then let us, &c.

Trim up your Arbors and deck up your bowers,
for this is a time to be merry and glad,
Hang up your garlands and strow your sweet
flowers
and let not a lover once seem to be sad :
For we'le go a' Maying
With musick playing,
Cupid obeying, love is a King :
Then let us bear a part
And with a joyful heart
Deck flowry garlands to welcom the spring.
I[OHN] P[LAYFORD]?

The deceased Maiden-Louer

As I went forth one Summer's day,
To view the Meddowes fresh and gay,
A pleasant Bower I espide,
Standing hard by a Riuer side ;
And in't, a Maiden I heard cry,
" Alas, there's none ere lou'd like I ! "

I couched close to heare her mone,
With many a sigh and heauie grone,
And wisht that I had been the wight
That might haue bred her heart's delight.
But these were all the words that she
Did still repeate, " none loues like me ! "

AMONG ALL LOVELY THINGS

Then round the Meddowes did she walke,
Catching each Flower by the stalke,
Such as within the Meddowes grew,
As Dead-man's-thumb and Hare-bel blew.

And as she pluckt them, still cri'd she,
"Alas, there's none ere lou'd like me!"

A Bed therein she made to lie,
Of fine greene things that grew fast by,
Of Poplers and of Willow leaues,
Of Sicamore and flaggy sheaves:

And as she pluckt them still cri'd she,
"Alas, there's none ere lou'd like mee!"

The little larke-foot, shee'd not passe,
Nor yet the flowers of Three-leau'd grasse,
Which Milkmaids Hunny-suckles phrased,
The Crows-foot, nor the yellow Crayse,
And as she pluckt them still cride she,
"Alas, there's none ere lou'd like me!"

The pretty Daifie which doth shew
Her love to Phœbus bred her woe,
Who ioyes to see his chearefull face,
And mournes when he is not in place,
"Alacke, alacke, alacke!" quoth she,
"There's none that ever lou'd like me!"

The flowers of the sweetest scent,
She bound them round with knotted Bent,
And as she laid them still in bands,
She wept, she wail'd and wrung her hands.
"Alas, alas, alas," quoth she,
"There's none that ever lou'd like me!"

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

“False man,” (quoth she) “forgive thee heaven
As I do with my sinnes forgiven :
In blest Eliziam I shall sleep,
When thou with perjur’d foules shalt weepe,
 Who when they lived did like to thee,
 That lou’d their loves as thou dost me.”

When shee had filld her apron full
Of such sweet flowers as she could cull,
The green leaves serv’d her for her Bed,
The Flowers pillows for her head.
 Then down she lay, ne’er more did speak.
 Alas, with love her heart did breake.

UNKNOWN

Crayse : buttercup:

‘ *The hour of thoughtless youth* ’

When like a roe
I bounded o’er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led : more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion : the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite ; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest

AMONG ALL LOVELY THINGS

Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. . . .

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Nutting

It seems a day
(I speak of one from many singled out)
One of those heavenly days that cannot die ;
When, in the eagerness of boyish hope,
I left our cottage-threshold, sallying forth
With a huge wallet o'er my shoulders slung,
A nutting-crook in hand ; and turned my steps
Tow'rd some far-distant wood, a Figure quaint,
Tricked out in proud disguise of cast-off weeds
Which for that service had been husbanded,
By exhortation of my frugal Dame—
Motley accoutrement, of power to smile
At thorns, and brakes, and brambles,—and in truth
More ragged than need was ! O'er pathless rocks,
Through beds of matted fern, and tangled thickets,
Forcing my way, I came to one dear nook
Unvisited, where not a broken bough
Drooped with its withered leaves, ungracious sign
Of devastation ; but the hazels rose
Tall and erect, with tempting clusters hung,
A virgin scene !—A little while I stood,
Breathing with such suppression of the heart
As joy delights in ; and with wise restraint
Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed
The banquet ;—or beneath the trees I sate
Among the flowers, and with the flowers I played ;

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

A temper known to those who, after long
And weary expectation, have been blest
With sudden happiness beyond all hope.
Perhaps it was a bower beneath whose leaves
The violets of five seasons re-appear
And fade, unseen by any human eye ;
Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on
For ever ; and I saw the sparkling foam,
And—with my cheek on one of those green stones
That, fleeced with moss, under the shady trees,
Lay round me, scattered like a flock of sheep—
I heard the murmur and the murmuring sound,
In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to pay
Tribute to ease ; and, of its joy secure,
The heart luxuriates with indifferent things,
Wasting its kindness on stocks and stones,
And on the vacant air. Then up I rose,
And dragged to earth both branch and bough,
 with crash
And merciless ravage ; and the shady nook
Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower,
Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up
Their quiet being : and unless I now
Confound my present feelings with the past,
Ere from the mutilated bower I turned
Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kings,
I felt a sense of pain when I beheld
The silent trees, and saw the intruding sky.—
Then, dearest Maiden, move along these shades
In gentleness of heart ; with gentle hand
Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

AMONG ALL LOVELY THINGS

'The Glory of my Youth'

To every natural form, rock, fruit, or flower,
Even the loose stones that cover the high-way,
I gave a moral life : I saw them feel,
Or linked them to some feeling : the great mass
Lay bedded in a quickening soul, and all
That I beheld respired with inward meaning.
Add that whate'er of Terror or of Love
Or Beauty, Nature's daily face put on
From transitory passion, unto this
I was as sensitive as waters are
To the sky's influence in a kindred mood
Of passion ; was obedient as a lute
That waits upon the touches of the wind.
Unknown, unthought of, yet I was most rich—
I had a world about me—'twas my own ;
I made it, for it only lived to me,
And to the God who sees into the heart.
Such sympathies, though rarely, were betrayed
By outward gestures and by visible looks :
Some called it madness—so indeed it was,
If child-like fruitfulness in passing joy,
If steady moods of thoughtfulness matured
To inspiration, sort with such a name ;
If prophecy be madness ; if things viewed
By poets in old time, and higher up
By the first men, earth's first inhabitants,
May in these tutored days no more be seen
With undisordered sight. But leaving this,
It was no madness, for the bodily eye
Amid my strongest workings evermore
Was searching out the lines of difference

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

As they lie hid in all external forms,
Near or remote, minute or vast ; an eye
Which, from a tree, a stone, a withered leaf,
To the broad ocean and the azure heavens
Spangled with kindred multitudes of stars,
Could find no surface where its power might sleep ;
Which spake perpetual logic to my soul,
And by an unrelenting agency
Did bind my feelings even as in a chain.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Among all lovely things my Love had been

Among all lovely things my Love had been ;
Had noted well the stars ; all flowers that grew
About her home ; but she had never seen
A Glow-worm, never one, and this I knew.

While riding near her home one stormy night
A single Glow-worm did I chance to espy ;
I gave a fervent welcome to the sight,
And from my Horse I leapt ; great joy had I.

Upon a leaf the Glow-worm did I lay,
To bear it with me through the stormy night :
And, as before, it shone without dismay ;
Albeit putting forth a fainter light.

When to the Dwelling of my Love I came,
I went into the Orchard quietly ;
And left the Glow-worm, blessing it by name,
Laid safely by itself, beneath a Tree.

AMONG ALL LOVELY THINGS

The whole next day, I hoped, and hoped with fear ;
At night the Glow-worm shone beneath the Tree :
I led my Lucy to the spot, " Look here ! "
Oh ! joy it was for her, and joy for me !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Buds half-blown

I think old wounds too quickly burst again.
Not thirty years can steel a heart to pain.
I had a brother once. Ah, but he died,
While he was still so little that he cried
Because the spring was come, and he too ill
To search for violets and climb the hill
For primroses and misty cuckoo flowers.
He lay and fretted through the shining hours.
To comfort him, they stood beside his cot,
Primroses, in a little lustre pot.
My mother hid her sorrow in her heart.
The little pot dreamed on its shelf apart.

To-day a careless hand has reached it down,
And thrust the first primroses, but buds half blown,
All gold and tender green, into its mouth.
O heedless, eager, selfish-loving youth !
And yet—you were not there, that other Spring.
(Who would have thought so small, so chance a
thing,
Would wake a sorrow hidden thirty years,
And set a memory quivering into tears ?
It was so long ago my brother died) . . .
My mother folded her thin hands and cried.

ETHEL BARTLETT

Jest and Youthful Jollity

*For how great is his goodnesse, and how great is his beautie :
corne shal make the yong men cheerefull, and new wine the
maides.*

THE BOOK OF ZECHARIAH

*Young lasses are never better pleased, then when as upon an
Holiday after Evensong, they may meet their sweet-hearts,
and dance about a May-pole, or in a Town-green under a
shady Elm.*

ROBERT BURTON

*Hail bounteous May that dost inspire
Mirth and youth, and warm desire.*

JOHN MILTON

*Thus all our life long we are frolick and gay,
And instead of Court-revels, we merrily play
At Trap, at Rules, and at Barly-break run :
At Goff, and at Foot-ball, and when we have done
These innocent sports, we'l laugh and lie down,
And to each pretty Lasse
We will give a green Gown.*

UNKNOWN

Invitation to May

Now is the month of Maying,
When merry lads are playing,

Fa, la, la.

Each with his bonny lass,
Vpon the greeny grass.

Fa, la, la.

The Spring, clad all in gladnesse,
Doth laugh at winter's sadnesse,

Fa, la, la.

And to the Bagpip's sound,
The Nymphes tread out their ground.

Fa, la, la.

Fye, then! Why fit wee musing,
Yewthe's sweet delight refusing?

Fa, la, la.

Say, daynty Nymphes, and speake,
Shall wee play barly breake?

Fa, la, la.

MICHAEL DRAYTON [?]

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

The Children of the Chapel

Plaies will neuer be suppreſt, while her maieſtie's
unſledged minions flaunt it in filkes and fattens.
They had as well be at their Popiſh ſervice, in the
deuil's garments. . . . Even in her maieſtie's chap-
pel do theſe pretty vpſtart youthes profane the
Lorde's Day by the laſcivious writhing of their
tender limbs, and gorgeous decking of their apparell,
in feigning bawdie fables gathered from the idola-
trous heathen poets. . . .

UNKNOWN

The Dance

Robin is a louely Lad,
No *Laffe* a smoother euer had.
Tommy hath a looke as bright
As is the roſie morning light.
Tib is darke and browne of hue,
But like her colour firme and true.
Ginny hath a lip to kiſſe
Wherein a ſpring of Nectar is.
Simkin well his mirth can place,
And words, to win a woman's grace.
Sib is all in all to me,
There is no Queene of Loue but ſhe.

Let vs in a louer's round
Circle all this hallowed ground.
Softly, ſoftly trip and goe,
The lightfoot Fairies iet it ſo.

JEST AND YOUTHFUL JOLLITY

Forward then and backe againe,
Here and there, and euey where,
Winding to and winding fro,
Skipping hye and lowting low ;
And like louers hand in hand
March a round, and make a stand.

THOMAS CAMPION

lowting : bowing.

The Shepheard's Content

He leads his Wench a Country Horne-pipe Round,
About a May-pole on a Holy-day ;
Kisfing his louely Lasse (with Garlands Crownd)
With whoopping heigh-ho finging Care away ;
Thus doth he passe the merry month of May :
And all th' yere after in delight and ioy,
(Scorning a King) he cares for no annoy.

RICHARD BARNFIELD

Honest Recreation

There is a time to mourn, a time to dance, Eccles.
3. 4. Let them take their pleasures then, and as
he * said of old, *young men and maids flourishing in
their age, fair and lovely to behold, well attired and
of comely carriage, dancing a Greek Galiard, and as
their dance required, kept their time, now turning
now tracing, now apart now altogether, now a courtesie
then a caper, &c., and it was a pleasant sight, to see
those pretty knots, and swimming figures.*

ROBERT BURTON

* Apuleius.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

A merry rout or rabble that will dance a Morris

Schoole master : Cast your selves in a Body decently,
and sweetly, by a figure, trace,
and turn, Boyes.

1. And sweetly we will doe it, Master
Gerrold.

2. Draw up the Company. Where's
the Taborour ?

3. Why, *Timothy* !

Taborer : Here, my mad boyes, have at ye.

Schoole master : But I say where's their women ?

4. Here's *Friz* and *Maudline*.

2. And little *Luce* with the white legs,
and bouncing *Barbery*,

1. And freckeled *Nel* ; that never faile
her Master.

Schoole master : Wher be your Ribands, maids ?
fwym with your Bodies,
And carry it sweetly, and deliverly,
And now and then a fauour, and a
friske.

JOHN FLETCHER AND WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

The Rurall Dance about the May-pole

Come, lasses and ladds,
Take leave of your Dadds,
And away to the *May-pole* hey ;
For every he
Has got him a she
With a Minstrill standing by ;

JEST AND YOUTHFUL JOLLITY

For *Willy* has gotten his *Jill*,
And *Jonny* has got his *Jone*,
To jig it, jig it, jig it, jig it,
Jig it up and down.

Strike up, says *Wat*,
Agreed, says *Kate*,
And I prethee, Fidler, play,
Content, says *Hodge*,
And so says *Madge*,
For this is a Holliday.
Then every man did put
His Hat off to his Lasse,
And every Girle did curchy,
Curchy, curchy on the Graffe.

Begin, says *Hall*,
I, I, says *Mall*,
Wee'l lead up *Packinton's* pound ;
No no, says *Noll*,
And so says *Doll*,
Wee'l first have *Sellenger's* round ;
Then every man began to foot it round about ;
And every Girle did jet it, jet it, jet it in and out.

Y'are out, says *Dick*,
'Tis a lye, says *Nick*,
The Fidler playd it false ;
'Tis true, says *Hugh*,
And so says *Sue*,
And so says nimble *Alice* ;
The Fidler then began to play the Tune agen,
And every Girle did trip it, trip it, trip it to the
men.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

Lets Kifs, says *Jane*,
Content, says *Nan*,
And so says every she ;
How many, says *Batt*,
Why three, says *Matt*,
For that's a maiden's fee ;
But they instead of three did give 'em halfe a score,
And they in kindnesse, gave 'em, gave 'em, gave
'em as many more.

Then after an hour
They went to a bower
And played for Ale and Cakes,
And Kiffes too
Untill they were due,
The Laffes kept the stakes.
The Girles did then begin to quarrel with the men,
And bid 'em take their kiffes back, and give 'em
their own agen.

Yet there they fate,
Until it was late,
And tyr'd the Fidler quite,
With finging and playing,
Without any paying
From morning untill night.
They told the fidler then they'd pay him for his
play,
And each a 2 pence, 2 pence, 2 pence gave him
and went away.

UNKNOWN

JEST AND YOUTHFUL JOLLITY

Sister, awake

Sister, awake, close not your eies.
The day her light disclofes,
And the bright morning doth arife
Out of her bed of Roses.

See the cleere Sunne, the world's bright Eie,
In at our window peeping.
Loe how he bluseth to espie
Vs idle wenches sleeping.

Therefore awake, make hast I say,
And let vs without staying,
All in our gowns of greene so gaye
Into the Parke a Maying.

UNKNOWN

Imogen

(A Lady of Tender Age)

Ladies, where were your bright eyes glancing,
Where were they glancing yesternight ?
Saw ye Imogen dancing, dancing,
Imogen dancing all in white ?
Laughed she not with a pure delight,
Laughed she not with a joy serene,
Stepped she not with a grace entrancing,
Slenderly girt in silken sheen ?

All through the night from dusk to daytime
Under her feet the hours were swift,
Under her feet the hours of playtime
Rose and fell with a rhythmic lift :

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

Music set her adrift, adrift,
Music eddying towards the day
Swept her along as brooks in Maytime
Carry the freshly falling May.

Ladies, life is a changing measure,
Youth is a lilt that endeth soon ;
Pluck ye never so fast at pleasure,
Twilight follows the longest noon.
Nay, but here is a lasting boon,
Life for hearts that are old and chill,
Youth undying for hearts that treasure
Imogen dancing, dancing still.

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

The Blood-Warme Age

I would there were no age betweene ten and thre and twenty, or that youth would sleepe out the rest : for there is nothing (in the betweene) but getting wenches with childe, wronging the Auncientry, stealing, fighting ; hearke you now : would any but these boylde-braines of nineteene and two and twenty hunt this weather ?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

*Naturall rebellion, done i' th' blade of youth,
When oyle and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O're-beares it, and burnes on.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

*. . . A Youth to whom was given
So much of earth—so much of heaven,
And such impetuous blood.*

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

*For God's sake give me the young man who has brains
enough to make a fool of himself !*

R. L. STEVENSON

Experience, the Scholehouse of Fools

It is a notable tale, that old Syr Roger Chamloe, sometime cheife Justice, wold tell of him selfe, whan he was Auncient in Inne of Courte. Certaine yong Gentlemen were brought before him, to be corrected for certaine misorders: And one of the lustiest faide: Syr, we be yong ientlemen, and wise men before us haue proued all facions, and yet those haue done full well: this they said, because it was well knowen, that Syr Roger had bene a good feloe in his yough. But he aunswered them verie wifelie. Indeede faithe he, in yougthe, I was, as you ar now: and I had twelue feloes like unto my self, but not one of them came to a good ende. And therfore, folow not my example in yough, but folow my counsell in aige, if ever ye think to cum to this place, or to thies yeares, that I am cum unto, lesse ye meete either with pouertie or Tiburn in the way.

ROGER ASCHAM

'The desperate simplicitie of a yong wanton'

My sonne, keepe my words,
And lay up my commaundements with thee.
Keepe my commandements, and liue:
And my law as the apple of thine eye.
Bind them upon thy fingers,
Write them upon the table of thine heart.

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Say unto Wisedome, "Thou art my sifter,"
And call Understanding thy kinsfellow,
That they may keepe thee from the strange woman,
From the stranger which flattereth with her words.
For at the windowe of my house
I looked through my casement,
And behelde among the simple ones,
I discerned among the youths,
A yong man void of understanding,
Passing through the streete neere her corner,
And he went the way to her house,
In the twilight in the euening,
In the blacke and darke night :
And behold, there met him a woman,
With the attire of an harlot, and subtile of heart.
(She is loud and stubburne,
Her feet abide not in her house :
Now is shee without, now in the streetes,
And lieth in waite at euery corner.)
So she caught him, and kissed him,
And with an impudent face, said unto him,
"I haue peace offerings with me :
This day haue I paid my vowes.
Therefore came I forth to meete thee,
Diligently to seeke thy face, and I haue found thee.
I haue deckt my bed with couerings of tapestrie,
With carued workes, with fine linnen of Egypt.
I haue perfumed my bed
With myrhe, aloes, and cynamom.
Come, let us take our fill of loue untill the morning,
Let us solace ourselues with loues.
For the good-man is not at home,
He is gone a long iourney.

THE BLOOD-WARME AGE

He hath taken a bag of money in his hand,
And will come home at the New moone.”
With much faire speech she caused him to yeeld,
With the flattering of her lips she forced him.
He goeth after her straightway,
As an ox goeth to the slaughter,
Or as a foole to the correction of the stocks,
Till a dart strike through his liuer,
As a bird hasteth to the snare,
And knoweth not that it is for his life.
Hearken unto me now therefore, O ye children,
And attend to the words of my mouth.
Let not thine heart decline to her wayes,
Goe not astray in her paths.
For shee hath cast downe many wounded :
Yea many strong men haue bene slaine by her.
Her house is the way to hell,
Going downe to the chambers of death.

THE BOOK OF PROVERBS

The Prodigall Sonne

And hee said, “ A certaine man had two sonnes :
and the yonger of them said to his father, ‘ Father,
giue me the portion of goods that falleth to me.’
And he diuided unto them his liuing. And not
many dayes after, the yonger sonne gathered al
together, and took his iourney into a farre countrey,
and there wasted his substance with riotous liuing.
And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty
famine in that land, and he began to be in want.
And he went and ioyned himselfe to a citizen of

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

that countrey, and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would faine haue filled his belly with the huskes that the swine did eate: and no man gaue unto him.

“And when he came to himselfe, he said, ‘How many hired seruants of my fathers haue bread inough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and goe to my father, and will say unto him, “Father, I haue sinned against heauen and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy sonne: make me as one of thy hired seruants.”’ And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ranne, and fell on his necke, and kissed him. And the sonne said unto him, ‘Father, I haue sinned against heauen, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy sonne.’ But the father saide to his seruants, ‘Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand, and shooes on his feete. And bring hither the fatted calfe, and kill it, and let us eate, and be merrie. For this my sonne was dead, and is aliue againe; hee was lost, & is found.’ And they began to be merrie.

“Now his elder sonne was in the field, and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard musicke and dauncing, and he called one of the seruants, and asked what these things meant. And he said unto him, ‘Thy brother is come, and thy father hath killed the fatted calfe, because he hath receiued him safe and sound.’ And he was angry, and would not goe in: therefore came his father out, and intreated him. And he answering said

THE BLOOD-WARME AGE

to his father, 'Loe, these many yeeres doe I serue thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandement, and yet thou neuer gauest me a kidde, that I might make merry with my friends : but as soone as this thy sonne was come, which hath deuoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calfe.' And he said unto him, 'Sonne, thou art euer with mee, and all that I haue is thine. It was meete that wee should make merry, and bee glad : for this thy brother was dead, and is aliue againe ; and was lost, and is found.' "

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO S. LUKE

The heat and strength of youth

My father being somewhat waisted in his estate, & not able to maintaine mee (as he thought) intended to make me an apprentise to a marchant in London. And when all was concluded (which was in the yeare 1611) he found the marchant to be a papist. And, fearing mee, ([I] being a kind of libertine in France, &, as yett, such waxe in religion as was apt to take any impressiion) like a discreet man, hee broke off the agreement.

Then he took a resolution to put mee into some office ; & heard of a place in the Exchequer : but I could not write the court & chancerie hands. So my father left me, for halfe a year, with Mr. John Davis in Fleetstreet (the most famous writer of his time) to learne those hands. Who, being also a papist, with his wife & familie, their example

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

& often discourse gave growth to those thrivings I had. So that, with many conflicts in my spirit, I often debated which was the true religion.

After I had gotten those hands well, I was received by Sir Henrie Spiller, to be one of his clerkes in the exchequer office; who also, with his famelie, were some of them absolute, & others of them church-papists. Yett the nature of his office was to prosecute those who were papists (such spiritual juggling there is always for money!) And, for my part, I still stood indifferent. The noveltie of our religion, beginning, as I thought, in Luther's time (which was their great argument) did much discourage me from it. But it was not God's will I should live long in those doubts. For, a maid in the house & I falling out, I writt some verses on her, which were a little bitter; & the worse, because true. For, though I was almost two yeares among those records, yett my genius carried me to some poetical fancies. My Lady Spiller, a great papist, & one who did not love me (because, disputing with the people often in religion, finding no way fitter to discover the truth than to search into it, & being always in argument against them, I went under the notion of a puritan; but God knowes, it was rather out of contention than edification; for indeed I was nothing) shee, being provokt by the cries of the maid, was pleas'd to interpret my verses to be a libell; & left not soliciting Sir Henrie Spiller 'till I was discharg'd.

Being now at libertie, in the 18 year of my age, with some fewe crownes, I began to looke further

strivings (?).

THE BLOOD-WARME AGE

than the present. So I tooke a chamber in Holborne, & lived very thriftily, addicting my selfe much to reading & poetrie. Which though it were rawe & indigested stuff, yett it had the good in it to keepe mee from worse actions; which, sometimes, my companions would intice mee to. But I found it a violent, not a natural, motion. And, though I had no great store of religion; yett I had moral principles, which restrained me from vitious habits. Thus I continued, till my money was nere spent. And then I went home to my father; but found small comfort there. My mother being dead, & my father having a great charge of children, in a declyning estate, made his assistance the lesse. Yett I gott something of him, & something from him. That which I gott of him, hee gave mee. That which I gott from him, I tooke. For once, finding his closett open, I verie ungraciouſlie tooke from him ten Barberie dukatts out of a little box: which cost me many a teare since, when I seriously call'd to mind the injustice & wickedness of the fact. But this would not last. What should I doe when it was gone? My desires to be gone to London againe (however) were as active as my feares to be discovered when I was at home. The next place my fancie hitt on was the East-Indies, or any remote part of the world; for which I sought a conveniencie. Sin is never secure, nor content; my affections were tottering: being without foundation. And now, about the 19 year of my age, being in this wavering condition; my cousen Mrs. Nixon & ever my deare friend, spoke to Mr. Wingfield (with whom she had

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

often neighbourlie converse) a grave gentleman, & steward to the Earle of Effex, to lett me goe downe with him into the countrie that summer. And shee promised me to find out some place more fuitable to my imployment against the winter. So I most willingly accepted the condition. And 'twas (I blesse God for it) a good diversion from those loose & ill composed thoughts which possesse mee, to be nere a gentleman of so much integritie and honestie: so downe I went with him.

Towards Michaelmas, being at Chartley in Staffordshire, there was a soudaine alarum in the house after dinner, which caus'd, though a short, yett a great disturbance. Some thought the house had been on fire; others, that there had been theeves. So that some run one way some another. My Lord of Effex, & some lords & gentlemen with him, ran out on the draw-bridge (for the house had a very deepe mote about it). I run, where I sawe others run, into the laundrie. When I came there I found the cause. For one of the landry maids, rinsing clothes in the mote upon a little gallerie for that purpose, shee fell into the water. Another of the maids, coming to help her, was pull'd in by her. The third to help both was pull'd in by both: which caus'd the shriekes & noyse which begott this disturbance. The two last gott out by the help of poles the first comers reacht to them. But shee who fell in first, with the plunging of the water was driven without reach, or fence, of taking hold. So that my Lord of Effex, and all who stood on the bridge, cried outt, Now shee sincks! Now shee's gone!

THE BLOOD-WARME AGE

I came in (as God would have it) juſt as ſhe was foe; & had only a glimpse of where ſhee funke. And [there] being noe time to ſtudy, what to doe? [I] infantly, with a running lep, bounced into the water. My plunging there brought her up againe. And, holding her up with one arm, I ſwum with the other: the people drew her out, &, with much ado, recovered her.

For this my Lord of Effex took mee into liking, & would have me waite on him in his chamber. And he preſently furniſht me with clothes which begott envie; & intruſted mee with keeping his private purſe. For I had, within few dayes after I came to him, 100 l. delivered to me to diſburſe for his private occaſions. I deſerv'd not this mercy, conſidering how unfaithfull I had bene to him who intruſted me with my life. And, as this new favor begott me envie, ſo it bred me quarrels. For one Whitmore, a gent. who had relation to the Earl of Hertford being then at Draiton, ſpoke ſomewhat flightly of mee. Which I, not having a ſpirit to indure, a duel was appointed betwixt us. Which being taken notice of in the houſe, the porter was commanded not to ſuffer us to goe out.

But I loſt not a minute of the appointed time; (ſo circumſpect are the doters upon this ſinfull credit!) For I went over a great brick-wall, & ſtaid at the place for my man: who not coming, I returned. And, the buſineſſe being examined, his provocation & backwardnes in execution made him appeare leſſe, & mee more. But, O Lord, how did I precipitate my ſelfe in gayning a litle honor in this world, to be eternallie in diſgrace with thee!

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Now I began to gather more knowledge. And, being out of the societie of papists, I became a confirmed protestant: but found nothing of the sweetnes of religion.

In this heat & strength of youth, though a little man, I durst grapple in wrastring with the greatest. Some gentlemen discourfing with my Lord of Effex about wrastring, one Welsh, an Irishman, being then in company, challeng'd any man to wraastle with him. And, with my lord's leave, I undertooke him, & threw him. Which so inrag'd the man, that hee came to me privately that evening, & challeng'd me to meet him, the next morning, in the field. We mett, & fought fingle sword. I run him, at the first bout, into the right arme by the wrist. Which cut the finewes soe that he could not hold his sword. Which, taking into his left-hand, the second bout I closed with him, & tooke his sword away. But, in striving with him for it, I cut my fingers sleightly with his sword: which was all the hurt I had. This was a fine piece of bravery to bringe a man to the brinke of destrucion. And, how near wee came to it, Lord thou knowest! I tasted of it, in mayming of his body; but I had drunke deepe, if I had destroyed both his soule & my owne.

This kind of gallantrie I continew'd in with this noble lord. Yett, in the inter-mixture of time, I would steale to my booke. For I loved the sweetnes of philosophie & historie, I found it such an imbelishment to discourse. And I had a natural pride which raised mee to an affection to understand, as nere as I could, any thing which I had the least

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hint of. For I never left working, if it were within ken, 'till I gave my selfe some probable satisfaction of the right understanding of it. And, though I knew my fortune would not permit me to be a lover, yett I was foe amorous as to expresse it foolishly in verse; & every beautiful object was a fit theme for my fancy: thinking then of no other heaven but a good face.

Bred up thus under this brave lord who lov'd me (& I was faithfull & diligent to him) I past some yeares with contentment, more addicted to my booke & his service, than other sensual appetites; which I sawe many of my acquaintance prone to. And, having got a reputation of valour, I had many quarrells & single duells; more provok'd to them, than willing to accept them (being then the fashion of the times!) And, I blesse God, I neither lost limb nor credit.

Two remarkable actions, wherein I found the hand of God's protection, I shall specially observe. Sir Peter Lee of Lime in Cheshire invited my lord one summer, to hunt the stagge. And, having a great stagge in chace, & many gentlemen in the pursuite, the stagge took soyle. And divers (whereof I was one) alighted, & stood with swords drawne, to have a cut at him, at his coming out of the water. The staggs there, being wonderfull fierce & dangerous, made us youthes more eager to be at him. But he escaped us all. And, it was my misfortune to be hinder'd of my coming nere him, the way being sliperie, by a fall. Which gave occasion to some, who did not know mee, to speak as if I had falne for feare. Which being told mee, I left the

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stag, & followed the gentleman who spake it. But I found him of that cold temper, that, it seemes, his words made an escape from him; as by his denyall & repentance it appeared. But this made mee more violent in per-suite of the stag, to recover my reputation. And I happened to be the onely horseman in, when the dogs sett him up at a bay, &, approaching nere him on horsebacke, hee broke through the dogs, & run at mee, & tore my horse's side with his hornes, close by my thigh. Then I quitted my horse, & grew more cunning (for the dogs had sett him up againe) stealing behind him with my sword, & cut his hamstrings; & then got upon his back, & cut his throate. Which as I was doing, the company came in, & blamed my rashness, for running such a hazard.

The other remarkable mercie was hunting in Needwood Forest. Sir Charles Egerton & I being together in a full carriere, looking & speaking to him, I run under a great arme of an oake, & sawe it not, till my horse's head was under it. Impossible to stop him, I threw my self instantly from my saddle backward, lighting on my feet without hurt. But my horse run under the tree, breaking his saddle in peeces, & indangering the breaking of his back. To name the sawe pitts & deepe ditches, where my horses have been forced out with ropes; & the dangerous falls I have escaped, in the violence of hunting, would be too tedious. But, my God, to thee I hope I shall never forget them!

ARTHUR WILSON

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A Shippe without Pilot

Hee is now out of Nature's protection, though not yet able to guide himselfe : But left loose to the World, and Fortune from which the weaknesse of his Childhood preserv'd him : And now his strength exposes him. He is indeed just of age to be miserable, yet in his owne conceit first beginnes to be happy ; and he is happier in this imagination, and his misery not felt is lesse. He sees yet but the outside of the World and Men and conceives them according to their appearing glister, and out of this ignorance beleeves them. He pursues all vanities for happinesse, and enjoyes them best in this fancy. His reason serves not to curbe, but understand his appetite, and prosecute the motions thereof with a more eager earnestnes. Himselfe is his owne temptation, and needs not Satan, and the World will come hereafter. He leaves repentance for gray haire, and performes it in being covetous. He is mingled with the vices of the age as the fashion and custome, with which he longs to bee acquainted ; and Sinnes to better his understanding. He conceives his Youth as the season of his Lust, and the houre wherein hee ought to be bad : and because he would not lose his time, spends it. He distastes Religion as a sad thing, and is fixe yeeres elder for a thought of Heaven. Hee scornes and feares, and yet hopes for old age, but dare not imagine it with wrinkles. Hee loves and hates with the same inflammation : and when the heat is over is coole alike to friends and enemies. His friendship is seldom so stedfast, but that lust,

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drinke, or anger may overturne it. He offers you his blood to day in kindnesse, and is ready to take yours to morrow. He do's feldome any thing which hee wifhes not to doe againe, and is onely wife after a misfortune. Hee suffers much for his knowledge, and a great deale of folly it is makes him a wife man. He is free from many Vices, by being not grown to the performance, and is onely more vertuous out of weakenesse. Every action is his danger, & every man his ambufh. Hee is a Shippe without Pilot or Tackling, and onely good fortune may steere him. If he scape this age a hee ha's scap't a Tempest, and may live to be a Man.

JOHN EARLE

' His heart's best brother '

Alas ! they had been friends in youth ;
But whispering tongues can poison truth ;
And constancy lives in realms above ;
And life is thorny ; and youth is vain ;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

The Song of David

Oh, the wild joys of living ! the leaping from rock
up to rock—
The strong rending of boughs from the fir-tree,—
the cool silver shock

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Of the plunge in a pool's living water,—the hunt
of the bear,
And the sultriness showing the lion is couched in
his lair.
And the meal—the rich dates yellowed over with
gold dust divine,
And the locust's-flesh steeped in the pitcher! the
full draught of wine,
And the sleep in the dried river-channel where
bulrushes tell
That the water was wont to go warbling so softly
and well.
How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit
to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses, for ever
in joy!

ROBERT BROWNING

A little House-warming

It was a remarkable instance of want of forethought on the part of the ironmonger who had made Mrs. Crupp's kitchen fireplace, that it was capable of cooking nothing but chops and mashed potatoes. As to a fish-kettle, Mrs. Crupp said, well! would I only come and look at the range? She couldn't say fairer than that. Would I come and look at it? As I should not have been much the wiser if I *had* looked at it, I declined, and said, "Never mind fish." But Mrs. Crupp said, Don't say that; oysters was in, why not them? So *that* was settled. Mrs. Crupp then said what she would

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recommend would be this. A pair of hot roast fowls—from the pastry-cook's; a dish of stewed beef, with vegetables—from the pastry-cook's; two little corner things, as a raised pie and a dish of kidneys—from the pastry-cook's; a tart, and (if I liked) a shape of jelly—from the pastry-cook's. This, Mrs. Crupp said, would leave her at full liberty to concentrate her mind on the potatoes, and to serve up the cheese and celery as she could wish to see it done.

I acted on Mrs. Crupp's opinion, and gave the order at the pastry-cook's myself. Walking along the Strand, afterwards, and observing a hard mottled substance in the window of a ham and beef shop, which resembled marble, but was labelled "Mock Turtle," I went in and bought a slab of it, which I have since seen reason to believe would have sufficed for fifteen people. This preparation, Mrs. Crupp, after some difficulty, consented to warm up; and it shrunk so much in a liquid state, that we found it what Steerforth called "rather a tight fit" for four.

These preparations happily completed, I bought a little dessert in Covent Garden Market, and gave a rather extensive order at a retail wine-merchant's in that vicinity. When I came home in the afternoon, and saw the bottles drawn up in a square on the pantry-floor, they looked so numerous (though there were two missing, which made Mrs. Crupp very uncomfortable), that I was absolutely frightened at them.

One of Steerforth's friends was named Grainger, and the other Markham. They were both very

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gay and lively fellows ; Grainger, something older than Steerforth ; Markham, youthful-looking, and I should say not more than twenty. I observed that the latter always spoke of himself indefinitely, as " a man," and seldom or never in the first person singular.

" A man might get on very well here, Mr. Copperfield," said Markham—meaning himself.

" It's not a bad situation," said I, " and the rooms are really commodious."

" I hope you have both brought appetites with you ? " said Steerforth.

" Upon my honour," returned Markham, " town seems to sharpen a man's appetite. A man is hungry all day long. A man is perpetually eating."

Being a little embarrassed at first, and feeling much too young to preside, I made Steerforth take the head of the table when dinner was announced, and seated myself opposite to him. Everything was very good ; we did not spare the wine ; and he exerted himself so brilliantly to make the thing pass off well, that there was no pause in our festivity. I was not quite such good company during dinner as I could have wished to be, for my chair was opposite the door, and my attention was distracted by observing that the handy young man went out of the room very often, and that his shadow always presented itself, immediately afterwards, on the wall of the entry, with a bottle at its mouth. The " young gal " likewise occasioned me some uneasiness : not so much by neglecting to wash the plates, as by breaking them. For being of an inquisitive disposition, and unable to confine

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herself (as her positive instructions were) to the pantry, she was constantly peering in at us, and constantly imagining herself detected; in which belief, she several times retired upon the plates (with which she had carefully paved the floor), and did a great deal of destruction.

These, however, were small drawbacks, and easily forgotten when the cloth was cleared, and the dessert put on the table; at which period of the entertainment the handy young man was discovered to be speechless. Giving him private directions to seek the society of Mrs. Crupp, and to remove the "young gal" to the basement also, I abandoned myself to enjoyment.

I began, by being singularly cheerful and light-hearted; all sorts of half-forgotten things to talk about, came rushing into my mind, and made me hold forth in a most unwonted manner. I laughed heartily at my own jokes, and everybody else's; called Steerforth to order for not passing the wine; made several engagements to go to Oxford; announced that I meant to have a dinner-party exactly like that, once a week, until further notice; and madly took so much snuff out of Grainger's box, that I was obliged to go into the pantry, and have a private fit of sneezing ten minutes long.

I went on, by passing the wine faster and faster yet, and continually starting up with a corkscrew to open more wine, long before any was needed. I proposed Steerforth's health. I said he was my dearest friend, the protector of my boyhood, and the companion of my prime. I said I was delighted to propose his health. I said I owed him more

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obligations than I could ever repay, and held him in a higher admiration than I could ever express. I finished by saying, "I'll give you Steerforth! God bless him! Hurrah!" We gave him three times three, and another, and a good one to finish with. I broke my glass in going round the table to shake hands with him, and I said (in two words) "Steerforth, you're the guiding star of my existence."

I went on, by finding suddenly that somebody was in the middle of a song. Markham was the singer, and he sang "When the heart of a man is depressed with care." He said, when he had sung it, he would give us "Woman!" I took objection to that, and I couldn't allow it. I said it was not a respectful way of proposing the toast, and I would never permit that toast to be drunk in my house otherwise than as "The Ladies!" I was very high with him, mainly I think because I saw Steerforth and Grainger laughing at me—or at him—or at both of us. He said a man was not to be dictated to. I said a man *was*. He said a man was not to be insulted, then. I said he was right there—never under my roof, where the Lares were sacred, and the laws of hospitality paramount. He said it was no derogation from a man's dignity to confess that I was a devilish good fellow. I instantly proposed his health.

Somebody was smoking. We were all smoking. I was smoking, and trying to repress a rising tendency to shudder. Steerforth had made a speech about me, in the course of which I had been affected almost to tears. I returned thanks, and hoped the present company would dine with me to-morrow,

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and the day after—each day at five o'clock, that we might enjoy the pleasures of conversation and society through a long evening. I felt called upon to propose an individual. I would give them my aunt. Miss Betsey Trotwood, the best of her sex!

Somebody was leaning out of my bedroom window, refreshing his forehead against the cool stone of the parapet, and feeling the air upon his face. It was myself. I was addressing myself as "Copperfield," and saying, "Why did you try to smoke? You might have known you couldn't do it." Now, somebody was unsteadily contemplating his features in the looking-glass. That was I too. I was very pale in the looking-glass; my eyes had a vacant appearance; and my hair—only my hair, nothing else—looked drunk.

Somebody said to me, "Let us go to the theatre, Copperfield!" There was no bed-room before me, but again the jingling table covered with glasses; the lamp; Grainger on my right hand, Markham on my left, and Steerforth opposite—all sitting in a mist, and a long way off. The theatre? To be sure. The very thing. Come along! But they must excuse me if I saw everybody out first, and turned the lamp off—in case of fire.

Owing to some confusion in the dark, the door was gone. I was feeling for it in the window-curtains, when Steerforth, laughing, took me by the arm and led me out. We went down-stairs, one behind another. Near the bottom, somebody fell, and rolled down. Somebody else said it was Copperfield. I was angry at that false report, until, finding myself on my back in the passage, I

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began to think there might be some foundation for it.

A very foggy night, with great rings round the lamps in the streets ! There was an indistinct talk of its being wet. I considered it frosty. Steerforth dusted me under a lamp-post, and put my hat into shape, which somebody produced from somewhere in a most extraordinary manner, for I hadn't had it on before. Steerforth then said, " You are all right, Copperfield, are you not ? " and I told him, " Neverberrer."

A man, sitting in a pigeon-hole-place, looked out of the fog, and took money from somebody, inquiring if I was one of the gentlemen paid for, and appearing rather doubtful (as I remember in the glimpse I had of him) whether to take the money for me or not. Shortly afterwards, we were very high up in a very hot theatre, looking down into a large pit, that seemed to me to smoke ; the people with whom it was crammed were so indistinct. There was a great stage, too, looking very clean and smooth after the streets ; and there were people upon it, talking about something or other, but not at all intelligibly. There was an abundance of bright lights, and there was music, and there were ladies down in the boxes, and I don't know what more. The whole building looked to me as if it were learning to swim ; it conducted itself in such an unaccountable manner, when I tried to steady it.

On somebody's motion, we resolved to go downstairs to the dress-boxes, where the ladies were. A gentleman lounging, full dressed, on a sofa, with an opera-glass in his hand, passed before my view,

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and also my own figure at full length in a glass. Then I was being ushered into one of these boxes, and found myself saying something as I sat down, and people about me crying "Silence!" to somebody, and ladies casting indignant glances at me, and—what! yes!—Agnes, sitting on the seat before me, in the same box, with a lady and gentleman beside her, whom I didn't know. I see her face now, better than I did then, I dare say, with its indelible look of regret and wonder turned upon me.

"Agnes!" I said, thickly, "Lorblessmer! Agnes!"

"Hush! Pray!" she answered, I could not conceive why. "You disturb the company. Look at the stage!"

I tried, on her injunction, to fix it, and to hear something of what was going on there, but quite in vain. I looked at her again by-and-bye, and saw her shrink into her corner, and put her gloved hand to her forehead.

"Agnes!" I said. "I'm afraid you're not well."

"Yes, yes. Do not mind me, Trotwood," she returned. "Listen! Are you going away soon?"

"Amigo away soon?" I repeated.

"Yes."

I had a stupid intention of replying, that I was going to wait, to hand her down-stairs. I suppose I expressed it somehow; for, after she had looked at me attentively for a little while, she appeared to understand, and replied in a low tone:

"I know you will do as I ask you, if I tell you I am very earnest in it. Go away now, Trotwood, for my sake, and ask your friends to take you home."

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She had so far improved me, for the time, that though I was angry with her, I felt ashamed, and with a short "Goori!" (which I intended for "Good-night"!) got up and went away. They followed, and I stepped at once out of the box-door into my bedroom, where only Steerforth was with me, helping me to undress, and where I was by turns telling him that Agnes was my sister, and adjuring him to bring the corkscrew, that I might open another bottle of wine.

How somebody, lying in my bed, lay saying and doing all this over again, at cross purposes, in a feverish dream all night—the bed a rocking sea that was never still! How, as that somebody slowly settled down into myself, did I begin to parch, and feel as if my outer covering of skin were a hard board; my tongue the bottom of an empty kettle, furred with long service, and burning up over a slow fire; the palms of my hands, hot plates of metal which no ice could cool!

But the agony of mind, the remorse, and shame I felt, when I became conscious next day! My horror of having committed a thousand offences I had forgotten, and which nothing could ever expiate—my recollection of that indelible look which Agnes had given me—the torturing impossibility of communicating with her, not knowing, Beast that I was, how she came to be in London, or where she stayed—my disgust of the very sight of the room where the revel had been held—my racking head—the smell of smoke, the sight of glasses, the impossibility of going out, or even getting up! Oh, what a day it was!

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Oh, what an evening, when I sat down by my fire to a basin of mutton broth, dimpled all over with fat, and thought I was going the way of my predecessor, and should succeed to his dismal story as well as to his chambers, and had half a mind to rush express to Dover and reveal all ! What an evening, when Mrs. Crupp, coming in to take away the broth-basin, produced one kidney on a cheese-plate as the entire remains of yesterday's feast, and I was really inclined to fall upon her nankeen breast, and say, in heartfelt penitence, " Oh, Mrs. Crupp, Mrs. Crupp, never mind the broken meats ! I am very miserable ! "—only that I doubted, even at that pass, if Mrs. Crupp were quite the sort of woman to confide in !

CHARLES DICKENS

At the Post Office

I was always on the eve of being dismissed, and yet was always striving to show how good a public servant I could become, if only a chance were given me. But the chance went the wrong way. On one occasion, in the performance of my duty, I had to put a private letter containing bank-notes on the secretary's table,—which letter I had duly opened, as it was not marked private. The letter was seen by the Colonel, but had not been moved by him when he left the room. On his return it was gone. In the meantime I had returned to the room, again in the performance of some duty. When the letter was missed I was sent for, and there

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I found the Colonel much moved about his letter, and a certain chief clerk, who, with a long face, was making suggestions as to the probable fate of the money. "The letter has been taken," said the Colonel, turning to me angrily, "and, by G——! there has been nobody in the room but you and I." As he spoke, he thundered his fist down upon the table. "Then," said I, "by G——! you have taken it." And I also thundered my fist down;—but, accidentally, not upon the table. There was there a standing movable desk, at which, I presume, it was the Colonel's habit to write, and on this movable desk was a large bottle full of ink. My fist unfortunately came on the desk, and the ink at once flew up, covering the Colonel's face and shirt-front. Then it was a sight to see that senior clerk, as he seized a quire of blotting-paper, and rushed to the aid of his superior officer, striving to mop up the ink; and a sight also to see the Colonel, in his agony, hit right out through the blotting-paper at that senior clerk's unoffending stomach. At that moment there came in the Colonel's private secretary, with the letter and the money, and I was desired to go back to my own room. This was an incident not much in my favour, though I do not know that it did me special harm.

I was always in trouble. A young woman down in the country had taken it into her head that she would like to marry me,—and a very foolish young woman she must have been to entertain such a wish. I need not tell that part of the story more at length, otherwise than by protesting that no young man in such a position was ever much less

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to blame than I had been in this. The invitation had come from her, and I had lacked the pluck to give it a decided negative; but I had left the house within half an hour, going away without my dinner, and had never returned to it. Then there was a correspondence,—if that can be called a correspondence in which all the letters came from one side. At last the mother appeared at the Post Office. My hair almost stands on my head now as I remember the figure of the woman walking into the big room in which I sat with six or seven other clerks, having a large basket on her arm and an immense bonnet on her head. The messenger had vainly endeavoured to persuade her to remain in the ante-room. She followed the man in, and walking up the centre of the room, addressed me in a loud voice: "Anthony Trollope, when are you going to marry my daughter?" We have all had our worst moments, and that was one of my worst. I lived through it, however, and did not marry the young lady. These little incidents were all against me at the office.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE

The Flight in the Heather

The second night, or rather the peep of the third day, found us upon a very open hill, so that we could not follow our usual plan and lie down immediately to eat and sleep. Before we had reached a place of shelter, the grey had come pretty clear, for though it still rained, the clouds

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ran higher ; and Alan, looking in my face, showed some marks of concern.

"Ye had better let me take your pack," said he, for perhaps the ninth time since we had parted from the scout beside Loch Rannoch.

"I do very well, I thank you," said I, as cold as ice.

Alan flushed darkly. "I'll not offer it again," he said. "I'm not a patient man, David."

"I never said you were," said I, which was exactly the rude, silly speech of a boy of ten.

Alan made no answer at the time, but his conduct answered for him. Henceforth, it is to be thought, he quite forgave himself for the affair at Cluny's ; cocked his hat again, walked jauntily, whistled airs, and looked at me upon one side with a provoking smile.

The third night we were to pass through the western end of the country of Balquidder. It came clear and cold, with a touch in the air like frost, and a northerly wind that blew the clouds away and made the stars bright. The streams were full, of course, and still made a great noise among the hills ; but I observed that Alan thought no more upon the Kelpie, and was in high good spirits. As for me, the change of weather came too late ; I had lain in the mire so long that (as the Bible has it) my very clothes "abhorred me" ; I was dead weary, deadly sick and full of pains and shiverings ; the chill of the wind went through me, and the sound of it confused my ears. In this poor state I had to bear from my companion something in the nature of a persecution. He spoke a good

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deal, and never without a taunt. "Whig" was the best name he had to give me. "Here," he would say, "here's a dub for ye to jump, my Whiggie! I ken you're a fine jumper!" And so on; all the time with a gibing voice and face.

I knew it was my own doing, and no one else's; but I was too miserable to repent. I felt I could drag myself but little farther; pretty soon, I must lie down and die on these wet mountains like a sheep or a fox, and my bones must whiten there like the bones of a beast. My head was light, perhaps; but I began to love the prospect, I began to glory in the thought of such a death, alone in the desert, with the wild eagles besieging my last moments. Alan would repent then, I thought; he would remember, when I was dead, how much he owed me, and the remembrance would be torture. So I went like a sick, silly, and bad-hearted schoolboy, feeding my anger against a fellow-man, when I would have been better on my knees, crying on God for mercy. And at each of Alan's taunts, I hugged myself. "Ah!" thinks I to myself, "I have a better taunt in readiness; when I lie down and die, you will feel it like a buffet in your face; ah, what a revenge! ah, how you will regret your ingratitude and cruelty!"

All the while, I was growing worse and worse. Once I had fallen, my legs simply doubling under me, and this had struck Alan for the moment; but I was afoot so briskly, and set off again with such a natural manner, that he soon forgot the incident. Flushes of heat went over me, and then spasms of shuddering. The stitch in my side was

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hardly bearable. At last I began to feel that I could trail myself no farther : and with that, there came on me all at once the wish to have it out with Alan, let my anger blaze, and be done with my life in a more sudden manner. He had just called me " Whig." I stopped.

" Mr. Stewart," said I, in a voice that quivered like a fiddle-string, " you are older than I am, and should know your manners. Do you think it either very wise or very witty to cast my politics in my teeth ? I thought, when folk differed, it was the part of gentlemen to differ civilly ; and if I did not, I may tell you I could find a better taunt than some of yours."

Alan had stopped opposite to me, his hat cocked, his hands in his breeches pockets, his head a little on one side. He listened, smiling evilly, as I could see by the starlight ; and when I had done he began to whistle a Jacobite air. It was the air made in mockery of General Cope's defeat at Preston Pans :—

" Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' yet ?
And are your drums a-beatin' yet ? "

And it came in my mind that Alan, on the day of that battle, had been engaged upon the royal side.

" Why do you take that air, Mr. Stewart ? " said I. " Is that to remind me you have been beaten on both sides ? "

The air stopped on Alan's lips. " David ! " said he.

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"But it's time these manners ceased," I continued; "and I mean you shall henceforth speak civilly of my King and my good friends the Campbells."

"I am a Stewart——" began Alan.

"Oh!" says I, "I ken ye bear a king's name. But you are to remember, since I have been in the Highlands, I have seen a good many of those that bear it; and the best I can say of them is this, that they would be none the worse of washing."

"Do you know that you insult me?" said Alan, very low.

"I am sorry for that," said I, "for I am not done; and if you distaste the sermon, I doubt the pirlicue will please you as little. You have been chased in the field by the grown men of my party; it seems a poor kind of pleasure to outface a boy. Both the Campbells and the Whigs have beaten you; you have run before them like a hare. It behoves you to speak of them as of your betters."

Alan stood quite still, the tails of his greatcoat clapping behind him in the wind.

"This is a pity," he said at last. "There are things said that cannot be passed over."

"I never asked you to," said I. "I am as ready as yourself."

"Ready?" said he.

"Ready," I repeated. "I am no blower and boaster like some that I could name. Come on!" And drawing my sword, I fell on guard as Alan himself had taught me.

"David!" he cried. "Are ye daft? I cannae draw upon ye, David. It's fair murder."

THE BLOOD-WARME AGE

"That was your look-out when you insulted me," said I.

"It's the truth!" cried Alan, and he stood for a moment, wringing his mouth in his hand like a man in sore perplexity. "It's the bare truth," he said, and drew his sword. But before I could touch his blade with mine, he had thrown it from him and fallen to the ground. "Na, na," he kept saying, "na, na—I cannae, I cannae."

At this the last of my anger oozed all out of me; and I found myself only sick, and sorry, and blank, and wondering at myself. I would have given the world to take back what I had said; but a word once spoken, who can re-capture it? I minded me of all Alan's kindness and courage in the past, how he had helped and cheered and borne with me in our evil days; and then recalled my own insults, and saw that I had lost for ever that doughty friend. At the same time, the sickness that hung upon me seemed to redouble, and the pang in my side was like a sword for sharpness. I thought I must have swooned where I stood.

This it was that gave me a thought. No apology could blot out what I had said; it was needless to think of one, none could cover the offence; but where an apology was vain, a mere cry for help might bring Alan back to my side. I put my pride away from me. "Alan!" I said; "if you cannae help me, I must just die here."

He started up sitting, and looked at me.

"It's true," said I. "I'm by with it. Oh, let me get into the bield of a house—I'll can die there easier." I had no need to pretend; whether I

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chose or not, I spoke in a weeping voice that would have melted a heart of stone.

"Can ye walk?" asked Alan.

"No," said I, "not without help. This last hour, my legs have been fainting under me; I've a stitch in my side like a red-hot iron; I cannae breathe right. If I die, ye'll can forgive me, Alan? In my heart, I liked ye fine—even when I was the angriest."

"Wheesht, wheesht!" cried Alan. "Dinnae say that! David man, ye ken——" He shut his mouth upon a sob. "Let me get my arm about ye," he continued; "that's the way! Now lean upon me hard. Gude kens where there's a house! We're in Balwhidder, too; there should be no want of houses, no, nor friends' houses here. Do ye gang easier so, Davie?"

"Ay," said I, "I can be doing this way"; and I pressed his arm with my hand.

Again he came near sobbing. "Davie," said he, "I'm no a right man at all; I have neither sense nor kindness; I couldnae remember ye were just a bairn, I couldnae see ye were dying on your feet; Davie, ye'll have to try and forgive me."

"Oh, man, let's say no more about it!" said I. "We're neither one of us to mend the other—that's the truth! We must just bear and forbear, man Alan! Oh, but my stitch is sore! Is there nae house?"

"I'll find a house to ye, David," he said, stoutly. "We'll follow down the burn, where there's bound to be houses. My poor man, will ye no be better on my back?"

THE BLOOD-WARME AGE

"Oh, Alan," says I, "and me a good twelve inches taller?"

"Ye're no such a thing," cried Alan, with a start. "There may be a trifling matter of an inch or two; I'm no saying I'm just exactly what ye would call a tall man, whatever; and I dare say," he added, his voice tailing off in a laughable manner, "now when I come to think of it, I dare say ye'll be just about right. Ay, it'll be a foot, or near hand; or may be even mair!"

It was sweet and laughable to hear Alan eat his words up in the fear of some fresh quarrel. I could have laughed, had not my stitch caught me so hard; but if I had laughed, I think I must have wept too.

"Alan," cried I, "what makes ye so good to me? what makes ye care for such a thankless fellow?"

"Deed, and I don't know," said Alan. "For just precisely what I thought I liked about ye, was that ye never quarrelled;—and now I like ye better!"

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

dub : puddle.

pirlicue : second sermon.

bield : shelter.

*The Aims and Ends of
Burning Youth*

And it shall come to passe afterward, that I will powre out my Spirit upon all flesh ; and your sonnes and your daughters shall prophecie, your old men shall dreame dreames, your yong men shall see visions.

THE BOOK OF JOEL

The imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy ; but there is a space of life between, in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted.

JOHN KEATS

Almost everything that is great has been done by youth. . . . Do not suppose . . . that I hold that youth is genius ; all that I say is, that genius, when young, is divine.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI

Iesus and the rich young ruler

AND when he was gone forth into the way, there came one running, and kneeled to him, and asked him, "Good master, what shal I doe that I may inherit eternall life?" And Iesus said unto him, "Why callest thou me good? There is no man good, but one, that is God. Thou knowest the Commandements, Doe not commit adulterie, Doe not kill, Doe not steale, Doe not beare false witnessse, Defraud not, Honour thy father, and mother." And hee answered and saide unto him, "Master, all these haue I obserued from my youth." Then Iesus beholding him, loued him, and said unto him, "One thing thou lackest: Goe thy way, sell whatsoeuer thou hast, and giue to the poore, and thou shalt haue treasure in heauen, and come take up the crosse & folow me."

And hee was sad at that saying, and went away grieved: for hee had great possessions.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO S. MARK

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The Hidden Good

How desolate !
Ah ! how forlorn, how sadly did I stand
When in the field my woful State
I felt ! Not all the Land,
Not all the Skies,
Tho Heven shin'd before mine Eys,
Could Comfort yield in any Field to me,
Nor could my Mind Contentment find or see.
Remov'd from Town,
From People, Churches, Feasts, & Holidays,
The Sword of State, the Mayor's Gown,
And all the Neighb'ring Boys ;
As if no Kings
On Earth there were, or living Things,
The silent Skies salute mine Eys, the Seas
My Soul furround ; no Rest I found, or Eas.
My roving Mind
Search'd evry Corner of the spacious Earth,
From Sky to Sky, if it could find
(But found not) any Mirth :
Not all the Coasts,
Nor all the great & glorious Hofts,
In Hev'n or Earth, did any Mirth afford ;
No welcom Good or needed Food, my Board.
I do believ,
The Ev'ning being shady & obscure,
The very Silence did me griev,
And Sorrow more procure :
A secret Want
Did make me think my Fortune scant.

THE AIMS AND ENDS OF BURNING YOUTH

I was so blind, I could not find my Health,
No Joy mine Ey could there espy, nor Wealth.

Nor could I ghes
What kind of thing I long'd for : But that I
Did somewhat lack of Blessedness,
Beside the Earth & Sky,
I plainly found ;
It griev'd me much, I felt a Wound
Perplex me fore ; yet what my Store should be
I did not know, nothing would shew to me.

Ye fullen Things !
Ye dumb, ye silent Creatures, & unkind !
How can I call you Pleasant Springs
Unless ye eas my Mind !
Will ye not speak
What 'tis I want, nor Silence break ?
O pity me, and let me see som Joy ;
Som Kindness shew to me, altho a Boy.

THOMAS TRAHERNE

Pitt's retort to Walpole

The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has with such spirit and decency charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny, but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience.

Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, Sir, assume the province of determining ; but surely age may become iustly

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contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

'Not in Utopia'

O pleasant exercise of hope and joy !
For mighty were the auxiliars which then stood
Upon our side, us who were strong in love !
Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very Heaven ! O times,
In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways
Of custom, law, and statute, took at once
The attraction of a country in romance !
When Reason seemed the most to assert her rights
When most intent on making of herself
A prime enchantress—to assist the work,
Which then was going forward in her name !
Not favoured spots alone, but the whole Earth,
The beauty wore of promise—that which sets
(As at some moments might not be unfelt
Among the bowers of Paradise itself)
The budding rose above the rose full blown. . . .
Why should I not confess that Earth was then
To me, what an inheritance, new-fallen,
Seems, when the first time visited, to one
Who thither comes to find in it his home ?
He walks about, and looks upon the spot
With cordial transport, moulds it and remoulds,
And is half pleased with things that are amiss,
'Twill be such joy to see them disappear.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

THE AIMS AND ENDS OF BURNING YOUTH

Disembodied transports

If I had reaped no other benefit from Christ Hospital, the school would be ever dear to me from the recollection of the friendships I formed in it, and of the first heavenly taste it gave me of that most spiritual of the affections. I use the word "heavenly" advisedly; and I call friendship the most spiritual of the affections, because even one's kindred, in partaking of our flesh and blood, become, in a manner, mixed up with our entire being. Not that I would disparage any other form of affection, worshipping, as I do, all forms of it, love in particular, which, in its highest state, is friendship and something more. But if ever I tasted a disembodied transport on earth, it was in those friendships which I entertained at school, before I dreamt of any maturer feeling. I shall never forget the impression it first made on me. I loved my friend for his gentleness, his candour, his truth, his good repute, his freedom even from my own livelier manner, his calm and reasonable kindness. It was not any particular talent that attracted me to him, or anything striking whatsoever. I should say, in one word, it was his goodness. I doubt whether he ever had a conception of a tithe of the regard and respect I entertained for him; and I smile to think of the perplexity (though he never showed it) which he probably felt sometimes at my enthusiastic expressions; for I thought him a kind of angel. It is no exaggeration to say, that, take away the unspiritual part of it—the genius and the knowledge—and

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there is no height of conceit indulged in by the most romantic character in Shakspeare, which surpassed what I felt towards the merits I ascribed to him, and the delight which I took in his society. With the other boys I played antics, and rioted in fantastic jests ; but in his society, or whenever I thought of him, I fell into a kind of Sabbath state of bliss ; and I am sure I could have died for him.

LEIGH HUNT

Thoughts of great deeds

Thoughts of great deeds were mine, dear Friend,
when first

The clouds which wrap this world from youth
did pass.

I do remember well the hour which burst
My spirit's sleep : a fresh May-dawn it was,
When I walked forth upon the glittering grass,
And wept, I knew not why ; until there rose
From the near schoolroom, voices, that, alas !
Were but one echo from a world of woes—
The harsh and grating strife of tyrants and of foes.

And then I clasped my hands and looked around—
—But none was near to mock my streaming
eyes,

Which poured their warm drops on the sunny
ground—

So, without shame, I spake :—" I will be wise,
And just, and free, and mild, if in me lies
Such power, for I grow weary to behold
The selfish and the strong still tyrannise

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Without reproach or check." I then controlled
My tears, my heart grew calm, and I was meek
and bold.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Intellectual Beauty

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped
Through many a listening chamber, cave and ruin,
And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing
Hopes of high talk with the departed dead.

I called on poisonous names with which our youth
is fed ;

I was not heard—I saw them not—
When musing deeply on the lot
Of life, at that sweet time when winds are wooing
All vital things that wake to bring
News of birds and blossoming,—
Sudden, thy shadow fell on me ;
I shrieked, and clasped my hands in ecstasy !

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
To thee and thine—have I not kept the vow ?
With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now
I call the phantoms of a thousand hours
Each from his voiceless grave : they have in
visioned bowers

Of studious zeal or love's delight
Outwatched with me the envious night—
They know that never joy illumed my brow
Unlinked with hope that thou wouldst free
This world from its dark slavery,
That thou—O awful LOVELINESS,
Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

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When I have fears that I may cease to be

When I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,
Before high-piled books, in charactery,
Hold like rich garnerers the full ripen'd grain ;
When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And think that I may never live to trace
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance ;
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,
That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the faery power
Of unreflecting love ;—then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

JOHN KEATS

Shirley and Caroline

"Caroline," demanded Miss Keeldar abruptly,
"don't you wish you had a profession—a trade?"

"I wish it fifty times a day. As it is, I often wonder what I came into the world for. I long to have something absorbing and compulsory to fill my head and hands and to occupy my thoughts."

"Can labour alone make a human being happy?"

"No, but it can give varieties of pain, and prevent us from breaking our hearts with a single tyrant master-torture. Besides, successful labour has its recompense; a vacant, weary, lonely, hopeless life has none."

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"But hard labour and learned professions, they say, make women masculine, coarse, unwomanly."

"And what does it signify whether unmarried and never-to-be-married women are unattractive and inelegant or not?—provided they are decent, decorous, and neat, it is enough. The utmost which ought to be required of old maids, in the way of appearance, is that they should not absolutely offend men's eyes as they pass them in the street; for the rest, they should be allowed, without too much scorn, to be as absorbed, grave, plain-looking, and plain-dressed as they please."

"You might be an old maid yourself, Caroline, you speak so earnestly."

"I shall be one; it is my destiny. I will never marry a Malone or a Sykes—and no one else will ever marry me."

Here fell a long pause. Shirley broke it. Again the name by which she seemed bewitched was almost the first on her lips.

"Lina—did not Moore call you Lina sometimes?"

"Yes, it is sometimes used as the abbreviation of Caroline in his native country."

"Well, Lina, do you remember my one day noticing an inequality in your hair—a curl wanting on that right side—and your telling me that it was Robert's fault, as he had once cut therefrom a long lock?"

"Yes."

"If he is, and always was, as indifferent to you as you say, why did he steal your hair?"

"I don't know—yes, I do: it was my doing, not his. Everything of that sort always was my

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doing. He was going from home to London, as usual, and the night before he went I had found in his sister's workbox a lock of black hair—a short, round curl. Hortense told me it was her brother's, and a keepsake. He was sitting near the table. I looked at his head—he has plenty of hair; on the temples were many such round curls. I thought he could spare me one. I knew I should like to have it, and I asked for it. He said, on condition that he might have his choice of a tress from my head. So he got one of my long locks of hair, and I got one of his short ones. I keep his, but I dare say he has lost mine. It was my doing, and one of those silly deeds it distresses the heart and sets the face on fire to think of—one of those small but sharp recollections that return, lacerating your self-respect like tiny penknives, and forcing from your lips, as you sit alone, sudden, insane-sounding interjections.”

CHARLOTTE BRONTË

The tasting and recording of experience

Youth is wholly experimental. The essence and charm of that unquiet and delightful epoch is ignorance of self as well as ignorance of life. These two unknowns the young man brings together again and again, now in the airiest touch, now with a bitter hug; now with exquisite pleasure, now with cutting pain; but never with indifference, to which he is a total stranger, and never with that near kinsman of indifference, contentment. If he be a youth of dainty senses or a brain easily heated, the

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interest of this series of experiments grows upon him out of all proportion to the pleasure he receives. It is not beauty that he loves, nor pleasure that he seeks, though he may think so; his design and his sufficient reward is to verify his own existence and taste the variety of human fate. To him, before the razor-edge of curiosity is dulled, all that is not actual living and the hot chase of experience wears a face of a disgusting dryness difficult to recall in later days; or if there be any exception—and here destiny steps in—it is in those moments when, wearied or surfeited of the primary activity of the senses, he calls up before memory the image of transacted pains and pleasures. Thus it is that such an one shies from all cut-and-dry professions, and inclines insensibly toward that career of art which consists only in the tasting and recording of experience.

This, which is not so much a vocation for art as an impatience of all other honest trades, frequently exists alone; and so existing, it will pass gently away in the course of years. Emphatically, it is not to be regarded; it is not a vocation, but a temptation.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Swinburne and the Stubbses

Finding Swinburne to be passionately devoted to the poets and remarkably learned in their works, his host and hostess inquired whether he did not write poetry himself. It appeared that he did, and being pressed to produce a specimen of it, he

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dragged out of his box a large historical tragedy in blank verse. What this was does not seem to be remembered, but we may conjecture that it was the original draft of *Rosamond*. Early in the evening Swinburne began to read, and he read the play right through. Stubbs was very much impressed with the merits of the piece, but also with its faults, and he felt obliged to say that he thought the tone of the amatory passages somewhat objectionable. He had anticipated a little scene of modest confusion, which he would have removed by praise, but what he was not prepared for was a long silent stare, followed by a scream which rent the vicarage, and by the bolt upstairs of the outraged poet, hugging his MS. to his bosom. Presently gentle Mrs. Stubbs stole upstairs, and tapping at Swinburne's door, entreated him to come down to supper. There was no reply, but an extraordinary noise within of tearing and a strange glare through the key-hole. All night, at intervals, there were noises in the poet's room, and the Stubbses were distracted. In the morning Swinburne appeared extremely late, and deathly pale. Stubbs, by this time very wretched, hastened to say how sorry he was that he had so hastily condemned the drama, and how much he hoped that Swinburne had not been discouraged by his criticism. The poet replied, "I lighted a fire in the empty grate, and I burned every page of my manuscript." Stubbs was horrified. "But it does not matter; I sat up all night and wrote it right through again from memory."

SIR EDMUND GOSSE

THE AIMS AND ENDS OF BURNING YOUTH

A Climax

It was a summer afternoon, and, being now left very free in my movements, I had escaped from going out with the rest of my schoolfellows in their formal walk in charge of an usher. I had been reading a good deal of poetry, but my heart had translated Apollo and Bacchus into terms of exalted Christian faith. I was alone, and I lay on a sofa, drawn across a large open window at the top of the school-house, in a room which was used as a study by the boys who were "going up for examination." I gazed down on a labyrinth of gardens sloping to the sea, which twinkled faintly beyond the towers of the town. Each of these gardens held a villa in it, but all the near landscape below me was drowned in foliage. A wonderful warm light of approaching sunset modelled the shadows and set the broad summits of the trees in a rich glow. There was an absolute silence below and around me; a magic of suspense seemed to keep every topmost twig from waving.

Over my soul there swept an immense wave of emotion. Now, surely, now the great final change must be approaching. I gazed up into the tenderly-coloured sky, and I broke irresistibly into speech. "Come now, Lord Jesus," I cried, "come now and take me to be for ever with Thee in Thy Paradise. I am ready to come. My heart is purged from sin, there is nothing that keeps me rooted to this wicked world. Oh, come now, now, and take me before I have known the temptations of life, before I have to go to London and all the dreadful things

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that happen there !” And I raised myself on the sofa, and leaned upon the window-sill, and waited for the glorious apparition.

This was the highest moment of my religious life, the apex of my striving after holiness. I waited awhile, watching ; and then I felt a faint shame at the theatrical attitude I had adopted, although I was alone. Still I gazed and still I hoped. Then a little breeze sprang up, and the branches danced. Sounds began to rise from the road beneath me. Presently the colour deepened, the evening came on. From far below there rose to me the chatter of the boys returning home. The tea-bell rang,—last word of prose to shatter my mystical poetry. “The Lord has not come, the Lord will never come,” I muttered, and in my heart the artificial edifice of extravagant faith began to totter and crumble. From that moment forth my Father and I, though the fact was long successfully concealed from him and even from myself, walked in opposite hemispheres of the soul, with “the thick o’ the world between us.”

SIR EDMUND GOSSE

The Pink Frock

“O my pretty pink frock,
I sha’n’t be able to wear it !
Why is he dying just now ?
I hardly can bear it !

“He might have contrived to live on ;
But they say there’s no hope whatever :

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And must I shut myself up,
And go out never?

“O my pretty pink frock,
Puff-sleeved and accordion-pleated!
He might have passed in July,
And me uncheated!”

THOMAS HARDY

After the Concert

“No one can be quite the same after a Beethoven symphony has streamed through him.”

R—— and I walked up thro’ Kensington Gardens like two young Gods!

“I even like that bloody thing,” I said, pointing to the Albert Memorial.

We pointed out pretty girls to one another, watched the children play ring-a-ring-a-roses on the grass. We laughed exultingly at the thought of our dismal colleagues . . . tho’ I said (as before!) I loved ’em all—God bless ’em—even old ——. R—— said it was nothing short of insolence on their part to have neglected the opportunity of coming to the Concert.

Later on, an old gaffer up from the country stopped us to ask the way to Rotten Row—I overwhelmed him with directions and happy descriptive details. I felt like walking with him and showing him what a wonderful place the world is.

After separating from R—— very reluctantly—it was horrible to be left alone in such high spirits, walked up towards the Round Pond, and caught

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myself avoiding the shadows of the trees—so as to be every moment out in the blazing sun. I scoffed inwardly at the timorousness of pale, anæmic folk whom I passed hiding in the shadows of the elms.

At the Round Pond, came across a Bulldog who was biting out great chunks of water and in luxuriant wastefulness letting it drool out again from each corner of his mouth. I watched this old fellow greedily (it was very hot), as well pleased with him and his liquid ‘chops’ as with anything I saw, unless it were a girl and a man lying full length along the grass and kissing beneath a sunshade. I smiled; she saw me, and smiled, too, in return, and then fell to kissing again.

W. N. P. BARBELLION

“Life is our cry!”

“Spring came complete with a leap in a day,” said the wisest and nicest man in Warwickshire—my godfather, an aged scholar, infinitely learned in Greek, Latin, English, and Life. He said it was a quotation from Browning. It certainly fitted. I took him a walk. The air had changed all in a night, and had that soft caressingness, and yet made you want to jump and gambol. *Alacer*, and not *acer*, was, we agreed, the epithet for the air. Oh! it’s mad to be in London with the world like this. I can’t tell you of it. The excitement and music of the birds, the delicious madness of the air, the blue haze in the distance, the straining of the hedges, the green mist of shoots about the trees—oh, it wasn’t in these details—it was beyond

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and round them—something that included them. It's the sort of day that brought back to me what I've had so rarely for the last two years—that tearing hunger to do and do and do things. I want to walk a thousand miles, and write a thousand plays, and sing a thousand poems, and drink a thousand pots of beer, and kiss a thousand girls, and—oh, a million things! . . . The spring makes me almost ill with excitement. I go round corners on the roads shivering and nearly crying with suspense, as one did as a child, fearing some playmate in waiting to jump out and frighten one.

RUPERT BROOKE

Youth

A young Apollo, golden-haired,
Stands dreaming on the verge of strife,
Magnificently unprepared
For the long littleness of life.

FRANCES CORNFORD

*This bud of Loue by Summer's ripening breath
May prove a beautilous Flower when next we meete.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

*Euen so it was with me when I was yong :
If we are nature's, these are ours, this thorne
Doth to our Rose of youth rightlie belong
Our bloud to vs, this to our blood is borne.
It is the shew and seale of nature's truth,
Where loue's strong passion is imprest in youth.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

A proper wooing Song

MAYDE, will ye loue me, yea or no ?
tell me the trothe, and let me goe.
It can be no lesse then a sinfull deed,
 trust me truely,
To linger a Louer that lookes to speede,
 in due time duely.

You Maids that thinke your felvs as fine,
As *Venus* and all the Muses nine :
The Father himfelfe when he first made man
 trust me truely,
Made you for his help when the world began
 in due time duely.

Then fith God's wil was euen so
Why should you disdaine your Louer tho ?
But rather with a willing heart,
 Loue him truely :
For in so doing, you do but your part,
 Let reason rule ye.

Confider (sweet) what fighs and fobbes,
Do nip my heart with cruell throbbs,
And al (my deer) for the loue of you,
 Trust me truly :
But I hope that you wil some mercie show,
 In due time duely.

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If that you do my ease well way,
And shew some signe whereby I may
Have some good hope of your good grace,
 Trust me truly :
I count my selfe in a blessed case,
 Let reason rule ye.

And for my part, whilst I do liue,
To loue you most faithfully, my hand I giue,
Forfaking all other, for your sweet sake,
 Trust me truly :
In token whereof, my troth I betake
 to your selfe most duely.

And though for this time we must depart,
yet keep you this ring tru token of my hart,
Til time do serue, we meet againe,
 Let reason rule ye.
When an answer of comfort, I trust to obtain,
 In due time duly.

Now must I depart with sighing teares,
With sobbing heart and burning eares :
Pale in the face, and faint as I may,
 trust me truly :
But I hope our next meeting, a ioyfull day,
 in due time duly.

CLEMENT ROBINSON [?]

YOUNG LOVE

The Roundelay of Perigot and Willye

(Perigot maketh hys song in prayse of his loue, to whom Willy answereth
euery vnder verse.)

It fell vpon a holly eue,
 (hey ho hollidaye,)
When holly fathers wont to shrieue :
 (now gynneth this roundelay.)
Sitting vpon a hill so hye
 (hey ho the high hyll,)
The while my flocke did feede thereby,
 (the while the shepheard selfe did spill :)
I saw the bouncing Bellibone,
 (hey ho Bonibell,)
Tripping ouer the dale alone,
 (she can trippe it very well :)
Well decked in a frocke of gray,
 (hey ho gray is greete,)
And in a Kirtle of greene saye,
 (the greene is for maydens meete :)
A chapelet on her head she wore,
 (hey ho chapelet,)
Of sweete Violets therein was store,
 (she sweeter then the Violet.)
My sheepe did leaue theyr wonted foode,
 (hey ho seely sheepe,)
And gazd on her, as they were wood,
 (woode as he, that did them keepe.)
As the bonilasse passed bye,
 (hey ho bonilasse,)
She rouded at me with glauncing eye,
 (as cleare as the christall glasse :)

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

All as the Sunnye beame so bright,
 (hey ho the Sunne beame),
Glaunceth from *Phoebus* face forthright,
 (so loue into thy hart did streame :)
Or as the thonder cleaues the cloudes,
 (hey ho the Thonder,)
Wherein the lightsome leuin shroudes,
 (so cleaues thy soule a sonder :)
Or as Dame *Cynthias* siluer raye
 (hey ho the Moonelight,)
Vpon the glyttering waue doth playe :
 (such play is a pitteous plight.)
The glaunce into my heart did glide,
 (hey ho the glyder,)
Therewith my soule was sharply gryde,
 (such woundes soone wexen wider.)
Hasting to raunch the arrow out,
 (hey ho Perigot.)
I left the head in my hart roote :
 (it was a desperate shot.)
There it ranckleth ay more and more,
 (hey ho the arrowe),
Ne can I find salue for my sore :
 (loue is a curelesse sorrowe.)
And though my bale with death I bought,
 (hey ho heaueie cheere,)
Yet should thilk lasse not from my thought :
 (so you may buye gold to deare.)
But whether in paynefull loue I pyne,
 (hey ho pinching payne,)
Or thriue in welth, she shalbe mine.
 (but if thou can her obteine.)
And if for gracelesse greefe I dye,

YOUNG LOVE

(hey ho gracelesse griefe,)
Witnesse, shee slewe me with her eye :
(let thy follye be the priefe.)
And you, that saw it, simple shepe,
(hey ho the fayre flocke,)
For priefe thereof, my death shall weepe,
(and mone with many a mocke.)
So learnd I loue on a holly cue,
(hey ho holidaye,)
That euer since my hart did greue.
(now endeth our roundelay.)

EDMUND SPENSER

spill : bring to ruin.
greete : great, splendid.
saye : a kind of serge.
leuin : lightning.
gryde : pierced.

Iacob and Rachel

Then Iacob went on his iourney, and came into the land of the people of the East. And he looked, and behold, a well in the field, and, loe, there were three flocks of sheepe lying by it : for out of that wel they watered the flocks : and a great stone was upon the welle's mouth. And thither were all the flockes gathered ; and they rolled the stone from the wel's mouth, & watered the sheepe, and put the stone againe upon the wel's mouth in his place. And Iacob said unto them, " My brethren, whence be ye ? " and they saide, " Of Haran are we." And he saide unto them, " Know ye Laban the sonne of Nahor ? " And they sayde, " We knowe him." And he saide unto them, " Is hee

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

well?" and they said "He is well: and behold, Rachel his daughter commeth with the sheepe." And hee said, "Loe, it is yet high day, neither is it time that the cattell should be gathered together: water yee the sheepe, and goe and feed them." And they said, "We cannot, untill all the flocks be gathered together, and till they roll the stone from the welle's mouth: then wee water the sheepe."

And while hee yet spake with them, Rachel came with her father's sheepe: for she kept them. And it came to passe when Iacob saw Rachel the daughter of Laban his mother's brother, and the sheepe of Laban his mother's brother, that Iacob went neere, and rolled the stone from the well's mouth, and watered the flocke of Laban his mother's brother. And Iacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voyce, and wept. And Iacob told Rachel that hee was her father's brother, and that hee was Rebekah's sonne: and she ranne, and told her father. And it came to passe when Laban heard the tidings of Iacob his sister's sonne, that he ranne to meete him, and imbraced him, and kissed him, & brought him to his house: and hee tolde Laban all these things. And Laban said to him, "Surely thou art my bone and my flesh:" and he abode with him a moneth of daies.

And Laban said unto Iacob, "Because thou art my brother, shouldest thou therefore serve me for nought? tell me, what shall thy wages be?" And Laban had two daughters: the name of the elder was Leah, and the name of the yonger was Rachel. Leah was tender eyed: but Rachel was beautiful and well fauoured. And Iacob loued

YOUNG LOVE

Rachel, and said, "I will serue thee seuen yeeres for Rachel thy yonger daughter." And Laban said, "It is better that I giue her to thee then that I should give her to another man : abide with mee." And Iacob serued seuen yeeres for Rachel : and they seemed unto him but a few dayes, for the loue hee had to her.

THE BOOK OF GENESIS

The Shepherd's Daffadil

Late 'twas in *Iune*, the Fleece when fully growne,
In the full compasse of the passed yeere,
The Season well by skilfull Shepherds knowne,
That them prouide immediately to sheere.

Their Lambes late wax't so lusty and so strong,
That time did them their Mother's Teats forbid,
And in the fields the common flocks among,
Eate of the same Graffe that the greater did.

When not a Shepheard anything that could,
But greaz'd his start-ups blacke as *Autumn's* Sloe,
And for the better credit of the Wold,
In their fresh Ruffets euery one doth goe.

Who now a Posie pins not in his Cap ?
And not a Garland Baldricke-wise doth weare ?
Some, of such Flowers as to his hand doth hap,
Others, such as a secret meaning beare :

He from his Lasse him Lauander hath sent,
Shewing her Lone, and doth requitall craue,
Him Rosemary his Sweet-heart, whose intent
Is that he her should in remembrance haue.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

Roses, his youth and strong desire expresse,
Her Sage, doth shew his souerainty in all,
The *Iuly*-Flowre declares his gentlenesse,
Time, Truth, the Panfie, Harts-ease Maydens call :

In Cotes such simples, simply in request,
Wherewith proud Courts in greatnesse scorne to
 mell,
For Countrey toyes become the Countrey best,
And please poore Shepheards, and become them
 well.

When the new-wash'd flocke from the riuer's side,
Comming as white as *Ianuarie's* Snow,
The Ram with Nose-gaies beares his Hornes in
 pride,
And no lesse braue, the Bell-wether doth goe.

After their faire flocks in a lusty rowt,
Came the gay Swaynes with Bag-pipes strongly
 blowne,
And busied though this solemne sport about,
Yet had each one an eye vnto his owne.

And by the ancient Statutes of the Field,
He that his Flocks the earlyest Lambe should
 bring,
(As it fell out then, *Rowland's* charge to yeeld)
Alwayes for that yeere was the Shepheard's King.

And soone preparing for the Shepheard's Boord,
Vpon a Greene that curiously was squar'd,
With Country Cates be'ng plentifully stor'd ;
And 'gainst their comming handsomely prepar'd :

YOUNG LOVE

New Whig, with Water from the cleereft streame,
Greene Plummes and Wildings, Cherries chiefe of
Feaft,
Fresh Cheefe, and Dowsets, Curds and clowted
Creame,
Spic'd Syllibubs, and Sider of the best.

And to the same downe solemnely they fit,
In the fresh shaddow of their Summer Bowres,
With fundrie sweets them euery way to fit,
The Neighb'ring Vale dispoyled of her Flowres.

And whil't together merry thus they make,
The Sunne to West a little 'gan to leane,
Which the late feruour, soone againe did flake,
When as the Nymphs came forth vpon the Plaine,
Here might you many a Shepheardesse haue seene,
Of which no place as *Cotswold* such doth yeeld,
Some of it natiue, some for loue I weene
Thither were come from many a fertill Field.

There was the Widdowe's Daughter of the *Glen*,
Deare *Rosalynd*, that scarfly brook'd compare,
The *Moreland*-Mayden, so admir'd of Men,
Bright *Goldy-Locks*, and *Phillida* the faire.

Letlice and *Parnel*, pretty louely Peates,
Cusse of the Fold, the Virgin of the Well,
Faire *Ambry* with the Alabaster Teates,
And more, whose Names were here to long to tell.

Which now came forward following their Sheepe,
Their batning Flocks on grassy Leaes to hold,
Thereby from skathe, and perill them to keepe,
Till Euening come that it were time to fold.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

When now, at last, as lik'd the Shepherd's King,
(At whose command they all obedient were)
Was pointed, who the Roundelay should sing,
And who againe the vnder-Song should beare :

The first whereof he *Batte* doth bequeath,
A wittier Wag on all the Wold's not found,
Gorbo, the Man that him should sing beneath,
Which his lowd Bag-pipe skilfully could found.

Who amongst all the Nymphs that were in fight,
Batte his daintie *Daffadil* there mist,
Which, to enquire of, doing all his might,
Him his Companion kindly doth affist.

Batte. *Gorbo*, as thou cam'st this way,
By yonder little Hill,
Or, as thou through the Fields didst stray
Saw'st thou my *Daffadil* ?

Shee's in a Frocke of *Lincolne* greene,
Which colour likes her fight,
And neuer hath her beautie seene,
But through a vale of white.

Then Roses richer to behold,
That trim vp Louers' Bowres,
The Pansie and the Marigold,
Tho *Phæbus*' Paramours.

Gorbo. Thou well describ'st the *Daffadill* ;
It is not full an houre,
Since, by the Spring, neere yonder Hill,
I saw that louely Flowre.

YOUNG LOVE

Batte. Yet my faire Flowre thou didst not meet,
Nor newes of her didst bring,
And yet my Daffadil's more sweet
Then that by yonder Spring.

Gorbo. I saw a Shepheard that doth keepe,
In yonder Field of Lillies,
Was making (as he fed his Sheepe)
A Wreathe of Daffadillies.

Batte. Yet, *Gorbo*, thou delud'ft me still,
My Flowre thou didst not see,
For, know, my pretty *Daffadil*
Is worne of none but mee.

To fhew it felfe but neere her feate
No Lilly is fo bold,
Except to fhade her from the heate,
Or keepe her from the cold.

Gorbo. Through yonder Vale as I did paffe,
Descending from the Hill,
I met a smerking bonny Laffe,
They call her *Daffadil* :

Whofe prefence, as along fhee went,
The pretty Flowres did greet,
As though their Heads they downeward
bent,
With homage to her feet.

And all the Shepheards that were nie,
From top of euery Hill,
Vnto the Valleys lowd did crie,
There goes sweet *Daffadil*.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

Batte. I, gentle Shepheard, now with ioy
Thou all my Flocks doſt fill.
That's fhee alone, kind Shepheard's Boy,
Let us to *Daffadil*.

MICHAEL DRAYTON

start-ups : boots worn by rustics.
russets : garments of homespun.
mell : associate.
whig : whey flavoured with herbs.
Dowsets : sweet dishes.
Peates : pets.
smerking : smiling.

Portia to Bassanio

I pray you tarrie, pauſe a day or two
Before you hazard, for in chooſing wrong
I looſe your companie ; therefore forbear a while,
There's ſomething tels me (but it is not loue)
I would not looſe you, and you know your ſelfe,
Hate counſailes not in ſuch a quallitie ;
But leaſt you ſhould not vnderſtand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue, but thought,
I would detaine you here ſome month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to chooſe right, but then I am forſworne,
So will I neuer be, ſo may you miſſe me,
But if you doe, you'le make me wiſh a finne,
That I had beene forſworne : Befhrow your eyes,
They have ore-lookt me and deuided me,
One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours,
Mine owne I would ſay : but of mine then yours,
And ſo all yours.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

YOUNG LOVE

A New Sonnet of Coridon and Phillida

- Phil.* Coridon, arise, my Coridon,
Titan shineth cleare.
- Cor.* Who is it that calleth Coridon ?
Who is it I heare ?
- Phil.* Phillida, thy true love, calleth thee,
Arise then, arise then,
Arise and feed thy flocks with me.
- Cor.* Phillida, my true love, is it she ?
I come then, I come then,
I come and feed my flocks with thee.
- Phil.* Here are cherries ripe, my Coridon,
Eate them for my sake.
- Cor.* Here's my oaten pipe, my lovely one,
Sport for thee to make.
- Phil.* Here are threeds, my true love, fine as silke,
To knit thee, to knit thee
A paire of stockins white as milke.
- Cor.* Here are reeds, my true love, fine and neat,
To make thee, to make thee
A bonnet to withstand the heate.
- Phil.* I will gather flowers, my Coridon,
To set in thy cap.
- Cor.* I will gather pears, my lovely one,
To put in thy lap.
- Phil.* I will buy my true love garters gay
For Sundaies, for Sundaies,
To wear about his legs so tall.
- Cor.* I will buy my true love yellow saye
For Sundaies, for Sundaies,
To weare about her midle small.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

- Phil.* When my Coridon sits on a hill,
Making melody :
Cor. When my lovely one sits at her wheele.
Singing cheerely,
Phil. Sure, me thinks, my true love doth excell
For sweetnesse, for sweetnesse,
Our Pan, that old Arcadian knight ;
Cor. And, me thinks, my true love beares the
bell
For clearnesse, for clearnesse,
Beyond the nimphs that be so bright.
Phil. Had my Coridon, my Coridon
Bin, alacke, her swaine,
Cor. Had my lovely one, my lovely one,
Bin in Ida plaine,
Phil. Cinthia Endimion had refus'd,
Preferring, preferring
My Coridon to play withal ;
Cor. The queene of love had bin excus'd
Bequeathing, bequeathing
My Phillida the golden ball.
Phil. Yonder comes my mother, Coridon,
Whither shall I fly ?
Cor. Under yonder beech, my lovely one,
While she passeth by.
Phil. Say to her thy true love was not here :
Remember, remember,
To-morrow is another day.
Cor. Doubt me not, my true-love, do not feare.
Farewell then, farewell then,
Heaven keepe our love alway.

RICHARD JOHNSON [?]

saye : fine serge.

YOUNG LOVE

Karolin's Song, from "The Sad Shepherd"

Though I am young, and cannot tell
 Either what Death, or Love is well,
Yet I have heard, they both bear Darts,
 And both do aim at Humane Hearts :
And then again, I have been told.
 Love wounds with heat, as Death with cold ;
So that I fear they do but bring
 Extreams to touch, and mean one thing.

As in a Ruine, we it call
 One thing to be blown up, or fall ;
Or to our end like way may have
 By a flash of Lightning, or a Wave :
So Love's inflamed Shaft, or Brand,
 May kill as soon as Death's cold Hand ;
Except Love's Fires the Vertue have
 To fright the Frost out of the Grave.
BEN JONSON

The loadstone of love

This *Cymon* was a fool, a proper man of person, and the Governour of *Cyprus* son, but a very afs, insomuch that his father being ashamed of him, sent him to a Farm-house he had in the country to be brought up. Where by chance, as his manner was, walking alone, he espied a gallant yong Gentlewoman named *Iphigenia*, a Burgomaster's daughter of *Cyprus* with her maid, by a brook side in a little thicket, fast asleep in her smock, where she had newly bathed her self : *when* *Cymon*

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

*saw her, he stood leaning on his staffe, gaping on her immoveable, and in a maze : at last he fell so far in love with the glorious object, that he began to rouse himself up, to bethink what he was, would needs follow her to the city, and for her sake began to be civil, to learn to sing and dance, to play on Instruments, and got all those Gentlemen-like qualities and complements in a short space, which his friends were most glad of. In brief, he became from an Idiot and a clown, to be one of the most compleat Gentlemen in Cyprus, did many valorous exploits, and all for the love of Mistresse Iphigenia. In a word, I may say thus much of them all, let them be never so clownish, rude and horrid, Grobians and fluts, if once they be in love, they will be most neat and spruce ; for, *Omnibus rebus, & nitidis nitoribus antevenit amor*, they will follow the fashion, begin to trick up, and to have a good opinion of themselves, *venustatum enim mater Venus* ; a ship is not so long a rigging, as a yong Gentlewoman a trimming up her self against her sweet-heart comes. A Painter's shop, a flowry meadow, no so gracious aspect in Nature's storehouse as a yong maid, *nubilis puella*, a *Novitza* or *Venetian* Bride, that looks for an husband, or a yong man that is her suitor ; composed looks, composed gate, cloaths, gestures, actions, all composed ; all the graces, elegancies in the world are in her face. Their best robes, ribbins, chains, Jewels, Lawns, Linnens, Laces, Spangles, must come on, *praeter quam res patitur student elegantiae*, they are beyond all measure coy, nice and too curious on a sudden : 'Tis all their study, all their business,*

YOUNG LOVE

how to wear their cloaths neat, to be polite and terse, and to set out themselves. No sooner doth a yong man see his sweet-heart coming, but he smugs up himself, pulls up his cloak now fald about his shoulders, ties his garters, points, sets his band, cuffs, sticks his hair, twires his beard. . . .

'Tis the common humor of all Sutors to trick up themselves, to be prodigal in apparel, *purè lotus*, neat, comb'd and curl'd, with powdred hair, *comptus & calimistratus*, with a long love-lock, a flower in his ear, perfumed gloves, rings, scarfs, feathers, points, &c. as if he were a Prince's Gany-mede, with every day new suits, as the fashon varies; going as if he trod upon eggs, and as *Heinsius* writ to *Primierus*, *If once he be besotted on a wench, he must lye awake a nights, renounce his book, sigh and lament, now and then weep for his hard hap, and mark above all things what Hats, Bands, Doublets, Breeches are in fashon, how to cut his Beard, and wear his lock, to turn up his Muscato's, and curl his head, prune his pickitivant, or if he wear it abroad, that the East side be correspondent to the West.*

ROBERT BURTON

Song from "Cupid's Revenge"

Louers reioyce, your paines shall be rewarded,
The god of loue himselfe grieues at your crying :
No more shall frozen honour be regarded,
Nor the coy faces of a maid denying.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

No more shall Virgins sigh, and say we dare not,
For men are false, and what they do they care not.
All shall be well againe, then doe not greeue,
Men shall be true, and women shall beleue.

Louers reioyce, what you shall say henceforth,
When you haue caught your Sweet-hearts in your
armes,

It shall be accounted Oracle, and worth :
No more faint-hearted Gyrls shall dreame of
harmes,

And cry they are too young : the god hath said,
Fifteene shall make a Mother of a Mayd :
Then wise men, pull your Roses yet unblowne,
Loue hates the too ripe fruite that falles alone.

JOHN FLETCHER

*' As great a beauty as nature durst bestow without
undoing '*

This beauty in the blossom of my youth,
When my first fire knew no adulterate Incense,
Nor I no way to flatter, but my fondness,
In all the bravery, my friends could shew me,
In all the faith my innocence could give me,
In the best language my true Tongue could
tell me,
And all the broken sighs my sick heart lend me,
I su'd, and serv'd.

PHILIP MASSINGER

YOUNG LOVE

A Mayde's Letter

Haste commendations, and passe with speed,
and litle writing, to my love :
Spare not to speake for any dread,
For why, no man can mee remove.
Say this unto my turtle-dove ;
although my body absent bee,
There is no man can mee remove,
for in conceit I am with thee.

The gladsome day shall lose his light,
and be as darke as dungeon deepe :
Phœbus shall rule the irkesome night,
and banish Morpheus from my sight,
Ere ever I from my love leppe,
although my body absent bee,
The wormes shall flie which now do creepe,
for in conceit I am with thee.

* * *

The tree shall florish in the fire,
bringing foorth fruite ten thousand fold ;
So shall the horse in dirt and myre
bring foles past count for to be told.
All kind of mettle shall be gold,
although my body absent bee,
Or I against my true-love hold,
for in conceit I am with thee.

ANTHONY CHUTE [i]

conceit : imagination.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

A New Ditty

*Of a Lover toft hither and thither,
That cannot ſpeake his mind when they are together.*

Alas, I am in love,
and cannot ſpeake it,
My mind I dare not move,
nor nere can break it,
She doth ſo farre excell
all and each other,
My mind I cannot tell,
When we are together.

But I'le take heart to me,
I will reveale it,
I'le try her conſtancy,
I'le not conceale it,
But alas, but alas, I doe confider
I cannot breake my mind
When we are together.

Her loving lookes and ſmiles,
hath ſo bewitch'd me,
Her vertue me beguiles,
ſhe hath inricht me,
Shée's ſo faire, ſhee's ſo rare,
her due to give her
Makes me I cannot ſpeake
When we are together.

Our oft frequented ieſts
are turn'd to earneſt,
In th' night I cannot reſt,
for love's ſevereneſſe,

YOUNG LOVE

It hath turn'd, it hath burn'd
my heart for ever,
Alas, I cannot speake,
when we are together.

Like to the foolish Flies
too long I have dallyed
With her bright glittering eyes
my Fort shee'th fallied,
That I have scorcht my wings
and heart for ever
Alas, I cannot speake,
when we are together.

Her prefence is my ioy
her want my sadnesse,
When I her face enioy
I am turn'd to gladnesse,
And with our company
May last for ever,
But yet I cannot speake,
When we are together.

I thinke she loves me well,
but I nere broke it,
I am sure I love her well,
though I nere spoke it.
And my love to her shall prove
constant for ever,
Although I cannot speake
when we are together.

Suppose she loves me not,
or loves another,
Too much yet care I not,
still I will love her,

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

And doe vow to be true
and faithfull for ever,
Although I cannot speake
when we are together.

I will doe the best I can,
I'll strive to please her,
I will doe anything,
whereby to ease her,
Over Sea I will flee,
swimme like Leander,
Before I'll lose her love,
through the world I'll wander.

And I'll doe much more too,
if shee'll command it,
If't be to lose my life,
I'll not gaine stand it,
But alas, but alas,
I doe confider,
I cannot speake my mind
when we are together.

The more I strive to hide,
the more it flameth,
These paines I cannot bide,
my wits it lameth.
And if it hidden be,
will burne for euer,
Unlesse I speake my mind
when we are together.

I thinke 'twere good I tride
and went to proue her,
And lay all feare aside,

YOUNG LOVE

But when I am going to speake
my tongue doth quiver,
And will not breake my mind,
when we are together.

PETER LOWBERRY

A Country new Iigge

Simon

O Mine owne sweet heart,
and when wilt thou be true ?
Or when will the time come,
that I fhall marry you
That I may give you kiffes,
one, two or three,
More sweeter then the hunny,
that comes from the Bee ?

Sufan

My Fathèr is unwilling
that I fhould marry thee,
Yet I could wifh in heart,
that fo the fame might be :
For now me thinks thou feemest
more louely unto me,
And fresher then the Bloffomes,
that bloome on the tree.

Simon

Thy mother is moft willing,
and will confent I know,
Then let us to thy Father
now both together goe :

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

Where if he giue us his good will,
and to our match agree :
'Twill be sweeter then the hunny
that comes from the Bee.

Susan

Come goe, for I am willing,
good fortune be our guide :
From that which I haue promised,
deare heart, I'le neuer flide :
If that he doe but smile,
and I the same may see,
'Tis better then the bloffomes
that bloome upon the tree.

Simon

But stay, heere comes my Mother,
wee'le talke with her a word :
I doubt not but some comfort
to us she may afford :
If comfort she will giue us,
that we the same may see,
'Twill be sweeter then the hunny,
that comes from the Bee.

Susan

O Mother, we are going
my Father for to pray,
That he will give me his good will,
for long I cannot stay.
A young man I haue chofen
a fitting match for me,
More fayrer then the bloffomes
that bloome on the tree.

YOUNG LOVE

Mother

Daughter, thou art old enough
to be a wedded wife,
You maydens are defirous
to lead a married life.
Then my consent, good daughter
shall to thy wishes be,
For young thou art as blossomes
that bloome upon the tree.

Simon

Then, Mother, you are willing
your daughter I shall haue :
And Susan thou art welcome,
I'll keepe thee fine and braue.
And haue those wished blessings
bestowed upon thee,
More sweeter then the honey
that comes from the Bee.

Susan

Yet Simon I am minded
to lead a merry life,
And be as well maintained
as any Citie wife :
And liue a gallant mistresse
of maidens that shall be
More fayrer then the blossomes
that bloome upon the tree.

Simon

Thou shalt haue thy Caudles,
before thou dost arise :

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

For churlifhneffe breeds fickneffe
and danger therein lies.
Young lasses must be cherifht
with fweets that dainty be,
Farre sweeter then the honey
that commeth from the Bee.

Mother

Well said, good Son and Daughter,
this is the onely dyet
To please a dainty young wife,
and keepe the houle in quiet.
But stay, here comes your father,
his words I hope will be
More sweeter then the bloffomes
that bloome vpon the tree.

Father

Why, how now, daughter Susan,
doe you intend to marry ?
Maydens in the old time
did twenty winters tarry.
Now in the teenes no fooner
but you a wife will be
And lose the sweetest bloffome
that bloomes vpon thy tree.

Susan

It is for my preferment,
good father, say not nay,
For I haue found a husband kinde
and louing euery way :

YOUNG LOVE

That still vnto my fancy
will euermore agree,
Which is more sweet then honey
that comes from the Bee.

Mother

Hinder not your daughter,
good husband, lest you bring
Her loue's consuming sicknesse,
or else a worser thing.
Maydens youngly married
louing wiues will be,
And fweet as the honey
which comes from the Bee.

Simon

Good father, be not cruell,
your daughter is mine owne :
Her mother hath consented
and is to liking growne.
And if your selfe will giue then,
her gentle hand to me,
Twill sweeter be then honey
that comes from the Bee.

Father

God give thee ioy, deare Daughter,
there is no reason I
Should hinder thy proceeding,
and thou a mayden dye :
And after to lead Apes in hell,
as maidens doomed be :
That fairer are then bloffomes
that bloome vpon the tree.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

Simon

Then let's vnto the Parfon
and Clerke to say Amen :

Susan

With all my heart, good *Simon*,
we are concluded then,
My father and my mother both
doe willingly agree
My *Simon's* sweet as honey
that comes from the Bee.

All together sing

You Maidens and Bachelors
we hope will lose no time,
Which learne it by experience
that youth is in the prime,
And daily in their hearts desire
young married folkes to be.
More sweeter then the bloffomes
that bloome vpon the tree.

UNKNOWN

The London Lad's Lamentation

Cloe's Face is Heav'n to me,
Like the Morning-Light we see ;
And the Beauty of her Eye,
Bright and lovely, like the Sky :
 Cloe, since my Heav'n thou art,
 Ease and cure my wounded heart.

YOUNG LOVE

Will young Love a Tyrant be ?
Make me doat on Cruelty ?
Why doth fullen Fate confine
Me to one that is not mine ?
 Cloe, since my Heav'n thou art,
 Ease and cure my wounded heart.

Had I Lov'd as others do,
Onely for an hour or two,
Then there had a Reason bin,
I should suffer for my Sin :
 Cloe, since my Heav'n thou art,
 Ease and cure my wounded heart.

Love (thou know'ft) with what a flame
I adore young *Cloe*'s name :
Let me then thy pittty find,
Shoot a Dart and change her mind :
 Cloe, since my Heav'n thou art,
 Ease and cure my wounded heart.

All her Beauties do entice,
Though the Nymph be cold as Ice,
Rosie-Lips and Lilly-Skin,
All we gaze on, Charm and win :
 Cloe, since my Heav'n thou art,
 Ease and cure my wounded heart.

On her gentle Downy Breast,
Let a fighting Lover rest,
T'win'd within those tender Arms,
Fetter'd by those pleasing Charms :
 Cloe, since my Heav'n thou art,
 Ease and cure my wounded heart.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

Let my Love with joys be Crown'd,
You that with a Glance can Wound.
With a Melting Kifs restore,
Your young Love that sigh'd before :
 Cloe, since my Heav'n thou art,
 Ease and cure my wounded heart.

Thus you'l shew your power and skill,
Able both to Save and Kill,
But to Kill has always bin
Held a most Notorious Sin :
 Cloe, since my Heav'n thou art,
 Ease and cure my wounded heart.

In sweet Groves we'l always dwell,
With more joys than tongue can tell.
There the Wanton then we'l play,
Steal each other's heart away :
 Cloe, since my Heav'n thou art,
 Ease and cure my wounded heart.

You I love (by Jove) I do,
More then all things here below,
With a Passion full as great,
As e're Creature fancied yet :
 Cloe, since my Heav'n thou art,
 Ease and cure my wounded heart.

Bid the Miser leave his Ore,
Bid the Wretched sigh no more,
Bid the Old be Young again,
Bid young Maids ne'r think of Men :
 Cloe, since my Heav'n thou art,
 Ease and cure my wounded heart.

YOUNG LOVE

Love's not a thing of Chance, but Fate
That makes me Love, that makes you hate,
Then if you be false or true,
Love I must, and none but you :
 Cloe, since my Heav'n thou art,
 Ease and cure my wounded heart.

UNKNOWN

The Bashful Virgin

O what a pain it is
 to be a Lover,
Being deny'd the bliss
 for to discover :
Blind *Cupid* with his Dart
 hath wrought my anguish
Yet dare I not impart
 for whom I languish.

I feed a flame within
 which so torments me,
That it both pains my heart
 and yet contents me,
It's such a pleasing smart
 and I so love it,
That I had rather dye
 than once remove it.

But he for whom I grieve
 shall neuer know it,
My tongue shall ne're discry
 nor my eyes show it :
Not a sigh nor a tear,
 my grief discloses,

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

But they fall silently
like dew on Roses.

But to prevent my Love
for being cruel,
My heart's the Sacrifice
as 'tis the fuel,
And whilst I suffer this
to give him quiet,
My faith rewards my Love
though he deny it.

On his eyes will I gaze
and there delight me,
Whilst I conceal my flames
no frowns can fright me,
To be more happy I
dare not aspire,
Nor can I fall more low
mounting no higher.

But words they are but wind—
I cannot bear it,
Perhaps he may be kind
although I fear it.
To him I must impart
for whom I languish,
Or love will break my heart
With grief and anguish.

Dear Love, regard my grief,
do not prove cruel.
Cupid hath plaid the thief
and stoln a Jewel :

YOUNG LOVE

My heart it is the prize
now in thy keeping,
Wounded by thy fair eyes
which caus'd my weeping.

My modesty excuse,
blame higher powers
Though Maidens do not use
for to turn woers,
Yet I had better speak
truth to discover
Then that my heart should break
whilst Love I smother.

With blushes on my cheek
I do reveal it,
That I do love thee dear
I'll not conceal it :
Though Virgin-bashfulness
now doth refrain me,
Regard my heaviness,
do not disdain me.

Love hath consum'd me so
whilst I was silent,
That I am worn with woe
my pains so violent,
Let pity move thy heart
now to requite me,
And I will do my part
for to delight thee.

With charms of Love my dear
I will endeavor,

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

Thy heart all times to cheer
both now and ever :
No harms shall thee annoy
whilst I imbrase thee,
If thou wilt be my joy
I'le ne're disgrace thee.

Therefore, confider, sweet,
how I invite thee.
Let our affections meet,
do not thou flight me :
Answer me lovingly
to my desire,
Left I with sorrow dye
in *Cupid's* fire.

UNKNOWN

The Bleeding Lover's Lamentation

Ranging the filent fhade
seeking for Pleasure,
I heard a fair young Maid
weep out of measure :
Her curled locks she tore
and often crying,
“ Strephon whom I ador
is from me flying.

Sure by some charming Saint
he is deluded,
While here in sad complaint
I lye excluded

YOUNG LOVE

From all the Joys of love,
and grief lye under.

My sorrows to remove
heart break in funder.

O *Strephon* most unkind,
how could you leave me,
With a tormented mind,
the which doth grieve me ?

Return, return again
whom I admire,
Or in tormenting pain
I shall expire.

Alas ! you little know
how I lye bleeding,
These melting tears that flow
for me are pleading,
Let them some pity find,
do not destroy me ;
I am to love inclin'd,
let me enjoy thee.

In vain this moan I make,
he will not hear me,
Altho' my heart should break
he'll not come near me ;
But Violates the Laws
of Lovers' passion.
What have I done to cause
this separation ?

None had my heart but he
ever in keeping."
This said, immediately
she fell weeping,

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

Her hands as white as Snow,
 she wrung them, crying,
“ Down to the shades below,
 my soul is flying.

My last Farewel I'll write
 and leaue behind me,
Since he for ruine quite
 thus hath design'd me,
When he the same shall read,
 it may offend him ;
A mournful life he'll lead,
 grief may attend him.

When he shall call to mind
 what Vows he made me,
Seeming to love inclin'd
 'till he betray'd me :
This may his Soul enslave
 and cause his weeping,
While in the silent Grave
 I shall lye sleeping.

Death, ease me of the smart
 which I lye under,
And let this stubborn heart
 now break in funder.
Why should I live to feel
 love's flaming fire,
Which I cannot conceal ?
 let me expire ! ”

Once more her melting eyes
 like Fountains flowing,
And with relenting Crys,
 said she, “ I'm going.

YOUNG LOVE.

Farewel, thou perjur'd fwain
who from me parted,
Thou haft a lover flain
being hard hearted."

UNKNOWN

Ah how sweet it is to love

Ah how sweet it is to love,
Ah how gay is young desire !
And what pleasing pains we prove
When we first approach Love's fire !
Pains of Love be sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are.
Sighs which are from Lovers blown,
Do but gently heave the Heart :
Ev'n the tears they shed alone
Cure, like trickling Balm, their smart.
Lovers, when they lose their breath,
Bleed away in easie death.

Love and Time with reverence use,
Treat 'em like a parting friend :
Nor the golden gifts refuse
Which in youth sincere they send :
For each year their price is more,
And they less simple than before.

Love, like Spring-tides full and high,
Swells in every youthful vein :
But each Tide does less supply,
Till they quite shrink in again :
If a flow in Age appear,
'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

JOHN DRYDEN

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

Salley in our Alley

Of all the Girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Salley ;
She is the Darling of my Heart,
And she lives in our Alley.
There's ne'er a Lady in ye Land
That's half so sweet as Salley ;
She is the Darling of my Heart,
And she lives in our Alley.

Her Father he makes Cabbage Nets,
And thro' the Streets does cry 'em ;
Her Mother she sells Laces long
To such as please to buy 'em.
But sure such Folks cou'd ne'er beget
So sweet a Girl as Salley ;
She is the Darling of my Heart,
And she lives in our Alley.

When she is by, I leave my Work,
I love her so sincerely ;
My Master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely.
But let him bang his Belly full,
I'll bear it all for Salley ;
She is the Darling of my Heart,
And she lives in our Alley.

Of all the Days that's in the Week,
I dearly love but one Day ;
And that's the Day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday.

YOUNG LOVE

For then I'm drest all in my best
To walk abroad with Salley ;
She is the Darling of my Heart,
And she lives in our Alley.

My Master carries me to Church,
And often am I blamed,
Because I leave him in the Lurch
As soon as Text is named ;
I leave the Church in Sermon Time
And flink away to Salley ;
She is the Darling of my Heart,
And she lives in our Alley.

When Chriftnas comes about again,
Oh then I shall have Money ;
I'll hoard it up and Box and all,
I'll give it to my Honey.
And would it were Ten Thousand Pound,
I'd give it all to Salley ;
She is the Darling of my Heart,
And she lives in our Alley.

My Master and the Neighbours all
Make Game of me and Salley.
And (but for her) I'd rather be
A Slave and row a Galley.
But when my Seven long Years are out,
O then I'll marry Salley ;
O then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
But not in our Alley.

HENRY CAREY

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

Tell me, my Heart, if this be love ?

When Delia on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move ;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but her's can hear,
No other wit but her's approve ;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

If she some other youth commend,
Though I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove ;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The clearest spring, or shadiest grove ;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

When fond of pow'r, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spread for ev'ry swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove ;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

GEORGE LYTTELTON

An' O for ane an' twenty, Tam !

An' O for ane an' twenty, Tam !
And hey, sweet ane an' twenty, Tam !
I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,
An' I saw ane an' twenty, Tam.

YOUNG LOVE

They snool me sair, and haud me down,
An' gar me look like bluntie, Tam !
But three short years will soon wheel roun',
An' then comes ane an' twenty, Tam.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my auntie, Tam ;
At kith or kin I need na spier,
An I saw ane and twenty, Tam.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
Tho' I mysel' hae plenty, Tam ;
But, hear'st thou, laddie ? there's my loof,
I'm thine at ane and twenty, Tam !

ROBERT BURNS

snool : snub.

bluntie : a stupid person.

gleib : portion.

claut : handful.

gear : goods.

coof : ninny.

loof : hand.

Strange fits of passion have I known

Strange fits of passion have I known :
And I will dare to tell,
But in the Lover's ear alone,
What once to me befell.

When she I loved looked every day
Fresh as a rose in June,
I to her cottage bent my way,
Beneath an evening-moon.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

Upon the moon I fixed my eye,
All over the wide lea;
With quickening pace my horse drew nigh
Those paths so dear to me.

And now we reached the orchard-plot;
And, as we climbed the hill,
The sinking moon to Lucy's cot
Came near, and nearer still.

In one of those sweet dreams I slept,
Kind Nature's gentlest boon!
And all the while my eyes I kept
On the descending moon.

My horse moved on; hoof after hoof
He raised, and never stopped:
When down behind the cottage roof,
At once, the bright moon dropped.

What fond and wayward thoughts will slide
Into a Lover's head!
"O mercy!" to myself I cried,
"If Lucy should be dead!"

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Love in the Valley

Under yonder beech-tree single on the green-sward,
Couched with her arms behind her golden head,
Knees and tresses folded to slip and ripple idly,
Lies my young love sleeping in the shade.

YOUNG LOVE

Had I the heart to slide an arm beneath her,
Press her parting lips as her waist I gather slow,
Waking in amazement she could not but embrace
me :
Then would she hold me and never let me go ?

Shy as the squirrel and wayward as the swallow,
Swift as the swallow along the river's light
Circling the surface to meet his mirrored winglets,
Fleeter she seems in her stay than in her flight.
Shy as the squirrel that leaps among the pine-tops,
Wayward as the swallow overhead at set of sun,
She whom I love is hard to catch and conquer,
Hard, but O the glory of the winning were she
won !

When her mother tends her before the laughing
mirror,
Tying up her laces, looping up her hair,
Often she thinks, were this wild thing wedded,
More love should I have, and much less care.
When her mother tends her before the lighted
mirror,
Loosening her laces, combing down her curls,
Often she thinks, were this wild thing wedded,
I should miss but one for many boys and girls.

Heartless she is as the shadow in the meadows
Flying to the hills on a blue and breezy noon.
No, she is athirst and drinking up her wonder :
Earth to her is young as the slip of the new
moon.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

Deals she an unkindness, 'tis but her rapid measure,
Even as in a dance; and her smile can heal no
less:

Like the swinging May-cloud that pelts the flowers
with hailstones

Off a sunny border, she was made to bruise and
bless.

* * * * *

GEORGE MEREDITH

A PROVERB IN PORCELAIN

"Le cœur mène où il va"

SCENE.—*A Chalet covered with Honeysuckle.*

NINETTE.

NINON.

NINETTE

This way—

NINON

No this way—

NINETTE

This way, then.

(They enter the Chalet.)

You are as changing, Child,—as Men.

NINON

But are they? Is it true, I mean?

Who said it?

NINETTE

Sister SÉRAPHINE.

She was so pious and so good,
With such sad eyes beneath her hood,

YOUNG LOVE

And such poor little feet,—all bare !
Her name was EUGÉNIE LA FÉRE.
She used to tell us,—moonlight nights,—
When I was at the Carmelites.

NINON

Ah, then it must be right. And yet,
Suppose for once—suppose, NINETTE—

NINETTE

But what ?

NINON

Suppose it were not so ?
Suppose there *were* true men, you know !

NINETTE

And then ?

NINON

Why, if that *could* occur,
What kind of man should you prefer ?

NINETTE

What looks, you mean ?

NINON

Looks, voice and all.

NINETTE

Well, as to that, he must be tall,
Or say, not ' tall,'—of middle size ;
And next, he must have laughing eyes,

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

And a hook-nose,—with, underneath,
O! what a row of sparkling teeth!

NINON (*touching her cheek suspiciously*)
Has he a scar on this side?

NINETTE

Hush!

Some one is coming. No; a thrush:
I see it swinging there.

NINON

Go on.

NINETTE

Then he must fence, (ah, look, 'tis gone!)
And dance like Monseigneur, and sing
"Love was a Shepherd":—everything
That men do. Tell me yours, NINON.

NINON

Shall I? Then mine has black, black hair . . .
I mean he *should* have; then an air
Half sad, half noble; features thin;
A little *royale* on the chin;
And such a pale, high brow. And then,
He is a prince of gentlemen;—
He, too, can ride and fence and write
Sonnets and madrigals, yet fight
No worse for that—

NINETTE

I know your man.

YOUNG LOVE

NINON

And I know yours. But you'll not tell,—
Swear it !

NINETTE

I swear upon this fan,—
My Grandmother's !

NINON

And I, I swear
On this old turquoise *reliquaire*,—
My great—*great* Grandmother's !—

(*After a pause.*)

NINETTE !

I feel so sad.

NINETTE

I too. But why ?

NINON

Alas, I know not !

NINETTE (*with a sigh*)

Nor do I.

AUSTIN DOBSON

The Sigh

Little head against my shoulder,
Shy at first, then somewhat bolder,
And up-eyed ;
Till she, with a timid quaver,
Yielded to the kiss I gave her ;
But, she sighed.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

That there mingled with her feeling
Some sad thought she was concealing
It implied.

—Not that she had ceased to love me,
None on earth she set above me ;
But she sighed.

She could not disguise a passion,
Dread, or doubt, in weakest fashion
If she tried :
Nothing seemed to hold us sundered,
Hearts were victors ; so I wondered
Why she sighed.

Afterwards I knew her thoroughly,
And she loved me staunchly, truly,
Till she died ;
But she never made confession
Why, at that first sweet concession,
She had sighed.

It was in our May, remember ;
And though now I near November,
And abide
Till my appointed change, unfretting,
Sometimes I sit half regretting
That she sighed.

THOMAS HARDY

A Love-letter

I've bought the tickets. The man at the concert
hall didn't seem at all surprised that I had the
money. Meet me outside the gallery doors at

YOUNG LOVE

three, and wear that cream blouse and the corals—will you? I love you. I don't like sending these letters to the shop. I always feel those people with 'Letters received' in their window keep a kettle in their back parlour that would steam open an elephant's ear of an envelope. But it really doesn't matter, does it, darling? Can you get away on Sunday? Pretend you are going to spend the day with one of the girls from the office, and let's meet at some little place and walk or find a field where we can watch the daisies uncurling. I do love you, Edna. But Sundays without you are simply impossible. Don't get run over before Saturday, and don't eat anything out of a tin or drink anything from a public fountain. That's all, darling.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD

Take Pity upon Youth

*Thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of the
Realme, in erecting a Grammar Schoole.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

*'Tis now the Summer of your Youth ; Time has not cropt
the Roses from your Cheek, tho' Sorrow long has wash'd 'em.*

EDWARD MOORE

*O wail for blind brave youth, whose wars
Turn happiness to stone.*

EDMUND BLUNDEN

Fond and Foolish Parents

BUT touching Parents, a great blame and imputation (how iustly I know not) is commonly laid vpon the Mother; not onely for her ouer tenderneffe, but in winking at their lewd courſes; yea, more in ſeconding, and giuing them encouragement to doe wrong, though it were, as *Terence* ſaith, againſt their owne Fathers.

I dare not ſay it was long of the Mother that the ſon told his Father he was a better man, and better deſcended then he.

Nor will I affirme that it is her pleaſure the Chamber-maid ſhould be more curious in fitting his ruffe, then his Maſter in refining his manners.

Nor that it is ſhe that filleth the Ciſterne of his lauiſh expence, at the Vniuerſitie, or Innes of Court; that after foure or five yeares ſpent, hee returnes home as wife as *Ammonius* his Affe, that went with his Maſter euery day to the Schoole, to heare *Origen* and *Porphyrus* reade Philoſophy.

But albeit, many Parents haue bene diligent enough this way, and good Maſters haue likewise done their parts, and neither want of will or abilitie of wit in their Children to become Schollers, yet (whether out of an ouer-weening conceipt of their towardneffe, a pride to haue their ſonnes out-goe their neighbours, or to make them men before their times) they take them from Schoole, as Birds out of

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

the nest ere they be flidge, and send them so young to the Vniuersitie, that scarce one among twentie proueth ought. For as tender plants, too soone or often remooued, beginne to decay and die at the roote; so these young things of twelue, thirteene, or foureteene, that haue no more care then to expect the next Carrier, and where to sup on Fridaies and Fasting nights: no further thought of studie then to trimme vp their studies with Pictures, and place the fairest Bookes in openest view, which poore Lads, they scarce euer opened or vnderstand not; that when they come to Logicke, and the crabbed grounds of Arts, there is such a disproportion betweene *Aristotle's Categories*, and their childish capacities, that what together with the sweetnesse of libertie, varietie of companie, and so many kinds of recreation in Towne and Fields abroad (being like young Lapwings apt to be snatched vp by euery Buzzard), they prooue with Homer's Willow *ὠλεσίκαρποι*, and as good goe gather Cockles with *Caligula's* people on the Sand as yet to attempt the difficulties of so rough and terrible a passage.

HENRY PEACHAM

TAKE PITY UPON YOUTH

The Mad Maid's Song

Good morrow to the Day so fair ;
Good morning, Sir, to you :
Good morrow to mine own torn hair
Bedabled with the dew.

Good morning to this Prim-rose too ;
Good morrow to each maid ;
That will with flowers the *Tomb* bestrew,
Wherein my Love is laid.

Ah woe, woe, woe, woe, woe is me,
Alack and welladay !
For pitty, Sir, find out that Bee,
Which bore my Love away.

I'le seek him in your *Bonnet* brave ;
I'le seek him in your eyes ;
Nay, now I think th'ave made his grave
I' th' bed of strawburies.

I'le seek him there ; I know, ere this,
The cold, cold Earth doth shake him ;
But I will go, or fend a kisse
By you, Sir, to awake him.

Pray hurt him not ; though he be dead,
He knowes well who do love him,
And who with green-turfes reare his head,
And who do rudely move him.

He's soft and tender (Pray take heed)
With bands of Cow-flips bind him ;
And bring him home, but 'tis decreed,
That I shall never find him.

ROBERT HERRICK

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

Captive Youths

I am tempted to enter a protest against the trite and lavish praise of the happiness of our boyish years, which is echoed with so much affectation in the World. That happiness I have never known, that time I have never regretted; and were my poor aunt still alive, she would bear testimony to the early and constant uniformity of my sentiments. It will, indeed, be replied that *I* am not a competent Judge; that pleasure is incompatible with pain, that joy is excluded from sickness; and that the felicity of a schoolboy consists in the perpetual motion of thoughtless and playful agility, in which I was never qualified to excell. My name, it is most true, could never be enrolled among the sprightly race, the idle progeny of Eton or Westminster, who delight to cleave the water with pliant arm, to urge the flying ball, and to chace the speed of the rolling circle. But I would ask the warmest and most active Hero of the play-field whether he can seriously compare his childish with his manly enjoyments; whether he does not feel, as the most precious attribute of his existence, the vigorous maturity of sensual and spiritual powers which nature has reserved for the age of puberty. A state of happiness arising only from the want of foresight and reflection shall never provoke my envy; such degenerate taste would tend to sink us in the scale of beings from a man to a child, a dog and an oyster, till we had reached the confines of brute matter, which cannot suffer, because it cannot feel. The poet may gaily describe the short

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hours of recreation; but he forgets the daily, tedious labours of the school, which is approached each morning with anxious and reluctant steps. Degrees of misery are proportioned to the mind rather than to the object; *parva leves capiunt animos*; and few men, in the tryals of life, have experienced a more painful sensation than the poor schoolboy with an imperfect task, who trembles on the eve of the black Monday. A school is the cavern of fear and sorrow; the mobility of the captive youths is chained to a book and a desk; an inflexible master commands their attention, which every moment is impatient to escape; they labour like the soldiers of Persia under the scourge, and their education is nearly finished before they can apprehend the sense or utility of the harsh lessons which they are forced to repeat. Such blind and absolute dependence may be necessary, but can never be delightful: Freedom is the first wish of our heart; freedom is the first blessing of our nature; and, unless we bind ourselves with the voluntary chains of interest or passion, we advance in freedom as we advance in years.

EDWARD GIBBON

The Bridge of Sighs

One more Unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

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Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care ;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair !

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements ;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing ;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully ;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly ;
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful :
Past all dishonour
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammy.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses ;
Whilst wonderment guesses .
Where was her home ?

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Who was her father ?
Who was her mother ?
Had she a sister ?
Had she a brother ?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other ?

Alas ! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun !
Oh ! it was pitiful !
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none !

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly,
Feelings had changed :
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence ;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver ;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river :

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Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurl'd—
Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world !

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,—
Over the brink of it,
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute man !
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can !

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care ;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair !

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently,—kindly,—
Smoothe and compose them :
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly !

Dreadfully staring
Thro' muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing,
Fix'd on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurr'd by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,

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Into her rest.—
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast !

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour !

THOMAS HOOD

Domestic Criticism

At Mr. Perry's, one of our school-fellows was a clever, mischievous girl,—so clever, and so much older than myself as to have great influence over me when she chose to try her power, though I disapproved her ways very heartily. She one day asked me, in a corner, in a mysterious sort of way, whether I did not perceive that Rachel was the favourite at home, and treated with manifest partiality. Everybody else, she said, observed it. This had never distinctly occurred to me. Rachel was handy and useful, and not paralysed by fear, as I was ; and, very naturally, our busy mother resorted to her for help, and put trust in her about matters of business, not noticing the growth of an equally natural habit in Rachel of quizzing or snubbing me, as the elder ones did. From the day of this mischievous speech of my school-fellow, I was on the watch, and with the usual result to the jealous. Months—perhaps a year or two—passed on while I was brooding over this, without a

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word to any one; and then came the explosion, one winter evening after tea, when my eldest sister was absent, and my mother, Rachel and I were sitting at work. Rachel criticised something that I said, in which I happened to be right. After once defending myself, I sat silent. My mother remarked on my "obstinacy," saying that I was "not a bit convinced." I replied that nothing convincing had been said. My mother declared that she agreed with Rachel, and that I ought to yield. Then I passed the verge, and got wrong. A sudden force of daring entering my mind, I said, in the most provoking way possible, that this was nothing new, as she always did agree with Rachel against me. My mother put down her work, and asked me what I meant by that. I looked her full in the face, and said that what I meant was that every thing that Rachel said and did was right, and every thing that I said and did was wrong. Rachel burst into an insulting laugh, and was sharply bidden to "be quiet." I saw by this that I had gained some ground; and this was made clear by my mother sternly desiring me to practise my music. I saw that she wanted to gain time. The question now was how I should get through. My hands were clammy and tremulous: my fingers stuck to each other; my eyes were dim, and there was a roaring in my ears. I could easily have fainted; and it might have done no harm if I had. But I made a tremendous effort to appear calm. I opened the piano, lighted a candle with a steady hand, began, and derived strength from the first

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Then the question was—how was I ever to leave off? On I went for what seemed to me an immense time, till my mother sternly called to me to leave off and go to bed. With my candle in my hand, I said “Good-night.” My mother laid down her work, and said, “Harriet, I am more displeased with you to-night than ever I have been in your life.” Thought I, “I don’t care: I have got it out, and it is all true.” “Go and say your prayers,” my mother continued; “and ask God to forgive you for your conduct to-night; for I don’t know that I can. Go to your prayers.” Thought I,—“No, I shan’t.” And I did not: and that was the only night from my infancy to mature womanhood that I did not pray. I detected misgiving in my mother’s forced manner; and I triumphed. If the right was on my side (as I entirely believed) the power was on hers; and what the next morning was to be I could not conceive. I slept little, and went down sick with dread. Not a word was said, however, then or ever, of the scene of the preceding night; but henceforth, a most scrupulous impartiality between Rachel and me was shown. If the occasion had been better used still,—if my mother had but bethought herself of saying to me, “My child, I never dreamed that these terrible thoughts were in your mind. I am your mother. Why do you not tell me every thing that makes you unhappy?” I believe this would have wrought in a moment that cure which it took years to effect, amidst reserve and silence.

HARRIET MARTINEAU

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The Cravats

Never was poor creature more dismally awkward than I was when domestic eyes were upon me : and this made me a most vexatious member of the family. I remember once upsetting a basin of moist sugar into a gilet pie. (I remember nothing else quite so bad.) I never could find anything I was sent for, though I could lay my hands in the dark on anything I myself wanted. On one occasion, when a workwoman was making mourning in the midst of us, I was desired to take the keys, and fetch a set of cravats for marking, out of a certain drawer. My heart sank at the order, and already the inevitable sentence rung in my ears,—that I was more trouble than I was worth ; which I sincerely believed. The drawer was large, and crammed. I could not see one thing from another ; and in no way could I see any cravats. Slowly and fearfully I came back to say so. Of course, I was sent again, and desired not to come back without them. That time, and again the next, I took every thing out of the drawer ; and still found no cravats. My eldest sister tried next ; and great was my consolation when she returned crest-fallen,—having found no cravats. My mother snatched the keys, under a strong sense of the hardship of having to do every thing herself, when Rachel suggested another place where they might have been put. There they were found ; and my heart was swelling with vindictive pleasure when my mother, by a few noble words, turned the tide of feeling completely. In the presence of the workwoman, she laid her hand on my arm, kissed me, and said, “ And now, my

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dear, I have to beg *your* pardon." I answered only by tears, but the words supported me for long after.

HARRIET MARTINEAU

A Crisis in my Mental History

From the winter of 1821, when I first read Bentham, and especially from the commencement of the Westminster Review, I had what might truly be called an object in life ; to be a reformer of the world. My conception of my own happiness was entirely identified with this object. The personal sympathies I wished for were those of fellow-labourers in this enterprise. I endeavoured to pick up as many flowers as I could by the way ; but as a serious and permanent personal satisfaction to rest upon, my whole reliance was placed on this ; and I was accustomed to felicitate myself on the certainty of a happy life which I enjoyed, through placing my happiness in something durable and distant, in which some progress might be always making, while it could never be exhausted by complete attainment. This did very well for several years, during which the general improvement going on in the world and the idea of myself as engaged with others in struggling to promote it, seemed enough to fill up an interesting and animated existence. But the time came when I awakened from this as from a dream. It was in the autumn of 1826. I was in a dull state of nerves, such as everybody is occasionally liable to ; unsusceptible to enjoyment or pleasurable excitement ; one of those moods when what is pleasure at other

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times, becomes insipid or indifferent; the state, I should think, in which converts to Methodism usually are, when smitten by their first "conviction of sin." In this frame of mind it occurred to me to put the question directly to myself: "Suppose that all your objects in life were realised; that all the changes in institutions and opinions which you are looking forward to, could be completely effected at this very instant: would this be a great joy and happiness to you?" And an irrepressible self-consciousness distinctly answered, "No!" At this my heart sank within me: the whole foundation on which my life was constructed fell down. All my happiness was to have been found in the continual pursuit of this end. The end had ceased to charm, and how could there ever again be any interest in the means? I seemed to have nothing left to live for.

At first I hoped that the cloud would pass away of itself; but it did not. A night's sleep, the sovereign remedy for the smaller vexations of life, had no effect on it. I awoke to a renewed consciousness of the woful fact. I carried it with me into all companies, into all occupations. Hardly anything had power to cause me even a few minutes' oblivion of it. For some months the cloud seemed to grow thicker and thicker. The lines in Coleridge's "Dejection"—I was not then acquainted with them—exactly describe my case:

"A grief without a pang, void, dark and drear,
A drowsy, stifled, unimpassioned grief,
Which finds no natural outlet or relief
In word, or sigh, or tear."

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In vain I sought relief from my favourite books, those memorials of past nobleness and greatness from which I had always hitherto drawn strength and animation. I read them now without feeling, or with the accustomed feeling *minus* all its charm ; and I became persuaded, that my love of mankind, and of excellence for its own sake, had worn itself out. I sought no comfort by speaking to others of what I felt. If I had loved any one sufficiently to make confiding my griefs a necessity, I should not have been in the condition I was. I felt, too, that mine was not an interesting, or in any way respectable distress. There was nothing in it to attract sympathy. Advice, if I had known where to seek it, would have been most precious. The words of Macbeth to the physician often occurred to my thoughts. But there was no one on whom I could build the faintest hope of such assistance. My father, to whom it would have been natural to me to have recourse in any practical difficulties, was the last person to whom, in such a case as this, I looked for help. Everything convinced me that he had no knowledge of any such mental state as I was suffering from, and that even if he could be made to understand it, he was not the physician who could heal it. My education, which was wholly his work, had been conducted without any regard to the possibility of its ending in this result ; and I saw no use in giving him the pain of thinking that his plans had failed, when the failure was probably irremediable, and, at all events, beyond the power of *his* remedies. Of other friends, I had at that time none to whom I had any hope of

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making my condition intelligible. It was, however, abundantly intelligible to myself; and the more I dwelt upon it, the more hopeless it appeared. . . .

In all probability my case was by no means so peculiar as I fancied it, and I doubt not that many others have passed through a similar state; but the idiosyncrasies of my education had given to the general phenomenon a special character, which made it seem the natural effect of causes that it was hardly possible for time to remove. I frequently asked myself, if I could, or if I was bound to go on living, when life must be passed in this manner. I generally answered to myself, that I did not think I could possibly bear it beyond a year. When, however, not more than half that duration of time had elapsed, a small ray of light broke in upon my gloom. I was reading, accidentally, Marmontel's "Memoires" and came to the passage which relates his father's death, the distressed position of the family, and the sudden inspiration by which he, then a mere boy, felt and made them feel that he would be everything to them—would supply the place of all that they had lost. A vivid conception of the scene and its feelings came over me, and I was moved to tears. From this moment my burden grew lighter. The oppression of the thought that all feeling was dead within me, was gone. I was no longer hopeless: I was not a stock or a stone. I had still, it seemed, some of the material out of which all worth of character, and all capacity for happiness, are made. Relieved from my ever present sense of irremediable wretchedness, I gradually found that the ordinary incidents of life

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could again give me some pleasure; that I could again find enjoyment, not intense, but sufficient for cheerfulness, in sunshine and sky, in books, in conversation, in public affairs; and that there was, once more, excitement, though of a moderate kind, in exerting myself for my opinions, and for the public good. Thus the cloud gradually drew off, and I again enjoyed life: and though I had several relapses, some of which lasted many months, I never again was as miserable as I had been.

JOHN STUART MILL

Jenny

“Vengeance of Jenny’s case! Fie on her! Never name her, child!”—(Mrs. Quickly.)

Lazy laughing languid Jenny,
Fond of a kiss and fond of a guinea,
Whose head upon my knee to-night
Rests for a while, as if grown light
With all our dances and the sound
To which the wild tunes spun you round:
Fair Jenny mine, the thoughtless queen
Of kisses which the blush between
Could hardly make much daintier;
Whose eyes are as blue skies, whose hair
Is countless gold incomparable:
Fresh flower, scarce touched with signs that tell
Of Love’s exuberant hotbed:—Nay,
Poor flower left torn since yesterday
Until to-morrow leave you bare;
Poor handful of bright spring-water

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Flung in the whirlpool's shrieking face ;
Poor shameful Jenny, full of grace
Thus with your head upon my knee ;—
Whose person or whose purse may be
The lodestar of your reverie ?

This room of yours, my Jenny, looks
A change from mine so full of books,
Whose serried ranks hold fast, forsooth,
So many captive hours of youth,—
The hours they thief from day and night
To make one's cherished work come right,
And leave it wrong for all their theft,
Even as to-night my work was left :
Until I vowed that since my brain
And eyes of dancing seemed so fain,
My feet should have some dancing too :—
And thus it was I met with you.
Well, I suppose 'twas hard to part,
For here I am. And now, sweetheart,
You seem too tired to get to bed.

It was a careless life I led
When rooms like this were scarce so strange
Not long ago. What breeds the change,—
The many aims or the few years ?
Because to-night it all appears
Something I do not know again.

The cloud's not danced out of my brain,—
The cloud that made it turn and swim
While hour by hour the books grew dim.
Why, Jenny, as I watch you there,—
For all your wealth of loosened hair,

TAKE PITY UPON YOUTH

Your silk ungirdled and unlac'd
And warm sweets open to the waist,
All golden in the lamplight's gleam,—
You know not what a book you seem,
Half-read by lightning in a dream !
How should you know, my Jenny ? Nay,
And I should be ashamed to say :—
Poor beauty, so well worth a kiss !
But while my thought runs on like this
With wasteful whims more than enough,
I wonder what you're thinking of.

If of myself you think at all,
What is the thought ?—conjectural
On sorry-matters best unsolved ?—
Or inly is each grace revolved
To fit me with a lure ?—or (sad
To think !) perhaps you're merely glad
That I'm not drunk or ruffianly
And let you rest upon my knee.

* * *

Well, handsome Jenny mine, sit up,
I've filled our glasses, let us sup,
And do not let me think of you,
Lest shame of yours suffice for two.
What, still so tired ? Well, well then, keep
Your head there, so you do not sleep ;
But that the weariness may pass
And leave you merry, take this glass.
Ah ! lazy lily hand, more bless'd
If ne'er in rings it had been dress'd
Nor ever by a glove conceal'd !

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Behold the lilies of the field,
They toil not neither do they spin ;
(So doth the ancient text begin,—
Not of such rest as one of these
Can share). Another rest and ease
Along each summer-sated path
From its new lord the garden hath,
Than that whose spring in blessings ran
Which praised the bounteous husbandman,
Ere yet, in days of hankering breath,
The lilies sickened unto death.

What, Jenny, are your lilies dead ?
Aye, and the snow-white leaves are spread
Like winter on the garden-bed.
But you had roses left in May,—
They were not gone too. Jenny, nay,
But must your roses die, and those
Their puffed buds that should uncloze ?
Even so ; the leaves are curled apart,
Still red as from the broken heart,
And here's the naked stem of thorns.

Nay, nay, mere words. Here nothing warn
As yet of winter. Sickness here
Or want alone could waken fear,—
Nothing but passion wrings a tear.
Except when there may rise unsought
Haply at times a passing thought
Of the old days which seem to be
Much older than any history
That is written in any book ;
When she would lie in fields and look

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Along the ground through the blown grass,
And wonder where the city was,
Far out of sight, whose broil and bale
They told her then for a child's tale.

Jenny, you know the city now.
A child can tell the tale there, how
Some things that are not yet enroll'd
In market-lists are bought and sold
Even till the early Sunday light,
When Saturday night is market-night
Everywhere, be it dry or wet,
And market-night in the Haymarket.
Our learned London children know,
Poor Jenny, all your pride and woe ;
Have seen your lifted silken skirt
Advertise dainties through the dirt ;
Have seen your coach-wheels splash rebuke
On virtue ; and have learned your look
When, wealth and health slipped past, you stare
Along the streets alone, and there,
Round the long park, across the bridge,
The cold lamps at the pavement's edge
Wind on together and apart,
A fiery serpent for your heart.

Let the thoughts pass, an empty cloud !
Suppose I were to think aloud,—
What if to her all this were said ?
Why, as a volume seldom read
Being opened halfway shuts again,
So might the pages of her brain
Be parted at such words, and thence
Close back upon the dusty sense.

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For is there hue or shape defin'd
In Jenny's desecrated mind,
Where all contagious currents meet,
A Lethe of the middle street ?
Nay, it reflects not any face,
Nor sound is in its sluggish pace,
But as they coil those eddies clot,
And night and day remember not.

Why, Jenny, you're asleep at last !—
Asleep, poor Jenny, hard and fast,—
So young and soft and tired ; so fair,
With chin thus nestled in your hair,
Mouth quiet, eyelids almost blue
As if some sky of dreams shone through !

Just as another woman sleeps !
Enough to throw one's thoughts in heaps
Of doubt and horror,—what to say
Or think,—this awful secret sway,
The potter's power over the clay !
Of the same lump (it has been said)
For honour and dishonour made,
Two sister vessels. Here is one.

My cousin Nell is fond of fun,
And fond of dress, and change, and praise,
So mere a woman in her ways :
And if her sweet eyes rich in youth
Are like her lips that tell the truth,
My cousin Nell is fond of love.
And she's the girl I'm proudest of.
Who does not prize her, guard her well ?
The love of change, in cousin Nell,

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Shall find the best and hold it dear :
The unconquered mirth turn quieter
Not through her own, through other's woe :
The conscious pride of beauty glow
Beside another's pride in her,
One little part of all they share.
For love himself shall ripen these
In a kind soil to just increase
Through years of fertilizing peace.

Of the same lump (as it is said)
For honour and dishonour made,
Two sister vessels. Here is one.

It makes a goblin of the sun.

* * * *

Come, come, what use in thoughts like this ?
Poor little Jenny, good to kiss,—

* * * *

Jenny, wake up. . . . Why, there's the dawn !

And there's an early waggon drawn
To market, and some sheep that jog
Bleating before a barking dog ;
And the old streets come peering through
Another night that London knew ;
And all as ghostlike as the lamps.

So on the wings of day decamps
My last night's frolic. Glooms begin
To shiver off as lights creep in
Past the gauze curtains half drawn-to,
And the lamp's doubled shade grows blue,—

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Your lamp, my Jenny, kept alight,
Like a wise virgin's, all one night !
And in the alcove coolly spread
Glimmers with dawn your empty bed ;
And yonder your fair face I see
Reflected lying on my knee,
Where teems with first foreshadowings
Your pier-glass scrawled with diamond rings.

And now without as if some word
Had called upon them that they heard,
The London sparrows far and nigh
Clamour together suddenly ;
And Jenny's cage-bird grown awake
Here in their song his part must take,
Because here too the day doth break.

And somehow in myself the dawn
Among stirred clouds and veils withdrawn
Strikes greyly on her. Let her sleep.
But will it wake her if I heap
These cushions thus beneath her head
Where my knee was ? No,—there's your bed,
My Jenny, while you dream. And there
I lay among your golden hair
Perhaps the subject of your dreams,
These golden coins.

For still one deems
That Jenny's flattering sleep confers
New magic on the magic purse,—

* * * *

Why, Jenny, waking here alone
May help you to remember one,

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Though all the memory's long outworn
Of many a double-pillowed morn.
I think I see you when you wake,
And rub your eyes for me, and shake
My gold, in rising, from your hair,
A Danaë for a moment there.

Jenny, my love rang true ! for still
Love at first sight is vague, until
That tinkling makes him audible.

And must I mock you to the last,
Ashamed of my own shame,—aghast
Because some thoughts not born amiss
Rose at a poor fair face like this ?
Well, of such thoughts so much I know :
In my life, as in hers, they show,
By a far gleam which I may near,
A dark path I can strive to clear.

Only one kiss. Good-bye, my dear.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

Maggie, the Mare

The next morning Maggie was worse. Catharine was in the stable as soon as anybody was stirring, and the poor creature was trembling violently. She was watched with the most tender care, and when she became too weak to stand to eat or drink she was slung with soft bands and pads. Her groans were dreadful. After about a week of cruel misery she died. It was evening, and Catharine sat down and looked at what was left of her friend. She

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had never before even partly realised what death meant. She was too young to feel its full force. The time was yet to come when death would mean despair—when the insolubility of the problem would induce carelessness to all other problems and their solution. Furthermore, this was only a horse. Still, the contrast struck her between the corpse before her and Maggie with her bright eyes and vivid force. What had become of all that strength; what had become of *her*?—and the girl mused, as countless generations had mused before her. Then there was the pathos of it. She thought of the brave animal which she had so often seen, apparently for the mere love of difficulty, struggling as if its sinews would crack. She thought of its glad recognition when she came into the stable, and of its evident affection, half human, or perhaps wholly human, and imprisoned in a form which did not permit full expression. She looked at its body as it lay there extended, quiet, pleading as it were against the doom of man and of beast, and tears came to her eyes as she noted the appeal—tears not altogether of sorrow, but partly of revolt.

Mr. Bellamy came in.

"Ah, Miss Catharine, I don't wonder at it. There's many a human as I should less have missed than Maggie. I can't make out at times why we should love the beasts so as perish."

"Perhaps they don't."

"Really, Miss, of course they do. What's the Lord to do with all the dead horses and cows?"

Catharine thought, "Or with the dead men and women," but she said nothing. The subject was

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new to her. She took her scissors and cut off a wisp of Maggie's beautiful mane, twisted it up, put it carefully in a piece of paper, and placed it in a little pocket-book which she always carried. The next morning as soon as it was daylight a man came over from Eastthorpe; Maggie was hoisted into a cart, her legs dangling down outside, and was driven away to be converted into food for dogs.

MARK RUTHERFORD

The boyhood of Marius

One by one, at the desire of his mother, the lad broke down his cherished traps and springes for the hungry wild birds on the salt marsh. A white bird, she told him once, looking at him gravely, a bird which he must carry in his bosom across a crowded public place—his own soul was like that! Would it reach the hands of his good genius on the opposite side, unruffled and unsoiled? And as his mother became to him the very type of maternity in things, its unfailing pity and protectiveness, and maternity itself the central type of all love;—so, that beautiful dwelling-place lent the reality of concrete outline to a peculiar ideal of home, which throughout the rest of his life he seemed, amid many distractions of spirit, to be ever seeking to regain.

And a certain vague fear of evil, constitutional in him, enhanced still further this sentiment of home as a place of tried security. His religion, that old Italian religion, in contrast with the really light-

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hearted religion of Greece, had its deep undercurrent of gloom, its sad, haunting imageries, not exclusively confined to the walls of Etruscan tombs. The function of the conscience, not always as the prompter of gratitude for benefits received, but oftenest as his accuser before those angry heavenly masters, had a large part in it ; and the sense of some unexplored evil, ever dogging his footsteps, made him oddly suspicious of particular places and persons. Though his liking for animals was so strong, yet one fierce day in early summer, as he walked along a narrow road, he had seen the snakes breeding, and ever afterwards avoided that place and its ugly associations, for there was something in the incident which made food distasteful and his sleep uneasy for many days afterwards. The memory of it however had almost passed away, when at the corner of a street in Pisa he came upon an African showman exhibiting a great serpent : once more, as the reptile writhed, the former painful impression revived : it was like a peep into the lower side of the real world, and again for many days took all sweetness from food and sleep. He wondered at himself indeed, trying to puzzle out the secret of that repugnance, having no particular dread of a snake's bite, like one of his companions, who had put his hand into the mouth of an old garden-god and roused there a sluggish viper. A kind of pity even mingled with his aversion, and he could hardly have killed or injured the animals, which seemed already to suffer by the very circumstance of their life, being what they were. It was something like a fear of the supernatural, or perhaps rather a moral

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feeling, for the face of a great serpent, with no grace of fur or feathers, so different from quadruped or bird, has a sort of humanity of aspect in its spotted and clouded nakedness. There was a humanity, dusty and sordid and as if far-gone in corruption, in the sluggish coil, as it awoke suddenly into one metallic spring of pure enmity against him. Long afterwards, when it happened that at Rome he saw, a second time, a showman with his serpents, he remembered the night which had then followed, thinking, in Saint Augustine's vein, on the real greatness of those little troubles of children, of which older people make light; but with a sudden gratitude also, as he reflected how richly possessed his life had actually been by beautiful aspects and imageries, seeing how greatly what was repugnant to the eye disturbed his peace.

WALTER PATER

Spiritual Foster-Brothers

The growing eagerness which I displayed for the society of selected schoolfellows and for such gentle dissipations as were within my reach exercised my Father greatly. His fancy rushed forward with the pace of a steam-engine, and saw me the life and soul of a gambling club, or flaunting it at the Mabilles. He had no confidence in the action of moderating powers, and he was fond of repeating that the downward path is easy. If one fretted to be bathing with one's companions on the shingle, and preferred this exercise to the study of God's

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I left home to be married, I "tubbed" all my little brothers and sisters and washed their fair hair.

Little Holland House, where Mr. Watts lived, seemed to me a paradise, where only beautiful things were allowed to come. All the women were graceful, and all the men were gifted. The trio of sisters—Mrs. Prinsep—(mother of the painter), Lady Somers, and Mrs. Cameron, who was the pioneer in artistic photography as we know it to-day—were known as Beauty, Dash, and Talent. There were two more beautiful sisters, Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Dalrymple. Gladstone, Disraeli and Browning were among Mr. Watt's visitors. At Freshwater, where I went soon after my marriage, I first saw Tennyson.

As I write down these great names I feel almost guilty of an imposture! Such names are bound to raise high anticipations, and my recollections of the men to whom some of the names belong are so very humble.

I sat, shrinking and timid, in a corner—the girl-wife of a famous painter. I was, if I was anything at all, more of a curiosity, a side-show, than hostess to these distinguished visitors.

* * * * *

Of one thing I am certain. While I was with Signor—the name by which Mr. Watts was known among his friends—I never had one single pang of regret for the theatre. This may do me no credit, but it is *true*.

I wondered at the new life, and worshipped it because of its beauty. When it suddenly came to an end, I was thunderstruck; and refused at first

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to consent to the separation, which was arranged for me in much the same way as my marriage had been.

The whole thing was managed by those kind friends whose chief business in life seems to be the care of others. I don't blame them. There are cases where no one is to blame. "There do exist such things as honest misunderstandings," as Charles Reade was always impressing on me at a later time. There were no vulgar accusations on either side, and the words I read in the deed of separation, "incompatibility of temper"—a mere legal phrase—*more* than covered the ground. Truer still would have been "incompatibility of *occupation*," and the interference of well-meaning friends. We all suffer from that sort of thing. Pray God one be not a well-meaning friend one's self!

"The marriage was not a happy one," they will probably say after my death, and I forestall them by saying that it in many ways was very happy indeed. What bitterness there was effaced itself in a very remarkable way.

I saw Mr. Watts but once face to face after the separation. We met in the street at Brighton, and he told me that I had grown!

DAME ELLEN TERRY

Lennie

I

Lennie came riding in on Lucy. He slid to the ground and dragged the mare's bridle roughly.

"Come on, yer blasted old idjut, can't ye!" he blubbed, dragging her to the stable door.

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"Blasted idjut, my Uncle Joe!" he continued, between the sniffs and gulps of his blubbing. "Questions! Questions! How c'n I answer questions when I don't know myself!" A loud blub as he dragged the saddle down on top of himself, in his frenzy of untackling Lucy. "Rackett says to me, 'Len,' he says," blub and a loud sniff—"y' father's took bad and pore ol' Gran's gone," he says," blub! blub! blub. "'Be off an' fetch y' Uncle Joe an' tell him to come at onst'—an' he can go to *hell*.'" Lennie ended on a shout of defiance as he staggered into the stable with the saddle. And from the dark his voice came: "An' when I ask our Tom what's amiss wi' m' Dad," blub! blub! "blasted idjut looks at me like a blasted owl—like a blasted owl!" And Lennie sobbed before he sniffed and came out for the bridle.

"Don't y' cry, Lennie," said Jack, who was himself crying for all he was worth, under the cover of the dark.

"I'm not crying, y' bloomin' fool, you!" shouted Len. "I'm goin' in to see Ma, I am. Get some sense outta *her*."

He walked off towards the house, and then came back.

"Why don't *you* go in, Tom, an' see?" he cried. "What d'yer stan' there like that for, what *do* yer?"

There was a dead and horrible silence, outside the stable door in the dark. A silence that went to the core of the night, having no word to say.

The lights of a buggy were seen at the gate. The

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three waited. It was the unmarried aunts. One of them ran and took Len in her arms.

"Oh, you poor little lamb!" she cried. "Oh, your poor Ma! Your Ma! Your poor Ma!"

"Ma's not bad! She's all right!" yelped Len in a new fear. Then there was a pause, and he became superconscious. Then he drew away from the aunts.

"Is Dad dead?" he asked in a queer, quizzical little voice, looking from Tom to Jack, in the dim buggy light. Tom stood as if paralysed.

Lennie at last gave a queer, animal "Whooh," like a dog dazed with pain, and flung himself into Tom's arms. The only sounds in the night were Tom's short, dry sobs, as he held Lennie, and the whimpering of the aunts.

"Come to your poor Mother, come to comfort her," said one of the aunts gently.

"Tom! Tom!" cried Lennie. "I'm skeered! I'm skeered, Tom, o' them two corpses! I'm skeered of 'em, Tom." Tom, who was a little skeered too, gave a short, dry bark of a sob.

"They won't hurt you, precious!" said the aunt. "They won't hurt you. Come to your poor Mother."

"No-o-o!" wailed Lennie in terror, and he flung away to Timothy's cabin, where he slept all night.

II

Dr. Rackett said that if Mrs. Ellis would consent, he would like to bear the expenses of sending Lennie to school in England for the next three years.

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Mrs. Ellis woke from her dream to say quickly :

"Although I thank you kindly, Dr. Rackett, I think you'll understand if I say No."

Her decision startled everybody.

"Prrh! Bah!" snorted Mr. George. "There's one thing. I doubt if we could make Lennie go. But, with your permission, Alice, we'll ask him. Jack, find Lennie for us."

"I'll not say a word," said Mrs. Ellis, nervously clutching the edge of the table. "I won't influence him. But if he goes it 'll be the death of me. Poor old Lennie! Poor old Lennie!"

"Prrh! Bah! That's nonsense! Nonsense!" said Mr. George, angrily. "Give the boy his chance, leave your fool emotions out, d' ye hear, Alice Ellis."

Mrs. Ellis sat like a martyr stubborn at the stake. Jack brought the mistrustful Len, who stood like a prisoner at the bar. Mr. George put the case as attractively as possible.

Len slowly shook his head, with a grimace of distaste.

"No, I *don't* think!" he remarked. "Not fer mine, you bet! I stays alongside my pore ol' Ma, here in Western Austrylia."

Mr. George adjusted his eyeglasses severely.

"Your mother is neither poor nor old," he said, coldly.

"I never!" broke out Lennie.

"And this country, thank God, is called Australia, not Austrylia. When you open your mouth you give proof enough of your need for education. I should like to hear different language in your

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mouth, my son, and see different ideas working in your head."

Lennie, rather pale and nervous, stared with wide eyes at him.

"You never," he said, "you never ketch me talkin' like Jack Grant, not if y' skin me alive." And he shifted from one foot to the other.

"I wouldn't take the trouble to skin you, alive or dead. Your skin wouldn't be worth it. But come. You're an intelligent boy. You *need* education. You *need* it. Your nature needs it, child. Your mother ought to see that. Your nature needs you to be educated, well educated. You'll be wasted afterwards—you will. And you'll repent it. Mark me, you'll repent it, when you're older, and your spirit, which should be trained and equipped, is all clumsy and half-baked as any other cornseed's. You'll be a fretful, uneasy, wasted man, you will. Your mother ought to see that. You'll be a half-baked, quarter-educated bush-whacker, instead of a well-equipped man."

Len looked wonderingly at his mother. But she still sat like an obstinate martyr at the stake, and gave him no sign.

"Don't *he* educate me?" asked Len, pointing to Rackett.

"As much as you'll let him," said Mr. George.
"But——"

Lennie's face crumpled up with irritation.

"Oh, what for do you *want* me to be educated!" he cried testily. "I don't want to be like Uncle Blogg. I don' wantter to be like Dr. Rackett even." He wrinkled his nose in distaste. "'N

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I don't wantter be like Jack Grant, neither. I don' wantta, I tell y' I don' wantta."

"Do you think they would want to be like *you*?" asked Mr. George.

Lennie looked from him to Rackett, and then to Jack.

"Jack's not so *very* diff'rent," he said slowly. And he shook his head. "But can't y' believe me?" he cried. "I don' wantta go to England. I don' wantta talk fine and be like them. Can't ye see I don't? I don' wantta? What's the good! What's the mortal use of it, anyhow? Aren't I right as I am?"

"What *do* you want to do?"

"I wants to work. I wants to milk an' feed, and plough and reap and lay out irrigation, like Dad. An' I wants to look after Ma an' the kids. An' then I'll get married and be on a place of me own with kids of me own, an' die, like Dad, an' be done for. That's what I wants. It is."

He looked desperately at his mother.

Mr. George slowly shook his head, staring at the keen, beautiful, but reluctant boy.

"I suppose that's 'what we've come to," said Rackett.

"Didn't you learn me!" cried Lennie, defiantly. And striking a little attitude, like a naive earnest actor, he repeated:

'Here rests, his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown.
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own.

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Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send.
He gave to misery all he had, a tear,
He gained from heaven, 'twas all he wished, a friend."

"There," he continued, "That's me! An' I've got a friend already."

"You're a little fool," said Mr. George. "Much mark of melancholy there is on you! And do you think Misery is going to thank you for your idiotic tear? As for your friend, he's going away. And you're a fool, putting up a headstone to yourself when you're alive still. Damn you, you little fool, and be damned to you."

Mr. George was really cross. He flounced his spectacles off his nose. Len was frightened. Then he said, rather waveringly, turning to his mother:

"We're all right, Ma, ain't we?"

Mrs. Ellis looked at him with her subtlest, tenderest smile. And in Lennie's eyes burned a light of youthful indignation against these old men.

D. H. LAWRENCE

They Shall Grow Not Old

*For death is come up into our windowes, and is entred
into our palaces, to cut off the children from without, and
the yong men from the streetes.*

THE BOOK OF JEREMIAH

The Daughter of Jephthah

THEN the Spirit of the LORD came upon Jephthah, and he passed ouer Gilead and Manasseh, and passed over Mizpeh of Gilead, and from Mizpeh of Gilead hee passed ouer unto the children of Ammon. And Jephthah vowed a vowe unto the LORD, and said, "If thou shalt without faile deliuer the children of Ammon into mine hands, then it shall be, that whatsoeuer commeth forth of the doores of my house to meete me, when I returne in peace from the children of Ammon, shal surely be the LORD's, and I will offer it up for a burnt offering."

So Jephthah passed ouer unto the children of Ammon to fight against them, and the LORD deliuered them into his hands. And he smote them from Aroer, euen till thou come to Minnith, even twentie cities, and unto the plaine of the vineyards, with a very great slaughter: thus the children of Ammon were subdued before the children of Israel.

And Jephthah came to Mizpeh unto his house, and, beholde, his daughter came out to meete him with timbrels and with dances, and she was his onely child: beside her he had neither sonne nor daughter. And it came to passe when he saw her, that he rent his clothes, and said, "Alas, my daughter! thou hast brought me very low, and thou

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art one of them that trouble me: for I haue opened my mouth unto the LORD, and I cannot goe backe." And she said unto him, "My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the LORD, doe to me according to that which hath proceeded out of thy mouth; forasmuch as the LORD hath taken vengeance for thee of thine enemies, euen of the children of Ammon." And she said unto her father, "Let this thing be done for me: Let me alone two moneths, that I may goe up and downe upon the mountaines, and bewaile my virginities, I, and my fellowes." And he said, "Goe." And he sent her away for two moneths, and shee went with her companions, and bewailed her virginities upon the mountaines.

And it came to passe at the ende of two moneths that shee returned unto her father, who did with her according to his vow which he had vowed: and she knew no man.

And it was a custome in Israel, that the daughters of Israel went yeerely to lament the daughter of Jephthah the Gileadite foure dayes in a yeere.

THE BOOK OF JUDGES

On the death of Prince Henry

All lookes be pale, harts cold as stone,
For *Hally* now is dead, and gone,
 Hally, in whose fight,
 Most sweet fight,
All the earth late tooke delight.
Eu'ry eye weepe with mee.
Loyes drown'd in teares must be.

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His Iv'ry skin, his comely hayre,
His Rosie cheekes, so cleare and faire,
Eyes that once did grace
His bright face,
Now in him all want their place.
Eyes and hearts weepe with mee,
For who so kinde as hee?

His youth was like an *Aprill* flowre,
Adorn'd with beauty, loue, and powre.
Glory strow'd his way,
Whose wreaths gay
Now are all turn'd to decay.
Then againe weepe with mee,
None feele more cause then wee.

No more may his wisht fight returne,
His golden Lampe no more can burne.
Quencht is all his flame;
His hop't fame
Now hath left him nought but name.
For him all weepe with mee,
Since more him none shall see.

THOMAS CAMPION

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‘ *O weake condition of human estate !* ’

Ladislaus King of *Bohemia* 18 yeeres of age, in the flower of his youth, so potent, rich, fortunate and happy, in the midst of all his friends, amongst so many Physicians, now ready to be married, in 36 houres sickned and died. . . .

ROBERT BURTON

A Handkercher for Parents' Wet Eyes

(*To my worthy Friend Master I. R.*)

Sir, I know you doe now feele what it is to bee a Father ; and therefore to barre you altogether from lamenting & forrowing in such an Accident as this [*the death of your beloued Sonne*] were as vnreasonable, as to chide a *Man* for shewing himselfe sensible when a Tooth is drawne, or a Leg or an Arme is sawd off from his body. For if I should perswade you that these may bee taken from you without feeling, or paine, you would say I plaid the *Mountebanke*.

For mine owne part, I was at the first unlookt for word of [*Dead*] like *Niobe*, *Lapideus factus*, Cold at the heart ; and hauing recollected my selfe, found I was a sharer in your losse, and could not temper mine Eyes from running ouer as for a Kinsman of mine own. (For why should not I haue an interest, nay a kind of affinity with *His Sonne*, who vouchsafed to bee so kind a nourisher of *My Daughter* ?)

Had you lost him new-borne, and but saluting the world ;

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Juvenal.

—*Primos incipientem*

Sat. 7. a. Edere vagitus, & adhuc à matre rubentem ;
First squayling Cryes from Infant Throte out-
strayning,
And from his Mother, yet the Redde retayning :

Or a Youngling first bestriding his Hobby-horse, or driuing his Top, or new learning the way to *Schoole* ; the parting had not been so bitter. We doe somewhat easily shake hands with greene and flight Acquaintances.

But he was *Solidus Adolefcens*, *A growne Man*, arriued halfe way to the *Solstice of his Age* ; *Strong, actiue, well-shaped, well-graced, faire-demeanord, studious*, of an honest and vertuous disposition, yeelding not onely the bloffomes, but the fruits of a good education.

Graue, with the first appearing *Downe vpon his Chinne*, yet without any grumnesse or fowrenesse of manners.

* * * * *

*Bonos viros
facile solui
in
lacrymas.
Cbaucer.*

I haue noted your eyes sometimes to stand great with teares at others' woes, *for pittie renneth soone in Gentle heart*. And therefore I blame you not to melt, yea, to ake, and be sore of such a wound and mayme as this. This is not a flea-bite, or a scratch with a pinne ; nor a forraigne hurt a great way distant, but *Domestike and Concerning*.

If *Dauid* thought his sorrow iustifiable for his Sonne that was a *Rebell*, and almost a *Parricide* ; your sorrow cannot but be iust for so towardly, so deare, so precious a Sonne : A right *Beniamin*,

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the Sonne of your Right hand, the Staffe and Prop of your old Age.

Ægritudinem doloremque animi moderatum improbari non oportet. One must not be shent for moderate sorrow and *griefe of minde*.

But yet you must take heed of making your Griefe vniust. . . . Consider that it is the case of others with you. If you had beene the first, or onely Father that had lost a Sonne, and no other had drunk of this *Cup* before you; then you had some Colour to complaine, and to continue and spin out your laments. *But the worme is spread euen vnder Royall Branches; Kings and Princes are deprived of their Children*, as well as meaner men; yea those *Children that should keepe their Kingdome from staggering*.

Histories are full of instances; Whence you (that are so conuersant in those readings) can easily store your selfe; let it bee inough for me to reach you onely three or foure familiar Ones, within the reach & ken of our owne memory.

That Noble Lord of the North lost three of his Sonnes, *In florentissima ætate*, in the very bloome of youth, and lustihood: One, before his aged Eyes, by the ruggednesse of an vnbroken Horse; and Two together out of a Boate passing ouer a rough Ferry.

You know, but a little since, A worthy Knight of our Country lost one of his Sons, a lusty yong Gentleman, in our owne Riuer, his Horse leaping with his Rider, plum ouer the Boate's side.

A Noble Gentlewoman, our neighbour, after the losse of a deare and excellent Husband, lost in the

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Circle of a few yeeres, fixe of her Children, all growne Men and Women, three faire Daughters, and three braue Sonnes; the yongest in a Tempest of Bullets, at the assault of an vnfortunate Iland.

The *Prince Palatine's* losse of his First-borne Sonne, by the vnlucky running of a Ship with full saile ouer his Barge, is fresh in all minds. . . .

What a *Rowe* might bee presented of weeping Fathers and Mothers for their Sonnes, accomplisht (at their no small charge) with learning and breeding, sodainely hurried out of the world upon a Sword or Rapier's point, in desperate quarrels, or Challenges and Duells, within the compasse of halfe Your Time?

*Age, define; intuensque aliorum miseras,
Tua lenius feres.*

Goe to, giue ouer, and by view

Of others' Griefes, your owne subdue. . . .

Our Estimate of Life is wrong, and false; quite odde and different from God's. We measure it like *Canvas*, by the *Ell*; God like *Gold*, by the *Graine*. Our Examen is by the *Tale*, so many *Scores*; God's by the *Touch*, so vertuous, so exemplary, of such an *Allay*.

Now, God hauing thus qualified Your Sonne with Grace, made him early ready for Heauen; hee had attain'd his due, and true Seniority, and could not complaine that hee lackt Time or had liu'd too little while.

M. B. Hol. *Action, not Time, does number Age.*

in Translat. The Heathens haue noted it for a blessing, to dye young.

Menand. *Ætate prima moritur, quem dij diligunt.*

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Early to dye it him behoou'd,
Whom gods aboue so dearely lou'd.
And againe :

Nec illi,

*Quem Diuum Pater atque hominum, quem Phæbus
Amabat ante omnes, fera licuit gaudere senecta. —*

Nor might he (here) liue to be old as other,
Whom *Ioue* and *Phæbus* tendred as their brother.
Cic. Tusc. *Gleobis* and *Biton*, when their Mother
quest. for their piety in drawing her Chariot to
the Temple themselues, (in the absense of the
Horses) prayed, that they might be rewarded with
the greatest blessing that could possibly happen
from God to Man; were both found dead next
morning in their sleepe. . . .

Set not God to Schoole; appoint him not what
to take, what to leaue. He knowes best which
Branch of the *Vine* to prune off. . . .

I. C.

An Epitaph upon a Virgin

Here a solemne Fast we keepe,
While all beauty lyes asleep
Husht be all things; (no noyse here)
But the toning of a teare :
Or a sigh of such as bring
Cowslips for her covering.

ROBERT HERRICK

THEY SHALL GROW NOT OLD

*On a vertuous young Gentlewoman that dyed
suddenly*

When the old flaming Prophet climb'd the Sky,
Who, at one Glympse, did *vanish*, and not dye,
He made more Preface to a Death than This,
So far from Sick, She did not *breath* amiss :
She who to Heaven more heaven doth annex,
Whose lowest Thought was above all our Sex,
Accounted nothing Death but t' be Repriv'd,
And dyed as free from sickness as she liv'd.
Others are dragg'd away, or must be driven,
She only saw her time and *stept* to Heaven ;
Where *Seraphims* view all her Glories o're
As one Return'd that had been there before.
For while she did this Lower World adorn,
Her Body seem'd rather *assum'd* than born ;
So Rarifi'd, Advanc'd, so Pure and Whole,
That Body might have been another's *Soul*.
And equally a Miracle it were
That she could Dye, or that she could Live here.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT

Death's Uncontrollable Summons

In slumber and Sleep my senses fail'd,
Hey ho, hey ho, then slept I ;
The bright Sun rais'd a mist withall ;
eclipsed in the darksome Sky.
An antient Father stood by me,
Hey ho, hey ho, hollow eyes,
A foul deformed Wight was he
I thought my youth did him despise.

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His Cloak was green, his head was gray,
hey ho, hey ho, silver hair,
His Face was pale as any clay
his Countenance made me much to fear.

Amazed at the suddain fight,
hey ho, hey ho, youthful boy;
I stood as one amazed quite,
hey ho, hey ho, dismal day.

"Father," quoth I, "tell me your name,
hey ho, hey ho, tell me true,
I pray you tell to me the fame,
my joynts do tremble at thy view."

"Young Youth," quoth he, "I tell to thee,
hey ho, hey ho, thy thred is spun;
My name is Death, I come for thee,
hey ho, hey ho, thy Glafs is run."

"For me, sweet Death? I hope not so,
hey ho, hey ho, I am young;
Let me be old before I go,
alafs! my time hath not been long.

I have this worldly wealth at will,
hey ho, hey ho, ask and have,
Let me enjoy those Pleasures still,
Oh, my Soul abhors the Grave."

"I scorn thy Treasure and thy Pelf,
hey ho, hey ho, haste away,
Thy goods shall perish with thy self,
'tis not thy wealth my stroak shall stay."

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“ Oh Death ! what will my true Love say ?
hey ho, hey ho, thee’l complain
On thee, for taking me away ;
sweet Death, with her let me remain ! ”

“ I tell thee yet, thou strivest in vain,
hey ho, hey ho, go ’tis time ;
Thy vital thread is cut in twain, ‘
oh hark and hear the dulfome Chyme.”

“ Then woe is me ! I must be gone,
hey ho, hey ho, my heart,
My World’s delight and all is gone,
there was never man so loath to part.

Mark well my Fall you youthful Buds,
hey ho, hey ho, view my Fall,
My Pleasures, Plenty, Life and Goods,
hey ho, hey ho, Death ends all.”

UNKNOWN

Coridon's Doleful Knell

My Phillida adieu Love,
and evermore farewell.
I must go seek a new Love,
yet will I ring her Knell.
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
My *Phillida* is dead,
I'll stick a branch of Willow
At my fair *Phillis'* head.

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Our Bridal Bed was made,
for my fair Phillida.
Instead of filken shade
she now lies wrapp'd in Clay :
Ding dong, &c.

Her Corps shall be attended
with Nymphs in rich array,
Till Obsequies be ended,
and my Love wrapp'd in Clay.
Ding dong, &c.

Her Herse it shall be carried
by them that do excell,
And when that she was buried,
I will thus ring her Knell.
Ding dong, &c.

I'll deck her Tomb with flowers
the rarest that ever was seen,
And with my Tears as showers
I'll keep them fresh and green ;
Ding dong, &c.

Instead of fairest colours,
set forth by curious art,
Her picture shall be painted
in my distressed heart.
Ding dong, &c.

And ever shall be written,
And after shall be said,
True Love is not forgotten,
though Phillida be dead :
Ding dong, &c.

THEY SHALL GROW NOT OLD

In fable will I mourn,
black shall be all my weed.
Ay me ! I here some talk
how Phillida is dead :
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
My *Phillida* is dead, &c.

A Garland shall be framed
by Art and Nature's skill,
With fundry colour'd flowers,
in token of good will ;
Ding dong, &c.

With fundry colour'd Ribands,
as much I will bestow ;
They should be black and yellow,
with her to Grave shall go.
Ding dong, &c.

She was my lovely true Love,
no heart can Witnefs well ;
Wherefore in sign I lov'd her
Once more I ring her Knell,
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
My *Phillida* is dead.
I'll ftick a branch of Willow
At my fair Phillis' head.

UNKNOWN

Epitaph

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown,
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompence as largely send :
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THOMAS GRAY

She dwelt among the untrodden ways

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A Maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love :

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye !
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be ;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Hester

When maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
With vain endeavour.

THEY SHALL GROW NOT OLD

A month or more hath she been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed,
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flush'd her spirit.

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call:—if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool,
But she was train'd in Nature's school,
Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour, gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning.

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet fore-warning?

CHARLES LAMB

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

Evelyn Hope

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead !

Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her book-shelf, this her bed ;
She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,
Beginning to die too, in the glass ;
Little has yet been changed, I think :
The shutters are shut, no light may pass
Save two long rays thro' the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died !

Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name ;
It was not her time to love ; beside,
Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares,
And now was quiet, now astir,
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,—
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope ?

What, your soul was pure and true,
The good stars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit, fire and dew—
And, just because I was thrice as old
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was nought to each, must I be told ?
We were fellow mortals, nought beside ?

No, indeed ! for God above

Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love :
I claim you still, for my own love's sake !

THEY SHALL GROW NOT OLD

Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few :
Much is to learn and much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come,—at last it will,
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,
In the lower earth, in the years long still,
That body and soul so pure and gay ?
Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,
And your mouth of your own geranium's red—
And what you would do with me, in fine,
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,
Given up myself so many times,
Gained me the gains of various men,
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes ;
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,
Either I missed or itself missed me :
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope !
What is the issue ? let us see !

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while !
My heart seemed full as it could hold—
There was place and to spare for the frank young
smile
And the red young mouth and the hair's young
gold.
So, hush,—I will give you this leaf to keep—
See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand.
There, that is our secret ! go to sleep ;
You will wake, and remember, and understand.

ROBERT BROWNING

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

My cousin Charles

It was resolved that Charles should go to Australia. The Christmas time of 1833 passed heavily, for I was very sorry; Mary, a good deal more so; and my father and mother, though in their hearts caring for nobody in the world but me, were grave at the thought of Charles's going so far away; but, honestly and justifiably, thought it for the lad's good. I think the whole affair was decided, and Charles's outfit furnished, and ship's berth settled, and ship's captain interested in his favour, in something less than a fortnight, and down he went to Portsmouth to join his ship joyfully, with the world to win. By due post came the news that he was at anchor off Cowes, but that the ship could not sail because of the west wind. And post succeeded post, and still the west wind blew. We liked the west wind for its own sake, but it was a prolonging of farewell which teased us, though Charles wrote that he was enjoying himself immensely, and the captain, that he had made friends with every sailor on board, besides the passengers.

And still the west wind blew. I do not remember how long—some ten days or fortnight, I believe. At last, one day my mother and Mary went with my father into town on some shopping or sight-seeing business of a cheerful character; and I was left at home, busy also about something that cheered me greatly, I know not what; but when I heard the others come in, and upstairs into the drawing-room, I ran eagerly down and into the room, beginning to tell them about this felicity that had befallen

THEY SHALL GROW NOT OLD

me, whatever it was. They all stood like statues, my father and mother very grave. Mary was looking out of the window—the farthest of the front three from the door. As I went on, boasting of myself, she turned round suddenly, her face all streaming with tears, and caught hold of me, and put her face close to mine, that I might hear the sobbing whisper, “Charles is gone.”

The west wind had still blown, clearly and strong, and the day before there had been a fresh breeze of it round the isle, at Spithead, exactly the kind of breeze that drifts the clouds, and ridges the waves, in Turner’s Gosport.

The ship was sending her boat on shore for some water, or the like—her little cutter, or somehow sailing, boat. There was a heavy sea running, and the sailors, and, I believe, also a passenger or two, had some difficulty in getting on board. “May I go, too?” said Charles to the captain, as he stood seeing them down the side. “Are you not afraid?” said the captain. “I never was afraid of anything in my life,” said Charles, and went down the side and leaped in.

The boat had not got fifty yards from the ship before she went over, but there were other boats sailing all about them, like gnats in midsummer. Two or three scudded to the spot in a minute, and every soul was saved, except Charles, who went down like a stone.

22nd January, 1834.

All this we knew by little and little. For the first day or two we would not believe it, but thought

AN ANTHOLOGY OF YOUTH

he must have been taken up by some other boat and carried to sea. At last came word that his body had been thrown ashore at Cowes : and his father went down to see him buried. That done, and all the story heard, for still the ship stayed, he came to Herne Hill, to tell Charles's 'auntie' all about it. (The old man never called my mother anything else than auntie.) It was in the morning, in the front parlour—my mother knitting in her usual place at the fireside, I at my drawing, or the like, in my own place also. My uncle told all the story, in the quiet, steady sort of way that the common English do, till just at the end he broke down into sobbing, saying (I can hear the words now), "They caught the cap off of his head, and yet they couldn't save him."

JOHN RUSKIN

The Fallen

They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds un-
counted,

They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow
old :

Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

LAURENCE BINYON

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- AUSTEN, JANE 1775-1817
Northanger Abbey. Edited by K. M. Metcalfe.
 Clarendon Press. 1923. Chap. VI. The titles
 of the horrid books were not invented by Jane
 Austen, but by Mrs. Radcliffe, Mrs. Eliza Parsons,
 Regina Maria Roche, George Walker, and Miss
 Eleanor Sleath, all followers of the fashion set by
 Horace Walpole in his "Castle of Otranto." 68

BALLADS

A COUNTRY NEW IIGGE. From the collection of
 broadside ballads bequeathed by Samuel Pepys
 to Magdalene College, Cambridge, and thus
 described: "*My Collection of Ballads. Begun by
 MR. SELDEN; Improv'd by y^e addition of many
 Pieces elder thereto in Time; and the whole con-
 tinued to the year 1700. When the FORM, till then*

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peculiar thereto, viz. of the BLACK LETTER with PICTURES, Seems (for cheapness Sake) wholly laid aside for that of the WHITE LETTER without PICTURES." Two copies of the Jig appear in the collection, both in Vol. I. numbers 260 and 278. No complete reprint of the Pepysian collection has been published, but it has often been drawn upon by anthologists, for instance, by Bishop Percy, in his "Reliques of Ancient Poetry," 1765; and a selection of the ballads, compiled by H. E. Rollins, was published in 1922 by the Cambridge University Press under the title "A Pepysian Garland." Mr. Rollins includes this ballad of Simon and Susan and describes it as a "splendid example of a dramatic jig, dating perhaps about 1620. There are four *dramatis personæ*, a fair plot, and considerable opportunities for effective singing and dancing. This jig no doubt made a satisfactory conclusion to a play." We must note that when Simon speaks of 'my Mother,' he is obviously referring to Susan's mother; he addresses her parents throughout as 'Father' and 'Mother.' Frequent allusions occur in English literature to the superstition that unmarried women would 'lead apes in hell'; compare, for instance, "Much Ado about Nothing," II. i. "Hee that is lesse then a man, I am not for him: therefore I will euen take fixe-pence in earnest of the Berrord (bear-ward), and leade his Apes into hell." Malone suggests that it might have been considered as an act of posthumous retribution for the refusal to bear children. The full title of the ballad runs: "A Country new Ligge between *Simon* and *Susan*, to be fung in merr[y] pastime [by]

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Bachelors and Maydens. To the tune of I
[can] nor will no longer lie alone. Or, Falerolero." 239

AN EXCELLENT DITTY, by L.M. From the same collection. Mr. Rollins does not print this ballad, but in his note on Ll[jewellyn] Morg[an]'s "Every Man's Condition" ("A Pepysian Garland," 47) he suggests that the two ballads may be by the same author. Nothing appears to be known of Ll[jewellyn] Morg[an]. The title of the ballad is missing from the copy in the Pepys collection; the sub-title runs :

An excellent Ditty, both merry and witty,
Expreffing the loue of the Youthes of the City,
Who take delight, as my Song doth fay,
Betimes in the morning to fetch home May.

To a pleafant new tune, or the two louely louers. 132

A NEW DITTY, by Peter Lowberry, probably written about 1630. From the Roxburghe collection (now in the British Museum); *Ancient Songs and Ballads, printed between the years MDLX and MDCC, chiefly collected by Robert Earl of Oxford, and purchased at the Sale of the late Mr. West's Library, in the Year 1773. Arranged and Bound in the year 1774.* Vol. I. p. 290. This is one of the ballads "Printed at London for Edward Wright, dwelling neere Christs Church Gate." It was sung to the tune of "Hide Park." Nothing seems to be known of Peter Lowberry. 236

AN EXCELLENT SONNET. Probably written about 1620. There are two copies in the Roxburghe collection, Vol. I. 110 and Vol. III. 186, varying in unimportant details. J. W. Ebsworth, who edited the Roxburghe ballads for the Ballad

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Society suggests that 'perfections' should be emended to 'affections' in the fourth line of the third stanza, and 'sweare' to 'weare' in the second line of the eighth. He preserves the reading 'Kills' in the second line of the last stanza and suggests that a reference should be understood to the Arcadian mountains (*Κυλλήνη* being in Arcadia). It seems unnecessary to have recourse to so far-fetched an interpretation; the Oxford Dictionary shows us that 'Kill' is used in the United States for a stream, and Wright's dialect dictionary states that the word is still used (in the Orkney Isles) for a spring. But possibly in the ballad it is a misprint for Rills. (The later version has 'Hils' in both lines.) I have altered 'perfections' to 'imperfections' in the third stanza. It seems unnecessary to emend 'swear.' 'I swear that I have received the favours of a hundred ladies' makes good sense. The sub-title of the later version of the ballad runs: "A New, Rare, and Excellent sonnet of A Brave and lusty youth full groome, that was in Love and could not tell with Whom."

113

DEATH'S UNCONTROLLABLE SUMMONS. Probably written about 1633. From the second volume of the Roxburghe collection (103). A ballad similar in theme but very much inferior in style is reprinted from the Sloane MS. by Mr. Rollins in "Old English Ballads"; it is called "A Dialogue betweene death and youthe." Ebsworth draws attention to the resemblance in form between "Death's Summons" and Spenser's Roundelay, which is printed on p. 219 of this anthology. The ballad was printed for P.

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Brooksby at the Golden Ball in Pye-Corner. The sub-title runs : " Or, The Mortality of Mankind. Being a Dialogue between Death and a Young-Man. To the Tune of My Bleeding Heart." 319

PHILLIDA FLOUTS ME. Probably written about 1600. From the third volume of the Roxburghe collection (142); there is also a copy in Vol. II. The tune is given in William Chappell's " Old English Popular Music," Vol. II., p. 133, where it is reprinted from Watt's " Musical Miscellany," 1729, and " The Quaker's Opera," 1728. There is a reference to the ballad in " The Compleat Angler." I have altered ' thy ' to ' my ' in stanza three. 115

THE BASHFUL VIRGIN. From the second volume of the Roxburghe collection (24); there is also a copy in the Pepys collection, Vol. IV. 30. Some of the ballad was reprinted in " The New Academy of Complements, erected for Ladies, Gentlemen, Courtiers, Gentlemen, Scholars, Soldiers, Citizens, Countrymen; and all Persons of what Degree soever, of both Sexes. Stored with variety of courtly and Civil Complements, Eloquent Letters of Love and Friendship, with an Exact Collection of the Newest and Choiceft Songs Alamode, Both Amorous and Jovial. Compiled By L.B. Sir C. S. [Charles Sedley?], Sir W.D. [William Davenant?] and others the most Refined Wits of this Age." 1713. I have followed the Refined Wits in printing ' more ' instead of ' no ' in the last line of the fifth stanza. The ballad was sung to the tune of ' I am so deep in love,' or ' Little Boy.' 247

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THE BLEEDING LOVER'S LAMENTATION. From the second volume of the Roxburghe collection (32). Also in the Pepys and the Douce collections, "The picture," comments Ebsworth, "is one of misery which healthy minds may well pass over," but possibly there may be readers with minds unhealthy enough to agree with me that the old ballad is not unbeautiful. The subtitle runs: "Or, Fair Clorindas sorrowful Complaint for her Unconstant Strephon. To the tune of The Ring of Gold."

250

THE COUNTRY LASSE. Probably written about 1620. From the first volume of the Roxburghe Ballads (52) collated with the copy in the Pepys collection (I. 268). The Roxburghe copy was printed for the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke. The Pepys copy appears over the initials M.P., probably those of Martin Parker (1600?-1655?), author of the ballad "When the King Enjoys his Own Again" (sung by Roger Wildrake, in "Woodstock"), also of "The Nightingale warbling forth her owne Disaster: or, The Rape of Phlomela," 1632. In an account of Martin Parker ("Modern Philology," Vol. XVI.) Mr. H. E. Rollins tells us that "no other ballad-writer is now represented by so many extant ballads, and none was more versatile." Mr. Rollins quotes the prose tract "Vox Borealis," 1641, in which Parker is described as: "The Prelats Poet, who made many base Ballads against the *Scots*. . . . Hardly," we are told, "he escaped his Powdering-Tubb, which the vulgar people call a Prison. . . . But now he sweares he will never put pen to paper for the Prelats againe, but betake himselfe to his pitcht

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Kanne, and Tobacco Pipe; and learne to sell his frothie Pots againe, and give over Poetrie." "The Country Lafse," was sung to a 'dainty new note,' which has grown familiar to us through its association with Carey's "Salley in our Alley" (see William Chappell's "Old English Popular Music," Vol. I.). For a prose treatment of a similar theme see Sir Thomas Overbury's "Fayre and happy Milkmaid" on p. 61 of this anthology.

136

THE DECEASED MAIDEN-LOUER. Probably written about 1620. From the first volume of the Roxburghe collection (84). It appears in the Pepys collection (I. 360) as "The Diseafed Maiden-louer." Other copies appear in the Rawlinson and the Douce collections. The Roxburghe copy was printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke. Both the Roxburghe and the Pepys copies have 'with milkmaids' in the third line of stanza five. I have altered 'with' to 'which.' The Oxford Dictionary gives many instances of 'phrase' used in this way (*e.g.* Prynne: "The Unbishopsing of Timothy and Titus," 36. 1636: 'The Scripture never phrasing him a Bishop'), and George Owen in his book on Pembrokeshire published in 1603 tells us that the use of clay marle "causeth the grounde . . . to bringe forth fine grasse full of the hearbe called *Trifolium*, or three-leaved grasse, &, of the Countrie people, honie suckles." The editor of the 1891 edition of Owen's book tells us that "honeysuckle is still the name for pink clover in Somersetshire and many other English counties." The ballad is described as "a pleasant new Court-Song to an excellent new tune: or to be fung to the tune of Bonny Nell."

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THE LONDON LAD'S LAMENTATION. 1685. From the second volume of the Roxburghe collection (288); collated with the copy in the Pepys collection (III. 334). The ballad also appears in the Ewing, Douce, and Jersey collections. The sub-title runs: "Or, When shall I my True-Love have?"

All young men muſt to Cupid's power ſubmit,
Courage and wiſdom, Vertue too, & Wit:
None can his mighty power & charmes withſtand,
He, like Young Beauty, always will Command.

And here young maidens eaſily may find
How apt young men are to be true & kind;
Such conſtancy in them could ſcarce be found
Should men go ſearch the Univerſe all round.

To an Excellent New Tune, Sung at the Court."

The Roxburghe copy was printed for I. Back, at the Black-boy on London Bridge.

244

THE SPRING'S GLORY. Probably written about 1666. From the second volume of the Roxburghe collection (443). It appears also in the Jersey and the Huth collections. I have altered 'delights' in the first line of the first stanza to 'delight,' and 'self' in the first line of the fourth stanza to 'face.' Trace is used in the sense of to take one's course. The edge of the ballad is torn and the last letters of several words are missing; I have supplied these without brackets in the text. The sub-title runs: "Or, A precious Poſie for pretty Maidens, Who walk in the Meadows to hear the Birds ſing, With pleaſure rejoycing to welcome the Spring. The tune is, Monk hath confounded, etc." The ballad appears over the initials I.P., poſſibly, Ebsworth

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suggests, those of John Playford, whose shop Pepys frequented, and "who published 'The Dancing Master' during the Commonwealth, and in Restoration days endeavoured to encourage serious tastes." (Dictionary of National Biography.) Burney in his "History of Musick," Vol. III., tells us that "it was honest John Playford who new strung the harp of David, and published, in 1671, the first edition of his 'Psalms and Hymns in solemn Musick.'" But possibly I.P. was John Phillips (1631-1706) who edited a 'catch penny collection of indelicate verse' entitled "Sportive Wit, or the Muses Merriment" ?

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BARBELLION, W. N. P. (Bruce Frederick Cummings) 1890-1917

AFTER THE CONCERT. *The Journal of a Disappointed Man*, 1919. June 29, 1914.

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WORDS OF UNMEANT BITTERNESS. *Ibid.* May 24, 1914.

"And pleasures flow in so thick and fast
Upon his heart, that he at last
Must needs express his love's excess
With words of unmeant bitterness."

Samuel Taylor Coleridge : *Cbristabel*.

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BARNFIELD, RICHARD 1574-1616

THE TEARES OF AN AFFECTIONATE SHEPHEARD. *The Affectionate Shepheard. Containing the Complaint of Daphnis for the loue of Ganymede. Printed by Iohn Danter for T.G. and E.N. and are to bee sold in Saint Dunstones Church-yard in Fleetstreet.* 1594. Only two early copies of "The Affectionate Shepheard" are known to

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exist; that which I have used is in Sion College Library. It was reprinted for the Percy Society in 1845, and appeared in Arber's English Scholar's Library in 1883. Some of Barnfield's poems were printed in "The Passionate Pilgrim" and came to be attributed to Shakespeare. There is an allusion to musket-holes in "Venus and Adonis." A writer in "The Gentleman's Academy," 1595, explains: "We term the place where she [the hare] . . . goes to relief, her musit." William Withering, in his "Arrangement of British Plants," 1766, tells us that the sorb, or fruit of the service-tree, is "mealy and austere, not much unlike the Medlar." 126

THE SHEPHEARD'S CONTENT. *Ibid.* "The Shepherds Content, or the happines of a harmles life. Written vpon Occasion of the former Subiect." 153

BARTLETT, ETHEL

Hitherto unpublished. 147

BEAUMONT, FRANCIS 1584-1616

Poems: The Hermaphrodite, the Remedy of Love, Elegies, Sonnets, with other Poems. Printed for William Hope, at the signe of the blew Anchor on the North-side of the Old Exchange. 1653. 62

BIBLE

Authorised Version, 1611. I have ignored the verse-divisions and have occasionally substituted the reading of the margin.

"AND IT SHALL COME TO PASSE . . . SEE VISIONS," 19
Joel ii. 28.

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Poetical Works. Oxford Edition. 1904. 256
- BURTON, ROBERT** 1576-1640
 HONEST RECREATION. *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, by Democritus Junior. 1652. Part 3. Sec. 2. Mem. 2. Subs. 4. 153
 IT IS BUT EARTH THOU LOVEST. *Ibid.* Part 3. Sec. 2. Mem. 6. Subs. 3. The black ox seems to have been a common synonym for adversity or for old age. Cf. Lyly, Euphues: "The blacke Crowes foote shall appeare in their eyes, or the blacke Oxe treade on their foote." 7
 O WEAKE CONDITION OF HUMAN ESTATE! *Ibid.* Part 2. Sec. 3. Mem. 5. 314
 STIFF, CHURLISH, ROCKY STILL. *Ibid.* Part 3. Sec. 2. Mem. 6. Subs. 5. 110

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THE LOADSTONE OF LOVE. *Ibid.* Part 3. Sec. 2. Mem. 4. Subs. 1. "Pickitivant" appears to be a corruption of pricke-devant, a short beard trimmed to a point. 231

"YOUNG LASSES ARE NEVER BETTER PLEASED . . ." *Ibid.* Part 3. Sec. 2. Mem. 4. Subs. 1. 150

CAMPION, THOMAS 1567-1626

ON THE DEATH OF PRINCE HENRY. *Two Bookes of Ayres.* The first. XXI. The poem is without a title, but it apparently refers to Prince Henry, eldest son of James I., who died in November 1612, aged eighteen. The book is undated, but if 'Hally' was Prince Henry, it cannot have been published before 1612. Peck, in his "Desiderata Curiosa," prints a long and distressing account of Prince Henry's last illness and death, copied from a MS. of John More's, Bishop of Ely. Although the pylots who guyd the frayle bark of his highnes' bodye applyed pidgeons to his head to lessen and draw away the humours of the superfluuous bloode, and, after cleaving a cock to the backe and applying it to the soles of his feete, administered many cordiall waters, diophoreticke and quintessentiall speritts (one sent by Sir Walter Rawleigh from the Tower) yet did his highnes quietly, gentlye, and patiently yield upp his sperits unto his immortal Maker, Saviour, and Restorer, being attended unto heaven with as many prayers, teares and strong cries, as ever soule was. The corpes, the Bishop tells us, was layed alonge uppon the table on the floore, being the fayrest, cleereft, and best proportioned,

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without any kinde of spot or blemishe, as ever was seene. A more formal, and less pleasing, "Elegie vpon the vntimely death of Prince Henry" appeared in Campion's "Songs of Mourning," in 1613. 312

THE DANCE. *The Ayres that were sung and played at Brougham Castle in Westmerland, in the King's Entertainment: Giuen by the Right Honourable the Earle of Cymberland, and his Right Noble Sonne the Lord Clifford.* 1618. VI. I have omitted the repetition of the chorus. 152

CAREY, HENRY 1693?-1743

HOBBY DE HOY. *The Musical Century, in One Hundred English Ballads, on Various Subjects and Occasions; adapted to several Characters and Incidents in Human Life, and calculated for Innocent Conversation, Mirth, and Instruction. Vol. I. Containing the first Fifty. Second Edition, 1740.* I have omitted the repetition of the first and second lines of each verse. Carey calls the poem "The Effeminate." 119

SALLEY IN OUR ALLEY. *Ibid.* Vol. II. In "Poems on several Occasions," 1729, Carey adds the following note: "A Vulgar Error having long prevailed among many Persons, who imagine Sally Salisbury the subject of this Ballad, the Author begs leave to undeceive and assure them it has not the least allusion to her, he being a stranger to her very Name at the time this Song was composed. For as Innocence and Virtue were ever the Boundaries of his Muse, so in this little Poem he had no other

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view than to set forth the Beauty of a chaste and disinterested Passion, even in the lowest Class of human Life. The real Occasion was this: A Shoemaker's 'Prentice making Holiday with his Sweet-heart, treated her with a fight of Bedlam, the Puppet-shews, the Flying-chairs, and all the Elegancies of Moor-fields: From whence proceeding to the Farthing Pye-house, he gave her a Collation of Buns, Cheefecakes, Gammon of Bacon, Stuff'd-beef, and Bottled-ale; through all which Scenes the Author dodged them (charm'd with the Simplicity of their Courtship), from whence he drew this little Sketch of Nature; but being then young and obscure, he was very much ridicul'd by some of his Acquaintance for this Performance; which nevertheless made its way into the polite World, and amply recompenced him by the Applause of the divine *Addison*, who was pleas'd (more than once) to mention it with Approbation." The tune to which Salley in our Alley was originally sung has been superseded by the 'dainty new note' first associated with "The Countrey Lasse," printed on p. 136 of this anthology.

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CARTWRIGHT, WILLIAM 1611-1643

Comedies, Tragi-comedies, with other poems.
1651.

319

CHAUCER, GEOFFREY 1340-1400

Complete Works, edited by the Rev. W. W. Skeat. Oxford, 1894. Vol. IV. "Prologue to the Canterbury Tales."

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CHUTE, ANTHONY? ?-1595?

Strange Histories, or Songes and Sonets, of Kings, Princes, Dukes, Lordes, Ladyes, Knights, and Gentlemen. Very pleasant either to be read or songe: and a most excellent warning for all estates. Imprinted at London for W. Barley, and are to be sold at his Shop in Gracious streete against S. Peters Church. The poem was not included in the editions published in 1602 and 1612. 1607. Reprinted for the Percy Society, 1841. The Editor points out that "the initials A.C. will apply to Anthony Chute, or Anthony Copley, both writers of verse prior to the death of Queen Elizabeth. Chute," he adds, "was dead in 1596, but nevertheless this 'Maydes Letter' is more in his style than that of Copley, who survived him." There are caustic allusions to Chute in Thomas Nashe's "Haue with you to Saffron-walden, or Gabriell Harueys Hunt is vp, 1596." "I knew when hee was but a low Clarke, and carried an Attornies bookes after him. But this I will say for him though hee bee dead and rotten, and by his obsequies hath preuented the vengeance I meant to haue executed vpon him; of a youth that could not vnderstand a word of Latine, hee lou'd lycoras and drunke posset curd the best that euer put cuppe to mouth; and for his Oratorship, it was such that I haue seene him *non plus* in giuing the charge, at the creating of a new Knight of *Tobacco*; though to make amends since, he hath kneaded and daub'd vp a Commedie, called the transformation of the King of *Trinidadoes* two Daughters, Madame

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- Panachœa* and the Nymphe *Tobacco*; and to approue his Heraldrie, scutchend out the honorable Armes of the smoakie Societie." I have omitted three stanzas which repeat the same idea somewhat monotonously. 235
- C.I. *floruit* 1630. See *Unknown*. 314
- COLERIDGE, HARTLEY 1796-1849
- Poems*. With a memoir by his brother. 1851. Vol. I. 76
- COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR 1772-1834
- HIS HEART'S BEST BROTHER. *Poetical Works*. Edited by E. H. Coleridge, 1912. Vol. I. "Christabel," Part II. 174
- WHEN I WAS YOUNG. *Ibid*. "Youth and Age." 11
- CORNFORD, FRANCES
- YOUTH. *Poems*, privately printed; now out of print. 213
- SUSAN TO DIANA. *Autumn Midnight*. 1923. 13
- DAVIES, W. H.
- IMPUDENCE. *The Hour of Magic*. 1922. 87
- THE TWO LIVES. *Nature Poems*. 1908. 12
- DELONEY, THOMAS ?-circa 1599
- From a copy of *The Garland of Good Will*, dated in the British Museum catalogue 1650 with a query. The title-page is missing. The 1631 edition of "The Garland," reprinted in the Clarendon Press edition of Deloney's works, edited by Francis Oscar Mann is entitled: *The*

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Garland of Good Will. Divided into three parts :
Containing many pleasant Songs, and pretty poems,
to sundry new Notes. With a Table to finde the
names of all the Songs. Written by T.D. Im-
printed at London for Robert Bird, at the Bible
in Saint Laurence Lane. 1631. The poem
appeared also in "The Passionate Pilgrim,"
published by William Jaggard in 1599 as the
work of Shakespeare.

3

DICKENS, CHARLES 1812-1870

The Personal History of David Copperfield.
Edited by E. Kibblewhite. Clarendon Press.
1916. Chap. XXIV.

175

DISRAELI, BENJAMIN 1804-1881

Coningsby, or The New Generation, 1870. Book
III. Chap. I. Spoken by "the stranger" to
Coningsby, who objects that "when men are
young they want experience, and when they
have gained experience, they want energy."

196

DOBSON, AUSTIN 1840-1921

Complete Poetical Works. Edited by Alban
Dobson. 1923. "The Secrets of the Heart"
is Dobson's title for the poem, which is one of the
series of little dialogues called "Proverbs in
Porcelain."

260

DRAYTON, MICHAEL 1563-1631

DOWSABELL. *Poems.* 1619. "Eglogues" (the
fourth). Some adverb such as 'deftly' or
'featly' seems to have dropped from line 14.

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- THE SHEPHERD'S DAFFADIL. *Ibid.* (the ninth). 223
- INVITATION TO MAY. *Thomas Morley's First Booke of Balletts.* 1595. III. J. Payne Collier, who edited the Percy Society's reprint, tells us that the initials M.M.D. appended to the introductory address to the composer "are probably those of Maſter Michael Drayton. . . . It may be suspected that several, if not all, of the poems set to music in this collection were by Drayton." Mr. Cyril Brett, editor of *Minor Poems of Drayton*, 1907, takes it as settled that "Mr. M.D." (sic) was Drayton, but he does not appear to think that the whole collection was by Drayton. *Barley-breake* was an old English country game played by six persons in couples. 151
- YOUTH AND AGE. *Ibid.* IV. 4
- DRYDEN, JOHN 1631-1700
- Tyrannick Love, or The Royal Martyr. A Tragedy as it is Acted by his Majesties Servants, at the THEATRE ROYAL.* 1670. Act IV. sc. i. 253
- EARLE, JOHN 1601-1665
- Micro-coſmographie, or, a Piece of the World discovered; in Essayes and characters. The fixth Edition. Printed by E.A. for Robert Allot, and are to bee ſold at his ſhop in Pauls Churchyard, at the ſigne of the Beare.* 1633. No. 25. 173
- ETHEREGE, Sir GEORGE 1634 or '35-1690
- A Collection of Poems : by The E. of Roſcommon, The E. of Rocheſter, The E. of Orrery, Sir Charles Sedley, Sir George Etherege, etc. Printed for Daniel*

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- Brown, *at the Black Swan and Bible without Temple-Bar; and Benjamin Tooke at the Middle-Temple-Gate in Fleetstreet.* 1701. The poem is attributed to Etherege in this collection, and has been included among his works by modern editors; it does not appear in the 1715 or the 1723 editions of his poems. It was printed in "The New Academy of Complements." (See Ballads: The Bashful Virgin.) 65
- FLETCHER, JOHN 1579-1625 and
SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM 1564-1616
- A MERRY ROUT OR RABBLE. *The Two Noble Kinsmen.* 1634. Act III. sc. vi. 154
48
- "OF ALL FLOURES . . ." *Ibid.* Act II. sc. ii.
- SONG. *Ibid.* Act III. sc. v. The text repeats 113
the word 'rewarded' in the third line.
- FLETCHER, JOHN 1579-1625
Cupid's Revenge. 1615. Act I. sc. ii. 233
- FULLER, THOMAS 1608-1661
The Holy State. 1648. Chap. 16. 32
- GAY, JOHN 1685-1732
The Beggar's Opera. Third edition. 1729.
Act II. Air XXII. I have omitted the repetition of the chorus. 10
- GIBBON, EDWARD 1737-1794
A STOCK OF ERUDITION. *The Autobiographies of Edward Gibbon with an introduction by the Earl*

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- of Sheffield.* Edited by John Murray, 1896. Chap. II. From Memoir F, the latest and most perfect of the seven MSS. which recount the same incidents in different form. I have omitted a redundant "a" which appears in the text before "rich treasures." 38
- CAPTIVE YOUTHS. *Ibid.* 272
- GOSSE, SIR EDMUND
- A CLIMAX. *Father and Son.* 1913. Chap. XII. 209
- A STONE OF STUMBLING. *Ibid.* 105
- SPIRITUAL FOSTER-BROTHERS. *Ibid.* Chap. XI. 297
- SUSAN FLOOD. *Ibid.* 119
- SWINBURNE AND THE STUBBSES. *The Life of Algernon Charles Swinburne.* 1917. Chap. II. Swinburne was sent as a private pupil to William Stubbs (afterwards Bishop of Oxford) by Dr. Jowett, who believed that no good—scholastically—could come of him unless he could be hindered from writing poetry. 207
- GRAY, THOMAS 1716-1771
- Poetical Works of Gray and Collins.* Edited by Austin Lane Poole. 1917. "Elegy written in a Country Church-yard. The Epitaph." 323
- HARDY, THOMAS
- MARTY SOUTH. *The Woodlanders.* 1887. Vol. III. Chap. 15. 86
- THE PINK FROCK. *Moments of Vision.* 1917. 210
- THE SIGH. *Time's Laughing Stocks.* 1909. 263
- TIMING HER. *Moments of Vision.* 1917. 83
- A A 353

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- HERRICK, ROBERT** 1591-1674
AN EPITAPH. Hesperides: or, The Works both Humane and Divine of Robert Herrick Esq. Printed for John Williams, and Francis Eglesfield, and are to be sold at the Crown and Marygold in Saint Pauls Church-yard. 1648. 318
THE MAD MAID'S SONG. *Ibid.* 271
TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME. *Ibid.* 8
- HOCCKLEVE, THOMAS** 1370?-1450?
Poems. Selected from a MS. in the possession of George Mason. 1796. "La Male regle" (9). 108
- HOGG, THOMAS JEFFERSON** 1792-1862
The Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley. 1858. Vol. I. Chap. III. 41
- HOOD, THOMAS** 1759-1845
Poetical Works. Edited by Walter Jerrold, 1906. 273
- HUDSON, W. H.** 1841-1922
A Hind in Richmond Park. 1922. Chap. III. 82
- HUNT, LEIGH** 1784-1859
Autobiography. 1860. Chap. IV. 201
- JOHNSON, RICHARD**[?] b. circa 1567
A Crowne-Garland of Goulden Roses. 1612. Reprinted for the Percy Society, 1842 (Vol. VI.), under the editorship of William Chappell, who tells us that Johnson, "the compiler, and in all probability the author," was a ballad and prose-romance writer of some note at the end of the sixteenth, and beginning of the seventeenth

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century. Chappell held that the ballads were probably written at a much earlier period than that of their publication in "The Garland." Our ballad appears also in "England's Helicon," under the name of "Phyllida's Love-call to her Corydon." The Love-call differs slightly from the New Sonnet; in two small points—the use of 'put' for 'set' in stanza three, and of 'Ida' for 'the' in stanza five—I have followed the Love-call. I have also supplied from the same source (A. H. Bullen's edition of "England's Helicon") the names which are missing from some stanzas of the New Sonnet. In the fifth stanza I have emended 'my swain' to 'her swain.' In "England's Helicon" the ballad is signed "Ignoto," and for this reason it came to be attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh, who was said to have used "Ignoto" as his signature. 299

JOHNSON, SAMUEL 1709-1784

"I LOVE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF YOUNG PEOPLE . . ." *Boswell's Life of Johnson*. 1799. Vol. I. (*Ætat* 54. A.D. 1763.) 2

PITT'S RETORT TO WALPOLE. *Debates in Parliament*. 1787. Vol. I. Pitt's Speech in the Debate on Seamen, March 10, 1741. Johnson originally compiled these debates for "The Gentleman's Magazine." 199

JOHNSON AT PEMBROKE. See *Boswell, James*. 37

JONSON, BEN 1573?-1637

CHARIS. *Works*. 1692. "Underwoods" (IV.). "Her Triumph." 58

KAROLIN'S SONG. *Ibid.* "The Sad-Shepherd." Act I. sc. v. 231

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KEATS, JOHN 1795-1821

"I FIND I CANNOT EXIST WITHOUT POETRY." . . .
Letters to his Family and Friends. Edited by
 Sidney Colvin. 1891. To John Hamilton Rey-
 nolds. Carisbrooke. April 18 [1817]. 90

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.
Poetical Works. Oxford Edition. 1908.

Charles Cowden Clarke has described for us
 Keat's early zest in those 'realms of gold':

"That night he took away with him the
 first volume of the 'Faerie Queene,' and he
 went through it . . . as a young horse would
 through a spring meadow—ramping! Like a
 true poet, too—a poet 'born, not manufactured,'
 a poet in grain, he especially singled out epithets,
 for that felicity and power in which Spenser is so
 eminent. He *hoisted* himself up, and looked
 burly and dominant, as he said, 'what an image
 that is—"sea-shouldering whales!"' It was
 a treat to see as well as hear him read a pathetic
 passage. Once, when reading the 'Cymbeline'
 aloud, I saw his eyes fill with tears, and his voice
 faltered when he came to the departure of
 Posthumous. . . ." Cowden Clarke tells us that
 from the time Keats left school at fourteen years
 of age "his whole leisure hours were employed in
 indulging his passion for reading and trans-
 lating." 95

THE EVE OF ST. MARK. *Ibid.* 95

"THE IMAGINATION OF A BOY . . ." *Ibid.*
 Preface to *Endymion*. Written at Teignmouth.
 April 10, 1818. 196

WHEN I HAVE FEARS THAT I MAY CEASE TO BE.
Ibid. 204

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LAMB, CHARLES 1775-1834

A LAZY, BLOCKHEADLY SUPINE. *Letters*. Edited by Alfred Ainger. 1904. Vol. II. To Mrs. Shelley. Enfield. July 26, 1827. Emma Isola, a granddaughter of an Italian who had taught Wordsworth, seems to have been adopted by Charles and Mary Lamb in 1823. She married Edward Moxon in 1833. Lamb's letters contain many kindly allusions to her.

74

HESTER. *Works*. Edited by Thomas Hutchinson. 1908. Vol. II. Lamb wrote to Manning in March 1803: "I send you some verses I have made on the death of a young Quaker you may have heard me speak of as being in love with for some years while I lived at Pentonville, though I had never spoken to her in my life. She died about a month since." Hester Savory was born in May, 1777 and died in February, 1803.

324

KATE. *Letters*. Edited by Alfred Ainger. 1904. Vol. I. To Manning. Jan. 2, 1810. The couplet is by Quarles.

75

WILLIAM HAZLITT IS IN TOWN. *Ibid.* To Wordsworth. June 26, 1806.

74

LANDOR, WALTER SAVAGE 1775-1864

Works. Vol. II. Miscellaneous Poems. 1846. ccxlvii.

75

LAWRENCE, D. H. and M. L. SKINNER

The Boy in the Bush. 1924. Chap. XII. ii.

301

LODGE, THOMAS 1557-1625

Rosalynd: Euphues Golden Legacie. Found after his death in his Cell at Silixedra. Bequeathed to Philautus Sonnes, nursed up with their

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- Father in England. Fetcht from the Canaries, by T. L. Gent. London. Printed for Iohn Smethwick, and are to bee sold at his shop in Saint Dunstons Church-yard, in Fleete-streete vnder the Dyall. 1609.* 19
- LOWBERRY, PETER *floruit* 1630
See Ballads: A New Ditty. 236
- LYTTELTON, GEORGE 1709-1773
Works, now first collected together: with some other pieces never before printed. 1774. 256
- MANSFIELD, KATHERINE 1890-1923
Something Childish, 1924. "Something Childish but very natural." 264
- MARLOWE, CHRISTOPHER 1564-1593
Hero and Leander. Begunne by Christopher Marloe, and finisbed by George Chapman. Vt Nectar, Ingenium. Printed by W. Stansby for Ed. Blunt and W. Barret, and are to be sold in Pauls Churcheyard, at the signe of the Blacke Beare. 1613. (Collated with the edition of 1598.) 20
- MARTINEAU, HARRIET 1802-1876
 DOMESTIC CRITICISM. *Autobiography. 1857. Vol. I. Sec. III.* 277
 THE CRAVATS. *Ibid.* 280
- MASSINGER, PHILIP 1583-1640 and
- DEKKER, THOMAS 1570?-1637
 "A YOUNG LAD . . ." *The Virgin-Martyr: a*
 358

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Tragedie as it hath been divers times publickly Acted with great applause by The Servants of his Majesties Revels. Written by Philip Messenger, and Thomas Decker. 1651. Act V. sc. i. 16

MASSINGER, PHILIP 1583-1640

AS GREAT A BEAUTY. *Three New Playes as they have been often Acted at the Private-House in Black-Friers, by His late Majesties servants, with great Applause. Written by Philip Massenger. Gent. 1655. A Very Woman. Act IV. sc. i.* Lamb quotes the passage in a letter written to Coleridge on June 14, 1796, and adds: "The lines are spoken by a lover (disguised) to his faithless mistress. You will remark the fine effect of the double endings." 234

MELVILLE, HERMAN 1819-1891

Narrative of a Four Month's Residence among the Natives of a Valley of The Marquesas Islands. 1846. Chap. XVIII. The "Narrative" was also published under the title of "Typee." 77

MEREDITH, GEORGE 1828-1909

LOVE IN THE VALLEY. *Poetical Works. With notes by G. M. Trevelyan. 1912.* 258

MARIAN. *Ibid.* 81

MEYNELL, ALICE 1850-1922

Poems. 1923. 11

MILL, JOHN STUART 1806-1873

Autobiography. 1873. Chap. V. 281
359

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MILTON, JOHN 1608-1674

"HAIL BOUNTEOUS MAY . . ." *Poetical Works*.
 Edited, after the original texts, by the Rev.
 H. C. Beeching. Clarendon Press. 1900.
 "Song on May Morning." 150

HOW SOON HATH TIME. *Ibid.* "Miscellaneous
 Poems. Sonnets, VII." 9

MOORE, EDWARD 1712-1757

The Gamester. 1753. Act III. sc. iv. 268

MORE, Sir THOMAS 1478-1535

Workes. Edited by Wyllyam Rastell. 1557. The
 Second of the Foure thinges wrote by Mayster
 Thomas More in his youth for his pastime.
 Rastell adds the following note: "Mayfter
 Thomas More in his youth deuyfedy in hys
 father's house in London, a goodly hangyng of
 fyne paynted clothe, with nyne pageauntes,
 and verfes ouer. . . . In the second pageaunt
 was paynted a goodly freshe yonge man, rydyng
 uppon a goodly horse, hauynge an hawke on his
 fyfte, and a brase of grayhowndes folowyng hym.
 And under the horse[s] fete, was paynted the
 same boy, that in the fyrst pageaunte was
 playenge at the top & squyrge" (= scourge,
 or whip). I have inserted a comma after 'am,'
 omitted one after 'boy,' and have inserted an
 exclamation mark after 'force.' 'But what'
 was sometimes used for 'but.' 18

MORGAN, LLEWELLYN 17th Century

See *Ballads: An Excellent Ditty*. 132

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NEWBOLT, Sir HENRY

Poems : New and Old. 1919. 157

OVERBURY, Sir THOMAS 1581-1613

New Characters (drawne to the life) of severall persons, in severall qualities. London. Printed for L. L'isle. 1615. Izaak Walton remarks, in his "Compleat Angler": "I now see it was not without Cause that our good Queen *Elizabeth* did so often with herself a Milkmaid all the Month of *May*; because they are not troubled with Fears and Cares, but sing sweetly all the Day, and sleepe securely all the Night; and, without Doubt, honest, innocent, pretty *Maudlin* does so. I will bestow Sir Thomas Overbury's Milkmaid's Wife on her, That she may die in the Spring, and have good Store of Flowers stuck round about her winding Sheet." 61

OXFORD and ASQUITH, Earl of

Quoted by Professor Saintsbury in his *Second Scrap Book*. 1923. 2

PARKER, MARTIN 1600?-1655?

See *Ballads: The Countrey Lafse*. 136

PATER, WALTER 1839-1894

THE BOYHOOD OF MARIUS. *Marius the Epicurean*. 1892. Vol. I. Chap. II. 295

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF APULEIUS. *Ibid.* Chap. VI. 102

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PEACHAM, HENRY 1576?-1643?

FOND AND FOOLISH PARENTS. *The Compleat Gentleman. Fashioning him absolute in the most necessary & commendable Qualities concerning Minde or Bodie that may be required in a Noble Gentleman. Imprinted at London for Francis Constable and are to bee sold at his shop at the white lion in Paules churchyard. 1622. Chap 4.* 269

DIVERS YONG AND GOODLY SCHOLLARS. *Ibid.* 59
The 'Prince of Poets' was George Buchanan.

PLAYFORD, JOHN 1623-1686?

See *Ballads: The Spring's Glory.* 138

PSALMS

The Book of Common Prayer: with the Psalter or Psalmes of David. 1636. Psalm cxix. 16

REDESDALE, ALGERNON, Lord 1837-1916

Life of Algernon Charles Swinburne, by Edmund Gosse. 1917. Appendix I. Lord Redesdale was Swinburne's first cousin. 99

ROBINSON, CLEMENT? *floruit* 1566

A Handefull of pleasant delites, Containing fundrie new Sonets and delectable Histories, in diuers kindes of Meeter. Newly deuised to the newest tunes that are now in use, to be sung: euerie Sonet orderly pointed to his proper Tune. With new additions of certain Songs, to verie late deuised Notes, not commonly knowen, nor used heretofore, By Clement Robinson, and diuers others. At London Printed by Richard Ihones: dwelling at the signe of the Rose and Crowne, neare Holburne

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- Bridge.* 1584. Mr. H. E. Rollins has recently edited a reprint of the rare and famous song-book with which Shakespeare seems to have been familiar. In his interesting preface, Mr. Rollins tells us that the songs in the "Handful" are broadside ballads, pure and simple, collected by a ballad-writer and published by a ballad-printer for the delectation, not of the literary reader but of the vulgar. There is, he shows, every reason to believe that the "Handful" was first issued in 1566 (twelve years before "A Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions" and ten before "The Paradise of Dainty Devises") under the title: "Very pleasaunte Sonettes and storyes in myter by clament Robynson." Of Clement Robinson nothing is known with certainty. The wooing song was sung to the tune of "The Marchaunt's Daughter went ouer the fields." 217
- ROSSETTI, DANTE GABRIEL 1828-1882
- Poems and Translations.* Oxford Edition. 1913. 285
- RUSKIN, JOHN 1819-1900
- CHARLOTTE WITHERS. *Præterita.* 1899. Vol. I. Chap. XII. 79
- MY COUSIN CHARLES. *Ibid.* Chap. VII. 328
- RUTHERFORD, MARK (William Hale White) 1831-1913 103
- A NEW BIRTH. *Autobiography.* 1923. Chap. II.
- "THOSE WERE THE DAYS . . ." *Ibid.* 2
- MAGGIE, THE MARE. *Catharine Furze.* 1923. Chap. IV. 293

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SAVAGE, RICHARD 1698-1743

Works : with an account of the life and writings of the author by Samuel Johnson. 1775. Vol. II. 66

SCOTT, Sir WALTER 1771-1832

Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. begun by himself and continued by J. G. Lockhart. Second edition. 1853. Chap. I. "Memoir of his early years written by himself." 92

SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM 1564-1616

I have used the text of the First Folio, 1623, as reproduced in facsimile from the Chatsworth copy of *Comedies, Histories, & Tragedies, in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, K.G.*, by the Clarendon Press. 1902. I have modernised the punctuation when not to have done so might have left the sense obscure, and I have corrected such obvious printer's errors as 'righlie' for 'rightlie.' I have noted emendations whenever they have seemed in the least controversial.

BRAGGING JACKS. *The Merchant of Venice.* Act III. sc. iv. 109

"EVEN SO IT WAS WITH ME . . ." *All's Well that ends Well.* Act I. sc. iii. The Folio has 'if euer.' 216

HELENA AND HERMIA. *A Midsummer nights Dreame.* Act III. sc. ii. The text has 'life' for 'like.' 'Two of the first' is an heraldic term used in distinguishing different quarterings. It seems to be used here in the technical sense and also as the equivalent of 'two of the former,' i.e. bodies, "like the double coats in heraldry that belong to man and wife as one person, but which like our single heart, have but one crest." 58

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"HOME-KEEPING YOUTH . . ." <i>The Two Gentlemen of Verona</i> . Act I. sc. i.	16
"IF THE QUICKE FIRE . . ." <i>All's Well that ends Well</i> . Act IV. sc. ii.	48
I'M ALL THE DAUGHTERS OF MY FATHER'S HOUSE. <i>Twelfth Night, or, What you will</i> . Act II. sc. iv.	57
"I WOULD THERE WERE NO AGE BETWEEN TEN . . ." <i>The Winters Tale</i> . Act III. sc. iii. Many editors alter 'ten' to 'nineteen' on the grounds that ten seems too young and that the Shepherd mentions nineteen later.	160
LORD, WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE! <i>The Life and Death of King John</i> . Act IV. sc. i. Puck's comment has, perhaps, a special pertinence here.	109
"MANY VNRUFFE YOUTHS . . ." <i>The Tragedie of Macbeth</i> . Act V. sc. ii.	16
O MISTRIS MINE. <i>Twelfth Night, or, What you will</i> . Act II. sc. iii.	5
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"WHEN PROUD PIDE APRILL . . ." <i>Poems: written by Wil. Shake-speare, Gent.</i> 1640.	124

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SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE 1792-1822

INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY. *Poetical Works*. Edited by T. Hutchinson. Oxford Edition. 1905. 203

THOUGHTS OF GREAT DEEDS. *Ibid.* "The Revolt of Islam. Dedication." The 'dear friend' was Mary Godwin. 202

SKELTON, JOHN 1460?-1529

TO MAISTRES ISABELL PENNELL. *Pithy pleasaunt and profitable workes of maister Skelton, Poete Laureate. Nowe collected and newly published anno 1568. Imprinted at London in Fletefstreate, neare unto saint Dunstones church by Thomas Marfhe.* "The Crowne of Laurell." I have corrected several obvious misprints, such as 'Maisters' for 'Maistres' and 'beuatie' for 'beauty,' in this and the following poems. 49

TO MAISTRES MARGARY WENTWORTHE. *Ibid.* 52

TO MAISTRES MARGARET HUSSEY *Ibid.* Isiphill, or Hypsipyle, was the queen of Lemnos who spared her father when all the other Lemnian women massacred their male relatives in vengeance. Apparently Skelton's love of playing with a rime till he tires of it has led him to string together the names of women and of scents in sweet confusion. Coliander seems to be another form of coriander, an aromatic fruit; pomaunder is a mixture of aromatic substances made into a ball and carried in a small box or bag, and Cassander is possibly a little case containing cassia, the name being formed by analogy with pomaunder. 50

TO MY LADY MYRRIAL HAWARDE. *Ibid.* Mr. Richard Hughes in his recent edition of Skelton's

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poems tells us that Lady Myrriall was probably a little daughter of the Earl of Surrey; she died in childhood. The story of Cydippe is told in Ovid's "Epistolæ Heroidum": "*Acontius* going to the Solemnities, that were performed to *Diana*, by a great Number of Virgins, in *Delos*, an Island of the *Ægean* Sea, fell in Love there with a noble Virgin called *Cydippe*: But not daring to make any Attempts on her by way of Courtship, by reason of the Disparity of their Quality, he contrived the following Stratagem; that is to say, he wrote these two Verses upon a very fair Apple,

*Juro tibi sanè per mystica sacra Dianæ,
Me tibi venturam comitem, sponsamque futuram,*

and threw it at the Virgin's Feet, who being ignorant of the Contrivance, read it unawares." So runs the opening of the argument written by N. Bailey in his edition of 1777. Later, on being espoused to another, the Damsel fell sick of a fever and was like to die. *Acontius* therefore sent her a letter to persuade her that *Diana* had brought the disease upon her because she had not performed what she had promised in the presence of the Goddess. It is presumably this letter to which Skelton refers, though there is nothing in the legend as treated by Ovid to suggest that it was found in *Cydippe's* bosom.

51

SPENSER, EDMUND 1552 ?-1599

Poetical Works. Edited by Ernest de Selincourt. Clarendon Press. 1910. Vol. I. "The Shepherdes Calendar, August." Perigot and Willye sing alternate lines throughout the poem; I have omitted their names from the margin and have put Willye's part in brackets.

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The Tatler. No. 30. Saturday. June 18, 1709. 34
- STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS 1850-1894
 "FOR GOD'S SAKE, GIVE ME THE YOUNG MAN . . ."
Virginibus Puerisque. 1887. "Crabbed Age
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 THE FLIGHT IN THE HEATHER. *Kidnapped*. 1886.
 Chap. XXIV. 186
 THE TASTING AND RECORDING OF EXPERIENCE.
Across the Plains, with other Memories and Essays.
 1892. "Letter to a young gentleman who
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- TENNYSON, ALFRED, Lord 1809-1892
Poems. World's Classics. 1906. "Maud." 76
- TERRY, Dame ELLEN
The Story of my Life. Second Edition. 1922.
 Chap. II. 299
- TRAHERNE, THOMAS 1636?-1674
 "DIVINE COMMUNION IN EARTHLY STUDIES."
Centuries of Meditation. Edited by Bertram
 Dobell. 1908. Third Century, xxxvi. Bertram
 Dobell's text has been collated with the original
 MS. and the old spelling has been followed, but
 I have not retained abbreviations such as 'wch,'
 '&,' and 'yt.' 91
 THE HIDDEN GOOD. *Poems of Felicity*.
 Edited from the MS. by H. I. Bell. Clarendon
 Press. 1910. "Solitude." 198

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TROLLOPE, ANTHONY 1815-1882

AT THE POST OFFICE. *Autobiography*. World's Classics. 1923. Chap. III. 1834-1841. 184

THE DISGRACE OF MY SCHOOL-DAYS. *Ibid.* Chap. I. 1815-1834. 43

TYRRELL, GEORGE 1861-1884

Autobiography. 1912. Chap. VII. 1874-1876. 44

UNKNOWN

A Handkercher for Parents Wet Eyes, upon the death of children. A Consolatory Letter to a Friend. London. Printed by E.A. for Michael Sparkes, dwelling at the blue Bible in Greene Arbour. 1630.

"To the Reader that is, or may be exercis'd with this kinde of Crosse. Gentle Reader, I did not thinke that euer any *Lines* of mine should haue lookt in at a *Printing-house*. My *Conceit* is not wont to be in the *Eaning Mooode*, as knowing that with *Iacobs Ewes*, it should bring forth but *spotted* and *straked Lambes*.

Yet now at the instance of a *Payre* of worthy *Friends*, that had equally drunke of this *Cup of Sorrow*, I haue yeelded to put the *Presse* to a short *affliction*; and to communicate to *All*, what was first intended for the comfort of *One*.

I might haue sate still, *with the finger on the lip*, amidst those sage and faithfull *Counsellors* and *Companions* (Good Bookes) or *haue sung to my selfe, and the Muses onely*; or to a well-knowne Friend, or Two, with whom euerie Thing should haue receiu'd a fauourable interpretation: But for thy sake, that I might not bee *vncharit-*

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able, I am faine to be *imprudent*, in aduenturing to trench thus neere upon the Worlds *tuchy Censure*.

I may hap by this meanes, to bee carried fhortly into the *Street*, where they sell *Frankincense*, and *Sweet Pouders*, and *Pepper*, and fuch Things as they vse to cloathe in *weake* and *worthlesse Papers*. No matter. It was not to my *Pen* any *Herculean Labour*; nor to *My selfe* in the writing altogether *ingratefull*.

And if in the *vast Peregrination* of *Books*, it may please God, that but one *deiected heart* may by any good word in It, be a little lifted vp; or *Passion* hufht, and calmed; or *flowing Eye* dried; or *forrow* made happy, by being tranfverted to a righter *Object*; or any (yet entirely enioying the faire *Blessings* of *Marriage*) fore-armed againft a future ftorme, if God fee good to fend it; I fhall hold my selfe abundantly rewarded from Heaven in that one *Booke*, or *Page*, or *Passage*, or *Line*, though all the reft of thefe *Leaues* perifh.

I haue onely *dipt the Tip of my finger* in Comfort for thee; the God of all *Consolation* can giue thee the fulneffe of it; which is His wifh to Thee, that wifheth Ill to None. I.C."

The "Handkercher" was reprinted 'at the request of Divers Friends' as an appendix to "Crumms of Comfort, The Second Part. Grones of the Spirit in Prayers Meditations Consolations and Preparation for Death with his and Times last Legacy A Coffin and Winding Sheete. London Printed for Michaell Sparke, at Blew Bible in Green Arbour. 1652." One 'Address to reader' is signed Scintilla; another (in verse) I.F.

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CORIDON'S DOLEFULL KNELL. *The Golden Garland of Princely Delight, Wherein is Contained the History of many of the Kings, Queens, Princes, Lords, Ladies, Knights, and Gentlewomen of this Kingdom. Being most pleasant Songs and Sonnets, to sundry New Tunes much in request. The Thirteenth Edition, with Additions, Corrected and Amended. Printed for G. Deacon at the Angel in Giltspur-street, without Newgate. 1690.* This elegy was reprinted by Bishop Percy, who collated the "Golden Garland" version with another from an unspecified source, and added 'corrections.' I have followed his version only in altering 'with' to 'by' in the fourth stanza. In a note Percy cites contemporary allusions to the custom of wearing yellow as mourning; for instance, this from "The Paradise of Daintie Devices":

A crowne of baies shall that man beare
Who triumphs over me;
For black and tawnie will I weare,
Which mourning colours be.

Compare also the passage from Lodge on p. 19 of this anthology. 321

SISTER AWAKE. *Thomas Bateson's First Set of English Madrigales. 1604. XXI.* I have omitted the repetitions. 157

THE CHILDREN OF THE CHAPEL. Quoted in *Warton's History of English Poetry*. Edited by W. Carew Hazlitt. 1871. Vol. IV. From an anonymous tract "The Children of the Chapel stript and whipt." 1569. E. K. Chambers writes in his "Elizabethan Stage," Vol. II.: "I know of no copy. One is catalogued among

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Bishop Tanner's books in the Bodleian, but Stopes, 226, 'went to Oxford on purpose to see it, but found that it had utterly vanished.' Macray (*Annals of the Bodleian*, 211) thinks that it may have been destroyed when Tanner's books fell into a river. . . . F. T. Hibgame describes a collection of pamphlets seen by him in New York . . . which included *Some Account of the Stripping and Whipping of the Children of the Chapel* . . . of which he thought the author might be George Colman."

152

THE RURALL DANCE ABOUT THE MAY-POLE. *Westminster Drollery, the Second Part; being a Compleat Collection of all the Newest and Choicest Songs and Poems at Court and both the Theaters. Printed for William Gilbert at the Half-Moon in St. Pauls Church-yard, & Tho. Sawbridge at the three Flower de Lucies in Little Britain.* 1672. A note beneath the title of the song runs: "The Tune, the first Figure dance at *Mr. Young's Ball* in May 1671." Joshua Poole, in "*The English Parnassus, or A Helpe to English Poefie*," 1657, gives the name Alice, in his *Alphabet of Rhyming Monosyllables*, along with *Falfe*, *Calls*, *Falles*, etc.; and it is clearly a monosyllable in "*An Excellent Ditty*" (p. 132 of this anthology). To avoid what has come to seem an awkward pronunciation the song is often changed in modern days to 'The fiddler played it wrong . . . And so says every one.' In a village in Northamptonshire I have frequently heard: 'The fiddler played it wrong . . . And so says Walter John.' But Awlse is still the pronunciation in some parts of Wiltshire.

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"THUS ALL OUR LIFE LONG . . ." *Ibid.* Part I.
By a Person of Quality. 1671. Barly-breake was
an old English country game played by six
persons in couples. 150

WHI SHULD I NOT PRAISE MY BODY? *The Enter-
lude of Youth.* Printed by Wylllyam Copland.
1562. Another edition was published in or about
1557 by John Waley and there is a fragment of a
third in the Library of Lambeth Palace. A
very scholarly reproduction of all three was
published in 1905 under the editorship of W.
Bang and R. B. McKerrow. 18

YOUTH KNOW THY SELFE. *Youth know Thy Selfe.*
London, Printed by Avgvstine Matthewes and Iohn
Norton, and are to be sold at the great South doore
of Pauls. 1624. The address to the reader
runs :—

Reader (if that there will be any such,
These vncouth-ragged lines will grace so much)
I doe implore of thee this courtesie,
As that thou wilt not looke with Eagles eye.
For though like *Delphian* Oracles I seeme,
My not-*Appollo's* verses to esteeme;
Yet know, I thinke so great will be their fame,
As that I dare not set to them my name.
Then seeing that I am unknowne of thee,
And that thou like wife art vnknowne of mee,
I can report of thee no thing that's bad,
Doe but the fame of me, I shall be glad.

The anonymous author's belief in the greatness
of his poem's future fame is pathetic in view
of its apparently complete neglect by posterity.
He is a sad figure: ". . . fure my braines," he
cries later in the little book, "with madnesse
is so full, that it flies vp and downe, and cracks
my skull." It is to be hoped that the

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utterance of his spleenful thoughts gave him relief. His mind, if lacking in balance, certainly seems to have lacked nothing in vigour. 5

WALLER, EDMOND 1606-1687

Poems, &c. Written upon several Occasions, And to several Persons. The Fifth Edition, with several Additions Never before Printed. Printed for H. Herringman, and are to be sold by J. Knight and F. Saunders at the Blew Anchor in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange. 1686. 9

WALPOLE, HORACE 1717-1797

Letters. Edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee. 1903. Vol. I. To Richard West. Florence. Oct. 2, 1740. 2

WEVER, ROBERT *floruit circa 1550*

An Enterlude called lusty Juuentus. Lyuely describing the frailtie of youth: of natur, prone to vyce: by grace and good counsayll, traynable to vertue. The parsonages that speake: Messenger. Lusty Juuentus. Good counsaill. Knowledge. Sathan the dewyll. Hypocrisie. Felowship. Abominable lyuing. Gods merciful promises. Foure maye playe it easely, takyng such partes as they thinke best: so that any one take of those partes that be not in place at once. 1555[?]. 3

WHITE, WILLIAM HALE 1831-1913

See *Rutherford, Mark.*

WILSON, ARTHUR 1595-1652

Desiderata Curiosa: or a Collection of divers scarce and curious pieces relating chiefly to matters

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of English History; consisting of choice tracts, memoirs, letters, wills, epitaphs, &c., transcribed many of them from the originals themselves, and the rest from divers antient MS. copies, or the MS. collections of sundry famous antiquaries and other eminent persons, both of the last and present age: the whole, as near as possible, digested into an order of time, and illustrated with ample notes, contents, additional discourses, and a complete index. By Francis Peck, M.A. . . . A new edition, greatly corrected. 1779. Vol. II. Liber XII. V. The life of Mr. Arthur Wilson the Historian [author of a book, entitled, 'The History of Great Britain, being the life & reign of K. James I., relating to what passed, from his first access to the crown till his death.' London MDCLIII. fol.] which he calls, 'Observations of God's Providence, in the tract of my life.' From the original (all of the author's own handwriting) in the hands of Samuel Knight, S.T.P. If 'thrivings' is a correct reading it seems to be used here for vigorous mental growth without any implication that the growth was sound; but it seems more likely to be a copyist's misreading of 'strivings.' An absolute papist would be one who, unlike a Church papist, refused to conform to the English Church. 165

WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM 1770-1850

AMONG ALL LOVELY THINGS. *Poetical Works*. Edited by T. Hutchinson, Oxford Edition. 1895.
 "The incident in this poem took place in 1795 between the poet and his sister Dorothy." T.H. 146
 "A YOUTH TO WHOM WAS GIVEN . . ." *Ibid*.
 "Ruth." 160

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NOT IN UTOPIA. <i>Ibid.</i> Prelude. Book XI.	200
NUTTING. <i>Ibid.</i> Poems of the Imagination.	143
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STRANGE FITS OF PASSION. <i>Ibid.</i>	257
THE GLORY OF MY YOUTH. <i>Ibid.</i> The Prelude. Book III.	145
THE HOUR OF THOUGHTLESS YOUTH. <i>Ibid.</i> Poems of the Imagination. Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey on revisiting the banks of the Wye during a tour. July 13, 1798.	142
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(*Lines in italic are first lines of verse and of the untitled aphorisms
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